THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 199, Number 13

SEPT. 25, '26

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Haskell Coffin

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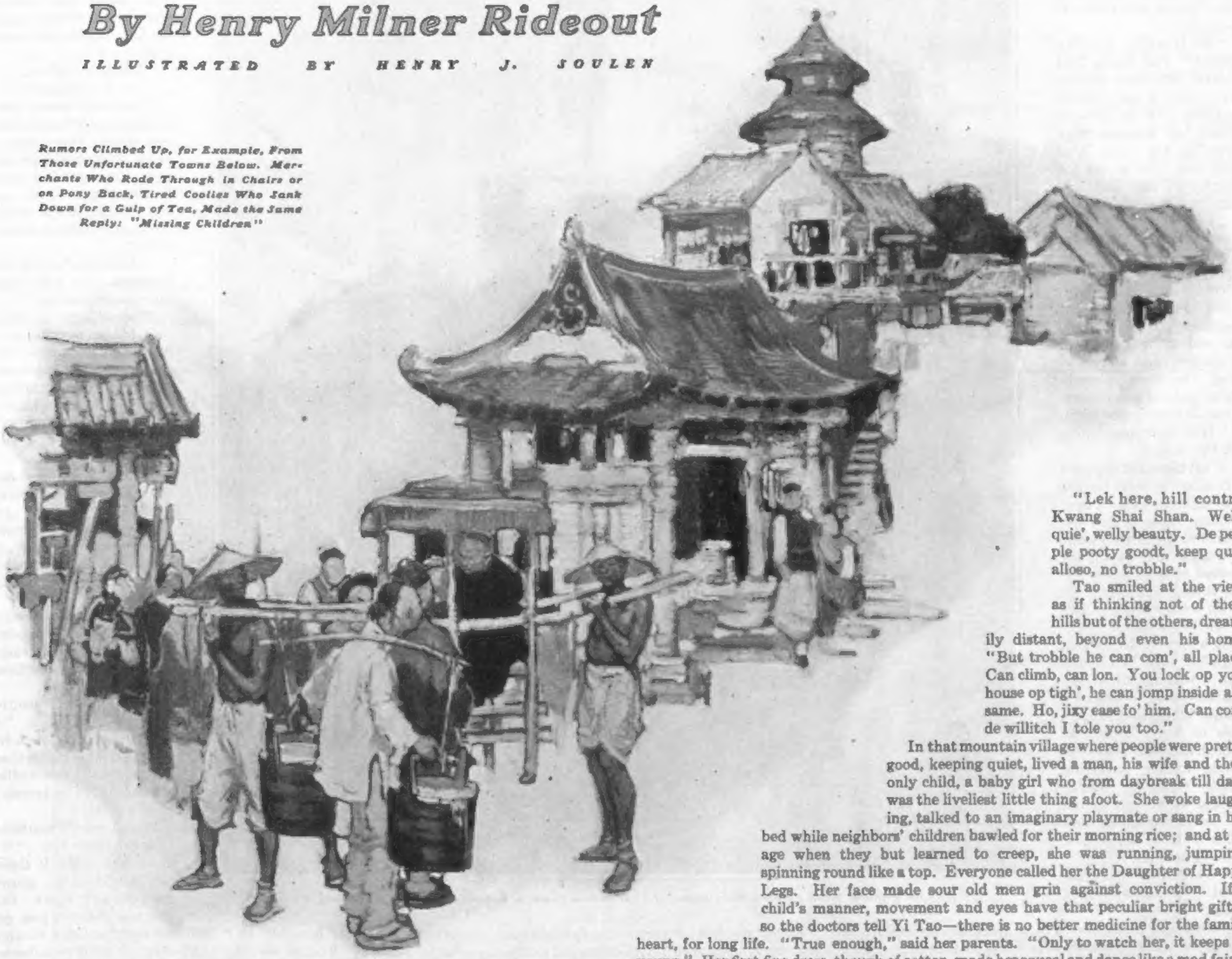
THE FAT NUN'S BLUE PARROT

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



Rumors Climbed Up, for Example, From Those Unfortunate Towns Below. Merchants Who Rode Through in Chairs or on Pony Back, Tired Coolies Who Sank Down for a Gulp of Tea, Made the Same Reply: "Missing Children"

ONE day, de one willitch, lek op here, in a hills, about fo' hunder' five hunder' people." With his noon work done, his white jacket unbuttoned, Yi Tao took whatever ease there might be on a wicker stool of hourglass form drawn into shade behind the cottage. One hundred and four degrees of heat oppressed that shade; his only hearer sat none too comfortable in a wet bathing suit; but Yi Tao, relaxing, enjoyed peace of body and mind, let his favorite journal, the Sai Gai Yat Bo, droop unread between his knees and viewed the landscape with benignity.

From the back door a yellow field of volunteer oats ran a brief way upward to meet overhanging trees, then became a mountain steep in oak, arbutus and laurel, their various greens high aloft mingling with a cinnamon haze of madroña bark. Over the mountain soared three buzzards that kept their distance in the old Egyptian pattern, a triangle of outspread wings, dry brown upon hot blue. A thousand feet below them, under the mountain, curved the river, a glaze of willow-green among willows. The afternoon slept. A whiff of sweetness from French plums, drying far away, now and then cloyed the air.

"Lek here, hill contry. Kwang Shai Shan. Welly quie', welly beauty. De people pooty goodt, keep quie' alloso, no trobble."

Tao smiled at the view, as if thinking not of these hills but of the others, dreamily distant, beyond even his home. "But trobble he can com', all place. Can climb, can lon. You lock op you' house op tigh', he can jomp inside allo same. Ho, jixy ease fo' him. Can com' de willitch I tole you too."

In that mountain village where people were pretty good, keeping quiet, lived a man, his wife and their only child, a baby girl who from daybreak till dark was the liveliest little thing afoot. She woke laughing, talked to an imaginary playmate or sang in her bed while neighbors' children bawled for their morning rice; and at an age when they but learned to creep, she was running, jumping, spinning round like a top. Everyone called her the Daughter of Happy Legs. Her face made sour old men grin against conviction. If a child's manner, movement and eyes have that peculiar bright gift—so the doctors tell Yi Tao—there is no better medicine for the family heart, for long life. "True enough," said her parents. "Only to watch her, it keeps us young." Her first fine dress, though of cotton, made her squeal and dance like a mad fairy.

"Oh, Moonlight!" she chanted. "The color, the color! Oh, Talking Bird in the Moon Forest!"

So appeared a funny trait of character, her passion for blue-green, the color of blue jade or of certain changeable feathers.

"Let me," she begged—"let me wear this kind always?"

Father and mother agreed, for the whim cost nothing, to clothe her in her beloved hue. At their door, good-humored workmen who paused, between burdens, enjoyed her skipping and singing.

"A leaf that wags on the tree of music. What are you today, child? Kingfisher? Phœnix?"

The girl wondered at them, young mirth overcome by grown stupidity. "No, elder brother. No. This earwig feigns to be the magic parrot of the moonglade."

"Why, so you are! Pardon, great blue sorceress; pardon our blear-eyed and bumble-footed error, for we load-bearing bent-necks cannot see well off the ground."

They all grew fond of watching her, so lively before the door. While yet an infant she began to weave new tricks into her dance, and with extraordinary grace, mimicking

the old sinuous postures of tradition, to kill airy demons with a bamboo slat for knife.

"How she ever copied that," said passers-by, chuckling, "is a mystery and a marvel."

Poor men, whose time counted more than money because it brought food or hunger, astonished her with gifts—a wooden sword, wooden lance, halberd, bill hook, or a trident cunningly whittled from a sapling fork, all made to scale by hand and rubbed smooth—noble gifts, works of beauty and love. She could not find a word large enough to thank the givers. "Oh, friend!" she cried once. "How friends do fill this world!"

Indoors and out thenceforward the child played nothing else but combat, holy war. She fought the good fight, delivered their village from ten thousand unseen devils or enacted that old champion, the outlaw hero of the hills, Mu Chung, who with his merry men lived by bow and spear, setting wrongs right. They were silent games, not to be expounded.

"Is it safe, do you think?" Her father and mother, who were nearing forty years of age, became anxious. "Is it correct? These toy weapons may brutalize the child. Our only one. She grows too rough, all day jumping, jumping, slashing the air. . . . I do not know. She's very strong, my dear. Look, how strong and light!"

One rainy afternoon, when they all three sat together quiet in the house, an odd thing happened. A shadow came and darkened the door, already dark. A loud but not unpleasant voice hailed them.

"Inside benevolence, aid the needy?"

What threw shadow, and following the voice heaved into sight, had the form of a burly fat man broader than their door. They knew it was no man at all, her spoken formula forewarning them. The long black gown wrapped across like a double-breasted overcoat, with wide sleeves that engulfed both hands and half a walking stick; the shaven head crowned by a jaunty black skullcap, its hole on top left open as though rain were not worth a tug at the puckering string—these, her placidity and the hamper bound on her back declared their caller to be of the Ni Ku, a Buddhist nun.

"Welcome," they replied. "Welcome, soul of peace."

Without Another Word Spoken, They Came at Last Into a Town, a Riddle of Dark and Stinking Ways

Father and mother were more polite than cordial. At the gathering of contribution two or three times a year they always gave a trifle; but for the Lake Shore nunnery eight or ten miles away, below, they had no zeal. It was too prosperous, too well controlled, guided in its begging, none too savory in repute.

Here began the oddity. This mannish fat woman read their thought. Her face remained severe; only her eyes emitted a bold unwinking humor.

"Your servant is not of that foundling factory. My name, Ching Wun. Homeless. I come from far."

At one view she seemed round as a barrel, at another square as a bale, at another all width and flatness; and the more you looked, the more you felt her size expand, greaten, harden from obesity to brawn. Here stood a woman capable of anything.

Rain bothered her not a whit, and might have been sun, for waiting in a downpour she glowed and steamed with health.

"Hola!" she continued. "What is here? A child. The Blue Girl? I have heard of you, playmate."

Their daughter sprang up and ran across the room to the door.

"Wild bird in a cage, blessing on you."

From the cuff rolled back over a sleeve appeared the nun's hand, big and tawny as leather. It patted the girl's head.

"Lend me this."

"What?"

"Lend her to me," retorted the strange woman. "You see, how she clings? We have known each other an age ago, this young spirit and my old what-you-may-call-it. Our eyes understand. Let me bring her up."

Father and mother grew not only frightened, angry, but jealous; for here their little one hugged a dripping stranger with all her heart.

"Lend? To you? Our only child? Not for gold, not for the throne, sister."

The nun drew hand up sleeve again. "It's a wild spirit." She laughed. "It may rob and kill, for you tame ones cannot rear that kind. Enough. Being refused, I leave. The Lord knoweth what a babe grows to."

Gloom and a sheet of rain enveloped her. They heard her stick go tapping down the way. She had put nothing of theirs into her hamper, and forgotten to beg, except for what they could not give. Fear caught them in the dusk.

"Let me out!" The girl ramped up and down, crying bitterly. "Out! She is gone away! I shall never see her!"

The wanderer failed, indeed, to return. For weeks the man and his wife kept a vague dread of her, as often as rainy twilight reminded them; above all, when their daughter, omitting to play in the sun, brooded like a visionary or watched both ends of the village lane for a coming footstep. In time, however, the episode began to lose all significance, then faded out of memory.

Life on their mountain was a slow, even, yet busy recurrence of days, where the gray or golden-brown huts perched under rock and tree, where every neighbor was of the one clan, with which all grew old happily. Change came but in weather, in work according to season and in rare festivals that brightened the calendar; news not often, and if worth remark, always bad enough to make you bless the lack of it. Rumors climbed up, for example, from those unfortunate towns below.

"Of course," agreed the elders. "What can you expect? Poor lowland wretches, breathing rank mist and night poison, they have not our long-life air of the hills. But what is this fresh wrong they endure? Missing children, you say?"

Merchants who rode through in chairs or on pony back, tired coolies who sank down for a gulp of tea, made the same reply:

"Missing children."

"But how missed?"

"No man knows how. Children vanish, one here, one there. Your babe or mine, as it might be, sir, eats his morning rice, laughs, runs out at door and—never comes home. Never. Gone, sir, in a wink. Lost."

"Horrible," said the kinsmen. "A lost child? How heartbreaking!"

When villages like their own, hidden over a spur or down a gorge, but near by, sent a report of little ones going into thin air, house after house caught the alarm. Here came evil spreading upward, a new pestilence.

"What shall we do? What cure?" asked many a mother. "Fiends are abroad. None can see, none hear them. To prayer, to prayer! It creeps toward us, this fright, in broad day."

Everyone took heart when a wild fellow running down from a charcoal camp brought in the tremendous history of the tiger.

"We saw him!" panted Smutface of the Kiln. "A tiger, great as a mule! He went bounding higher than your eaves and glowing like a butterfly! The ancestor of all tigers!"

"Good, good!" muttered their chief grandsire. "We know him now. If tigers can eat children, grown men can eat tigers. Go, you, and you, and you, get the spear in hand. Our devil was nothing but a bloated cat, eh? To him, cousins! And keep our children at home, close, till further order."

By day the clan guarded the village, before nightfall they shut every house up. From all over the range, hunters chosen for their skill and daring took to the woods, clambered the rocks, crawled into dark subterranean holes, dug pits, built deadfalls, log traps and spear-point snares. They coursed and quartered the mountain like a pack of dogs, worked like heroes, but caught no tiger. At home, the children lived in a fearful joy of expectation; yet when a week passed, a fortnight, a third week, their confinement grew irksome.

"I don't believe that charcoal burner," declared the more restless. "He saw nothing at all."

About noon of a glorious warm day, the Blue Girl sat thinking so in her door. She was now ten years old, more lively than ever, and suffered this quarantine as though

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A WAYWARD MOUTH

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE old man, old Joe Pease, left the office a little earlier than usual that Thursday afternoon. Ordinarily he was at his desk—the dusty, roll-topped desk in its corner remote from the windows, where a hanging electric bulb beneath a green shade spread a tent-shaped illumination—till half after five or, perhaps, till six o'clock. But this day he left about four. He was apt to make quite a business of ordering his papers before he closed his desk for the night, but today he slighted these preliminaries. At one minute he sat there, his gray head caught under the slanting rays from the electric bulb, his fingers tapping uncertainly at the typewriter; at the next he had risen, almost explosively, and the cover of the desk came down with a bang. The sound—it was the quiet hour after the last edition has gone to press—turned eyes his way. He went to his locker and drew out the thin black coat and the black derby hat with a high, flattened crown which he always wore, and he started toward the door.

Young Dell Wayman happened to come in just then; and they encountered and interchanged a word or two. Then Dell laughed in a reassuring fashion and clapped the other on the shoulder, and came on toward his typewriter while Pease pursued his way.

Krause and Charlie Hewett were standing together by the copy desk. Krause was the city editor, an explosive bullet of a man with stiff-cropped hair, driven by an inordinate zeal; Charlie was in many respects his antithesis. Where Krause was drawn lean and fine and moved in a fashion swift and erratic, Charlie was bland and stout and shiny bald, and he wore round spectacles and had a philosophic eye. He used to sit in his notch in the copy desk surveying the scene before him like a contemplative Buddha. He was older than Krause, and seemed older than he was, while the city editor's enthusiasm kept him young.

These two saw the encounter between the old man and the young, and Charlie remarked upon it.

"They hit it off, don't they?" he suggested. "I've never known Pease to be intimate with anyone in the office before."

Krause nodded. "He's a queer old duck!" he said crisply; yet there was something thoughtful in the moment's silence that followed his word.

"I wonder how Dell got under his skin?" Hewett said; and Krause looked at him with a quick turn of his head, but without replying. Hewett had an impression that Krause could have answered the question if he chose. "The old man's as proud of Dell as if he'd made him," he added. "I've seen him clip out the boy's stories and file them away."

"He shows them to me," Krause confessed, and grinned.

"It's been good for Pease," Hewett commented. "He's chirked up a lot. A year ago I thought he was about done. He's been here a long time, Krause. And that's surprising too."

This was true. The mortality in a newspaper office is notoriously high; when times are slack and retrenchment is in order, the first cut comes in the editorial room and, at the least nod from the business office, heads begin to fall.

Krause smiled, not scornfully but with faint sympathy in his eyes. "We don't pay him much," he explained. "And we have to have someone to get the church news, and he's satisfied to do it; and he knows everyone in that line."

Hewett nodded, appreciating the justice of this. Joe's province was in fact one not likely to attract the efforts of a younger man. He had a daily column of news about the churches, and a page or so on Sunday, and he labored ardently and diligently at this matter, which seemed to the rest of the office so painfully dull. It somehow fitted him. He was a little man who wore a curious dignity, and this bearing had the effect of rebuffing intimacy. Even Krause usually addressed him as "Mr. Pease," and Krause was not inclined to stand on ceremony.

"Yes, sir," Charlie Hewett repeated. "It's funny he should be so friendly with Wayman. Hard to see what there can be between those two."

Krause offered an explanation. "Wayman tells me they're writing a play together," he said. "Working on it all their spare time."

Charlie smiled. "Joe wrote a play, years ago," he remembered. "It was always just going to be produced. Still is, maybe."

"Wayman says he knows the technic; says he's a sharp at it," Krause said. "The youngster furnishes the ideas, I suppose." He added, half to himself, "Wonder why he left early. He usually sticks around."

Charlie said with a faint smile, "He's looking tired. I wouldn't wonder if he was coming down with a slight coryza."

At this suggestion Krause also smiled. It did not occur to either of them that they would never see old Joe Pease again. That he had gone out of the Tribune office for the last time did not, in that hour, occur to anyone.

Hewett's philosophic calm, and his capacity as a listener, made him to some extent the confidant of all the office; men came to him to discuss their perplexities, found relief in merely narrating them to his kindly and attentive ear.

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"I Told Her, 'It's All Right. He'll be Fine Now.' And Then I Saw He Was Looking at Me"

THE CAVVY—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Home From the Powder River

GETTING out this year was not quite so simple a matter as usual. The two dogs offered no particular problem; they have crossed the major portion of the continent so often that now, when there emerges from the storeroom the black carrier which the railroads politely assume can hold them both, they sit with gleaming eyes and drooling tongues, waiting for their collars to be tagged.

Already, no doubt, they are dreaming of the corral and of emulating Curley, that wise old corral dog whose job it is to turn back escaping horses and then nip their heels and take a strand or so out of their tails for luck. They do their best while bystanders hold their breaths, but they have not learned Curley's quick run in and dash out of trouble, and some day ——

No, the real problem was the parrot. Was he not to be brought back to this, his own, his native land? Had I not purchased him out here last year, insisting on a ten-dollar reduction for his disposition, and carried him East to an alien world, where the only amusement he had outside of biting the family was to tear holes in the window curtains and diligently bite off the top of a mahogany chair?

The Return of a Native Son

AND was I to send him to the bird store, as hard-hearted individuals suggested, when out here was a hook on the porch for his cage and a whole row of flower boxes for him to descend on and destroy? Never! What a day that was for him last year when, left to his own devices for a time, he cut down eighteen dollars' worth of geraniums, moving along like a pigeon-toed Nemesis and leaving his corpses piled in neat rows behind him!

So I brought the parrot; brought him in my drawing-room on the train, too, by the simple device of tying a paper around his cage and assuming that the porter would think he was a box luncheon. Unfortunately, he insisted on asking that gentleman in a loud clear tone if he wanted his head scratched, a thing no self-respecting box luncheon would do. But a dollar soothed the porter's feelings, and outside of a brief attack of car sickness and the fact that in the excitement I had forgotten his seed, he came out comfortably enough on a diet of bread, apples and a bag of peanuts a kind-hearted individual rushed from the train in Omaha to purchase.

Once here, the old riding breeches and boots unpacked and smelling strongly of camphor from the box couch, the polar bear extended in front of the fire, the trout rods stood in their proper corner, the wood box filled and a vase of mariposa lilies on the table, it was time to look around.

There is a considerable amount of change. Poor old Scout is dead, for one thing. He had been a great bear dog in his day, but age had crept on him, and one day when Dunc offered him a cake of his endowment of chocolate he only feebly wagged his tail, and Dunc found he could not move.

After a while it was decided to put him out of his misery, and Dunc got his revolver. But he could not shoot him, nor could anyone else around the ranch; so they waited for the R. F. D. mail carrier and he did the shooting for them. Dunc buried him by a big rock up on Rattlesnake Ridge.

There is not much other news, save that Domo took a trip East this year. When she got to Chicago she found her hotel room filled with flowers, and it is a proud memory. But she has had some bad luck too. A relative in Kansas died and left her $100, and after much planning and thought, she bought linoleum for her kitchen with it. And then she got word that somebody had absconded with the money!

But, by and large, the whole family did a good bit of traveling this last winter. Aunt Minnie and Cousin Mary and Josie went to the West Indies, and in an unguarded moment Aunt Minnie admitted she had never seen Niagara Falls. Well, Cousin Mary simply could not bear the thought, so they went by way of Buffalo; but when they got there it was too late to see the Falls, and their ship sailed the next day, so they had to go on.

And Big Bill and Patty went East too. Bill wore his sombrero as far as Chicago and then weakened, as Patty did not like the way small boys followed him and asked when the show was coming to town.

Dear old Howard, who always wore one, used to get a certain amount of amusement out of it. Confidence men were likely to pick him out of a crowd, for one thing. "Pardon me, stranger, but didn't I meet you once out in Fargo?"

Howard's blue eyes would twinkle. "Very likely, my friend," he would say. "Very likely. I gather we're in the same line of business."

And the con man would slip away into the crowd again, baffled and muttering to himself.

All the Comforts of Home

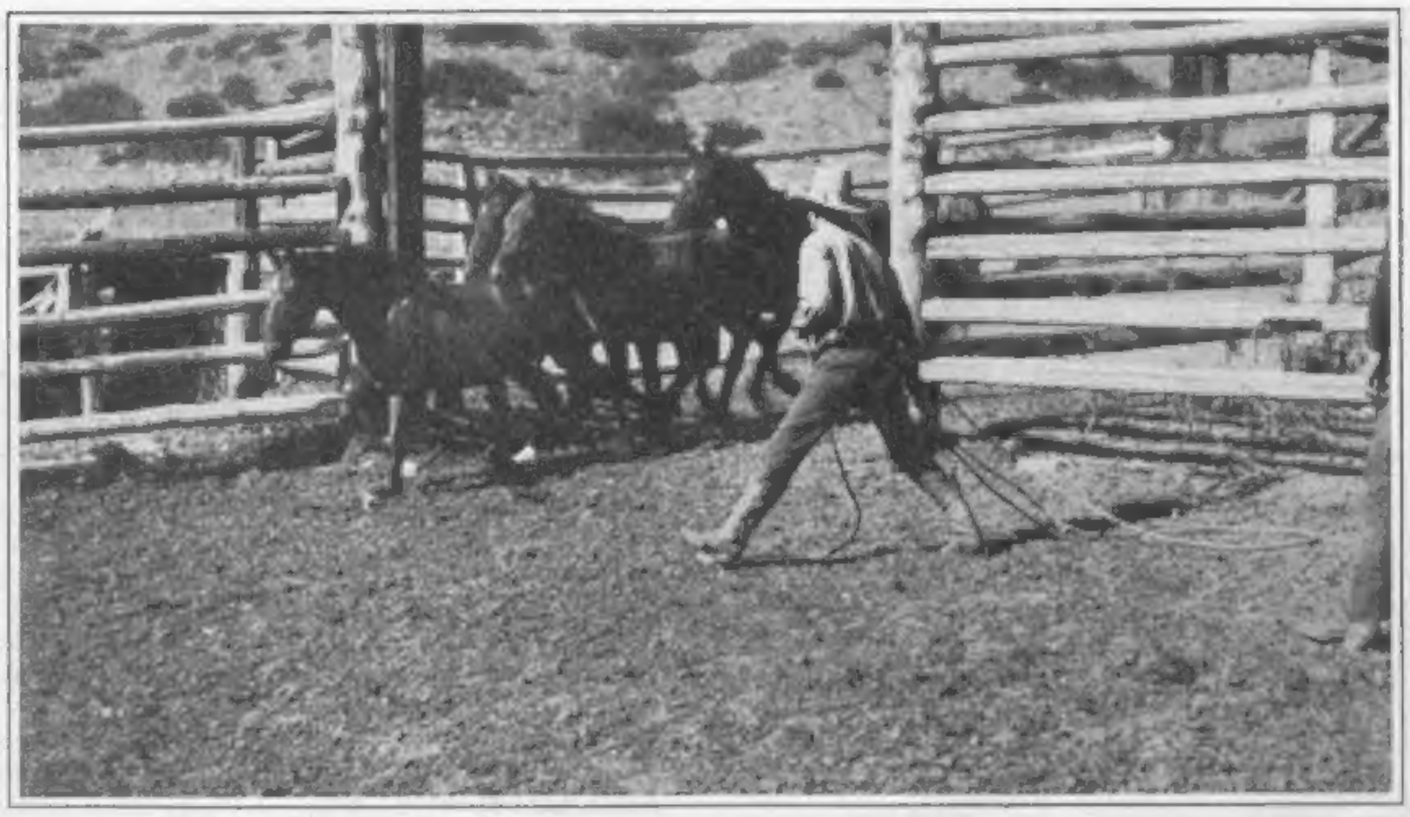
BUT a call from Bill was a call indeed. Joe De Jong had made his calling cards for him and they certainly showed class. There was a picture of a cowboy on a horse, throwing a rope, and Bill's name was in the loop.

However, as I say, outside of these excursions there is not much news. But there is a change, a great change, in my cabin. As the deaf old gentleman said to the still older lady who had returned to her native village and had tried to tell him that she used to spank him, "You'd hardly know the old place now."

The corner of the roof over the back porch has been repaired, and it is no longer necessary to sleep there under an umbrella on rainy nights. And we have a bathroom—over here by the creek! Somehow the thought of our bathing under a shower tap on the side porch, with the summer winds toying with the sailcloth which was our only protection, has touched the hearts of the family, and it is already installed. But my first experiment with it was hardly a success. I emerged with large hemorrhagic spots hither and yon, due to red lead in the pipes, and was obliged to remove them later with a patent scouring material.

But it is really and truly a bathroom. I bought the linoleum for it in Sheridan the other day, and now that the pack rats cannot steal it, some violet-scented soap! But there is no excuse now for not being clean; no longer can I promise myself to wait until evening when the sun had heated the water in the shower pipe, and then sneak into bed with that promise unfulfilled.

Going Fishing Here is Not a Simple Matter



First Catch Your Horse!

And one would hardly know the living room. People come from all over to look at it! Well they may, too, with its old brass candlesticks on the stone mantelpiece, and the wicker furniture I bought reduced in the East and blithely shipped out, only to find it had cost $111 for freight charges, not to mention two months of time to get it here.

However, as we say out here, it is sure pretty; and every night after the fire and lamps are lighted I sit down and try to get $111 plus original cost in satisfaction; and on those evenings when people come in and admire the place, I do.

That is really the only value of possession to most of us—to improve others.

But even the old sleeping porch is changed. No longer can tiny baby snakes crawl up between its weathered boards to warm themselves in the morning sun, for it has a new floor. And more than that, it has been extended. True, the extension has no roof, and any shower sends us scurrying to move the rugs and chairs; but it reaches out to the creek now, and the parrot sits there most of the time. He has a perch made of a corral pole set up on legs, with pieces of iron pipe driven in here and there to climb on; and there he remains, cocking a sinister eye at the kingfishers as they fly up and down the stream, and an object of hatred and suspicion to mother birds teaching their young to fly.

The attitude of a catbird to this strange hawklike creature when he opens his beak and says coaxingly, "Come on! Nice bird! Have a bath!" is one of fascinated horror.

But the change in the porch has not accomplished all that was expected of it. True, for the five beds in a row which used to adorn it, there is now only one, camouflaged into a couch in daytime by being covered with an Indian blanket. And bridge tables can be set up there; hardly an afternoon but one can hear over the roar of the creek tumultuous bidding, and it is only a question of time until the parrot is calling "Two hearts" or "Three spades" with the best of them.

Not the Same Old Porch

BUT I cannot fish from it. So far I have hooked a sunken log, an empty tobacco can, a chokecherry bush and a cottonwood tree, but that is all. Were I to stoop to the hypocrisy of some of our fishermen, carrying a fly book, and with a box of young locusts or grasshoppers concealed in a pocket, I might have better luck. But such devices are beneath me.

So the new porch is left to bridge and the parrot. He sits there hours on end, talking to the birds and the squirrels. Sometimes he counts them. "One, two, three, four, five, six," he will say, with his head on one side. "What do you want? Drink of water?" Or he will coax them. "Come on!" he will say. "Come on! What's the matter? How are you? Pretty well?"

But outside of these purely domestic changes, things are pretty much the same. The horseshoe game goes on in the evening; level ground is at a premium here and so the pins are sunk deep in the hollows of many years past. A few early guests have already arrived, old reliables mostly. They come in, take off their city clothes, get out the demoralized garments of previous seasons and look with a cold eye on any improvements.

"Bathrooms!" they say. "What next? We'll be having an orchestra with our meals before long."

And they go firmly to their familiar bathless cabins, and may be seen ever and anon, towel over arm and clutching their dressing gowns together against the wind, in search of a vacant tub.

It is a little later than when I wrote last year. Spring was very early, and, save up around Cloud Peak, the snow is almost gone. Even those square miles of forget-me-nots in the upper valleys are about over, and the lupines, larkspurs and wild roses are in full swing. But there is enough melting snow to make the creek still high. However, the deepest ford at the foot of the canyon has been eliminated. Dunc has made a new trail up the mountainside there.

It was a ticklish spot, that ford. How well I remember last year taking a visitor through it—a nervous woman, at that. I had told her to hold her horse back until I tried it out, but she failed to confide her intentions to the horse, and so he followed in. It was pretty deep, and I had all I could do to get through; but we had to take her off on the other side and empty her out, and she was most unpleasant about it.

But one or two things I miss. The prairie dogs are gone, for one thing. We turned them loose last fall. It did not seem feasible to have them wandering about the Washington house, attacking the ankles of foreign diplomats or domestic senators, although had I been able to select the objects of their attack I might have made the experiment. And so far the pack rat which used to sit on our pillows at night and leisurely wash himself has not appeared. However, I heard him in the fireplace the other evening, and I dare say he will soon be looking for the light luncheon of a soda cracker which I leave for him.

But both the horses are here. In fact, all the horses are here—I am coming to that in a minute. Prince greeted me with his usual resignation and a lack of demonstration; he was sixteen hands high last year, but I think he has grown, and the idea of a small rope ladder fastened to the saddle is one which persists in my mind. The little pacer, Rocking-Chair Bill, is here also. Or rather he was here. I took him out one day when my wall-scaling muscles were weary, and that night he disappeared. It is a delicate subject and I feel slightly sensitive about it, but he has not been seen since. He gave me nothing more than his usual glance of hatred when I got off him, and then went out with the cavvy as usual. And after that—silence!

Going After the Horses

IT WAS on the second day after I came that Big Bill said he and Patty were going down to Wild Horse Creek for the remainder of the horses, and would I care to go along. He said it in a soft and gentle voice, and, after eying him and finding no guile in him, I agreed. And since with Big Bill to speak is to act, the next day saw us on our way. We took the trip easily by car, stopping in town for soda water as usual, and then going on the hundred-odd miles to Ben and Clare's. But if anyone thinks that 100 miles of this Wyoming country is like 100 miles anywhere else, he can think again. Of course, things are better than they used to be; time was, ten years ago, when the branch railroad to Buffalo went through pastures all the way, and the front brakeman opened the gates in the wire and the rear brakeman closed them so the cattle would not get out.

But beyond the Powder River somewhere the road ceased to be, and for twenty-five miles we followed a track. It wound down over cut banks and, turning on itself, wound up and out again; it hung over the edges of washes and crawled through bogs and jack pots. A million rabbits and nothing else inhabited the country, except six antelope; and, save Death Valley, I have never seen a more desolate country.

But its wild and broken surface protects small valleys, where grass grows in moderation, and in the winter its canyons and coulees are protected from the snow and wind. So here the ranch each fall sends its horses. Their shoes are pulled first, and then two or three cowboys put on their chaps and sombreros and start down with them. They make the 100 miles in three days or less, and it is no easy job. There were 425 horses

(Continued on Page 129)

George Gentry on a Bucker

TOSH THE UNABASHED

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Have Just Come to the Conclusion That You are the Laziest, Fattest, Most Useless of the Lot"

WHALEY," says old Fink—and I expect he's the only one in South Adnock that don't call me Tosh—"Whaley, do you know what I've decided?"

"Sure, Doc," says I, moppin' up the counter and rinsin' the glasses. "Same old stuff, ain't it? You've almost made up your mind to fire me. Well, hop to it. What's your loss is somebody else's gain. Do I hand in the portfolio now, or do I stick around until Sat'day night?"

He shakes his head and blinks through his bifocals as solemn and discouraged as a hoot owl with the croup. He ain't any comic druggist, Doc Fink. He's serious seven ways from the jack—serious and sad. He begins the day with a groan and ends it with a sigh, and in between he watches the pea-green hours drag by with more of the same. One of these long horse faces, the Doc has, and a bilious complexion about the shade of a lunch-wagon pie. Got a lot of things to worry over, old Fink has—his indigestion, his liver, what Congress does or don't do, the way the French are carryin' on, how the flappers roll 'em, what people do with so much essence of peppermint these days, and how late the Boston papers will be in the mornin'.

Then, of course, there's me. I don't suit him a-tall. No. But let him tell it. "Whaley," says he, "I've been in the drug business over twenty-five years, and during that time I have had to put up with a great many inefficient soda clerks; but I have just come to the conclusion that you are the laziest, fattest, most useless of the lot."

"All right, Doc," says I. "We'll let that ride as it is. Write it down some place so you won't forget. Then five or ten years from now, when you read about me in the papers—*J.* McIntosh Whaley, the rising young genius—you'll know that as a judge of budding salubrities you're a total loss. But say, Doc, what was it got you sour on me this time? I'm just curious, that's all."

Doc Fink tucks another pepsin tablet under his tongue, lets it soak a minute, slides it past his neck apple and jerks his thumb toward the street door. "How did I hear you address those two gentlemen you just served?" he asks.

"Who?" says I. "Gid Allen and Stub Carter? Why, I says, 'What'll it be, Gid? Same for you, Stub?' And I mixes 'em a lime-and-lemon apiece the way they like it."

He nods. "Overlooking the fact, Whaley," he says, "that Mr. Gideon Allen is the mayor and that the Hon. Stephen Z. Carter is a state senator."

"Huh!" says I. "You don't think I'd go bumpin' my head on the slab for that pair, do you? Besides, didn't they hail me as Tosh and try to razz me with that stale one about my bein' the Whaley twins? Why, half the time that's all they come in for—to spring that fuzzy gag again and hear me hand 'em a new comeback. Say, you ought to get wise to what a business getter I am."

But he hunches his thin shoulders. "You're hopeless, Whaley," says he. "You have respect neither for persons nor personages. And I want to tell you this, young man: Until you do learn to be respectful to your betters you'll never amount to much." And with that shot he scuffs off to the prescription room.

I expect he thinks he's left me worryin' too. You got a picture of me doin' it, ain't you? Why, say, they'll be comin' here in droves some day, just to look at the counter where I once shoved drinks across! Maybe they'll put a bronze tablet on the fountain, too, and have an oil paintin' of me in the window. Not because I scraped my foot for any jay politicians, either.

He's strong on the respect stuff, Doc Fink is, and look what it's got him! I never saw such a 100 per cent respecter as him. Anybody that gets their name in print more'n twice can have him kotowing like his head was set on a swivel joint. You never hear him telling about Cal Coolidge; always "the President," and sort of under his breath. Why, he even says "Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks" and "Mr. Babe Ruth." Honest, it was "Mr. Chapman" with him all the time the murder trial was goin' on and until Chappie got bumped off.

He's sure some headline fan, the Doc is, and if you want to know who's who of the front page all you got to do is ask him; or who's been who, namin' any year you like. Got a whole gallery of 'em in the back room, mostly cut from Sunday-picture sections, and they run from the late McKinley down to Commander Byrd, includin' such bygones as Harry Thaw, Dick Croker, Admiral Dewey, Sergeant York, and others I can't place. And when it comes to some hero that's still gettin' space I bet the Doc would walk a mile to see one. Why, two summers ago when we got word that Henry Ford and Tom Edison and Harvey Firestone was expected to drive through with their de luxe camp outfit, Doc spent the whole afternoon out front with his neck stretched, and you can't mention one of 'em without his startin' to tell how he waved at Mr. Edison and Mr. Edison waved back.

So it gives him chills down the spine when he hears me talk natural about any of the good and great, which is the easiest thing I do. Another thing that gets him gaspin' is the way I josh the flappers and camp girls that flock in here. You see, there's a big summer colony scattered around through the hills and lakes in this section, and they drift into town in bunches every day. 'Course, they got a fancier fountain over to the Central Pharmacy, and a bigger line of box candies and lip sticks, but I notices we get our share of the soft-drink trade, 'specially from the skirts. Maybe it's the tricky way I can dish up a banana royal or a frosted strawb'ry dream, but then again the snappy line of chat I hand 'em may count some. I don't look so poisonous either, in a white coat, with my hair slicked back. Don't tell me nobody loves a fat boy. Why, it keeps me busy shoein' 'em off when the season's on.

There's them Watson girls, for instance. They're easy lookers, all right, and wear 'em as short as in Paris, and had the first boyish bobs in town. But when they come practicin' their village-vamp stuff on me I don't do a thing but pass out the crisp ones.

"Say, lissen, girlies," I tells 'em, "you hang that on the hook until next November. I'm all dated up until then. . . . Double choc'late with whipped cream for yours, Estelle?"

And then they'll giggle and roll their eyes and hang around until I almost have to push 'em through the screen door. But I see enough of them all winter, and in summer the woods is just full of little queens that's worth while throwin' a look at. I don't mean them knickered cut-ups from the girls' camps. They line up here by the dozen, and some of 'em always tries out a kiddin' line. But say, with their freckled noses and sunburned knees and their Girl Scout chatter, they don't make any hit with me. I just gives 'em the cold eye and tells 'em to speed up the orders.

There's others, though—limousine trade from the big estates—that I spread myself for. I spot 'em through the window as they roll up in their Luxuro Eights, and if they start sendin' in the chauffeur I breeze right out and give 'em curb service. Then again they'll come in themselves, for bath salts or bathin' caps, and generally they drift over to me for a lime squash or a choc'late float. I don't know how it is, either, but as a rule we get to talkin'. I look 'em right in the eye for one thing, and always edge in a remark if I get an openin', and about the third trip they're callin' me Tosh and spoofin' me about my chin dimple. Oh, real ritzy young ladies that have just come from Newport maybe, and will be in Palm Beach by February. Then there's actresses, and lady plutesses, and wives, Washington diplomats, and so on. But it don't faze me how upper-crusty they are. I look 'em over bold and say what's on my mind, and they seem to like it.

There Wasn't Much Left for Me to Do But Go Along

"Isn't that fat boy a character?" I heard one of 'em whisper to another.

"Delightful!" says she. "So naïve!"

I don't quite get that last one, but I expect it means something cute; and when old Fink gives me the call for being fresh to customers, I chucks it back at him.

"Wrong alley, Doc," I tells him. "That was only some of my nah-eve stuff, and they eat it up."

"I wish I could think as well of myself as you do, Whaley," says he.

"Try it once, instead of that pepsin dope," says I. "But I don't know as you could. It's a gift, I expect."

"Not from the gods," he mutters, and shuffles off.

You should have heard him go gaspy the first time a real screen star drops in here; or right after, as a matter of fact. I was kinda on the jump that afternoon or I'd have noticed her myself most likely.

But as it was, all I saw was this stunner in the floppy hat with the chiffon veil. I thought there was something familiar about them thousand-watt eyes, at that; but when she glides up and cooes how she'll have a carbonated limeade with no sirup I'm gettin' such a kick out of her turtledove way of sayin' it that I don't even try to place her. I quits cold on makin' up three nut sundaes and gives her my best open-face grin.

"Yes, miss," says I. "Some don't need any sweetenin' in theirs. Here you are."

Wins me some smile, that crack does. Boy! It had a thrill in it, and I don't click for many of 'em. But this was sugary all through. I could 'most taste it.

And then them high-powered lamps of hers was beamin' right at me and —— Well, I must have stood there gawpin' like a pullet at a peacock until some peevish customer calls out, "Hey, Tosh, snap out of it and let's have those sundaes."

"All right, all right!" I says. "Keep your feet out of the trough and you'll get yours. Three comin' up." And I droops an eyelid at the charmer. There's a dazzlin' flicker answers back, and then she floats out.

"Know who that was, Tosh?" asks Bud Spooner, who runs the projector down at the Bijou Arcade.

"Not by name," says I. "We ain't got any further than callin' each other dearie yet."

"Yes, you don't," says he. "Say, that was Iris Illington."

And Doc Fink pastes a prescription label on his thumb instead of on a two-ounce bottle as he echoes the magic words.

"Well, I had her rated as a hotsy-totsy party," says I. "How come she's so far from Hollywood, Bud?"

He says Iris is visitin' up at Penwood, where that author gink that writes novels lives, 'cause she's gonna star in his Purple Passions book when it's filmed next winter.

"Soft for that sap, eh?" says I. "Maybe I'll turn out one of them best sellers some day and then she'll come taggin' after me."

"Or you might get her to work you into the cast—as a stuffed sheik, eh, Tosh?" he snickers.

"That's an idea too, even if it is the only one you ever spilled," says I. "I'll see how it strikes Iris the next time she comes in. She might be crazy over it."

That got the usual haw-haw from the crowd, and Bud sneaks back to his cage to run off the reels for the matinée. 'Course I was only feedin' him a little guff, but somehow the notion sort of simmered away in the back of my head. Why shouldn't I break into the movies, as well as the next one? They pick 'em up here and there, don't they? And it might be me as well as anybody else. I got a face that ought to screen well. There's enough of it.

Anyway, I stood high with Iris, for I don't expect she wastes one of them thousand-dollar smiles unless there's a reason; and when I think of the millions of movie fans that get a kick out of watchin' a film-filtered close-up of her, I decides what I got handed me is enough to have any party strainin' his vest buttons.

"I bet she comes back, Doc," says I.

"Whaley," says he, "your egotism is beyond belief."

That's just his way of sayin' I got a swelled head, but I only grins. With a boss like that the only thing to do is humor him now and then—let him get away with it.

And Iris does do a repeat. Only a couple of days later I sees a big limousine nose up to the curb, and there she is, more dazzlin' than ever. I fixes my necktie, gives my hair a slick, jumps into a clean white coat and dashes out.

"Yes, Miss Iris," says I. "A lime carb, without, as usual?"

At which this big stiff with a sun-cured face and the Dempsey jaw shoots over a mean look and waves me off haughty. He's sittin' beside her, smokin' a cigarette in a long holder, and by the way he curls his lip at me you'd think I was some kind of a worm that had crawled up on the mud guard.

"Begone, youth!" says he.

"Who, me?" says I. "I'm only gettin' the order."

"No impudence, you Falstaffian cub!" he roars. "Back to your kennel before I ——"

Say, he was gettin' ready to climb out and smear me, I believe, when Iris stops him with one of her lily whites. "Please, Godfrey!" she says. "Come downstage and remember that we're not on location. Also that there's to be no interference between me and my public. It's in the contract, you know."

"Do you mean to say," he sputters, "that this corn-fed yokel is ——"

"Quite so, Godfrey," says she. "A humble unit of my great public perhaps, but they are all dear to me, every one. They love me and I love them. Besides, this is Tosh, the soda clerk, and he remembers my least wish. Yes, Tosh, the same, if you please. And you may bring one for Mr. Marlowe. It may cool his blood."

"'What'll It Be, Gid? Same for You, Stub?'"

So here I was up against Godfrey Marlowe, the great director. But that don't throw any panic into me. I put a dash of acid phosphate in his, just to get square for that corn-fed-yokel stuff. And what if he does glare at me as I stands waitin' with the tray? I'm gettin' an eyeful of the lovely Iris Illington and makin' no bones about it. Say, there's no maybe about that little lady. She's there with the looks—mouth and nose and chin like they'd been cut from marble, and about as little color to 'em, except where the lips are touched up. That new rose-of-dawn shade, I guess, pineapple flavor. And when she lifts them long lashes and gives me a sidling glance, with a sort of quirk in one corner of her mouth—well, I could almost feel my feet leave the sidewalk.

I was clickin' then, all right, about forty to the minute. But the old bean was still on the job and my tongue was still under control.

"Miss Iris," says I, confidential and chummylike, "you remember that feature you starred in last season—that Flames piece?"

"Ah, yes!" says she. "Did you see it, Tosh?"

"Did I!" says I. "Four times! You certainly was great in it too; specially in that cabaret scene where you crowned the Dago count with a silver ice bucket."

"There, Godfrey!" says she, nudgin' the great director. "And you were not satisfied after shooting that nine times! Pardon me, Tosh. Go on."

"And then when you was back on the ranch," says I, "wasn't one of the comp'ny sort of a stout-built boy that you kinda made up to when you wanted to get the hero green in the eye?"

"Oh, yes!" says she. "Doodles! I picked him out of the subs myself."

"Well," says I, "if there should be a stout-boy part in this new play of yours maybe ——"

And then she ripples off this laugh that sounds like shakin' a string of silver bells. "Of course, Tosh," says she. "I should send for you at once."

"Iris!" growls Godfrey Marlowe through his teeth. "In heaven's name, don't try to make the young bumpkin any worse than he is!"

"Here You Are!" Says I, Restin' the Tray on the Door. "Two Frosted"

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BRITAIN'S NEW LABOR DEAL

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THEY have instituted a new and unofficial order in England. It is not so grand or glorious in name or tradition as the Bath, the St. Michael and St. George, the Victorian or some of the others that have adorned British names and chests for so many years. But it is far more effective in some respects.

It is the Order of the H. K. Translated into plain Americanese, the two letters stand for "Hard Knock." Moreover, it has been more widely distributed than any other decoration, even at a time when comparatively few have escaped the O. B. E. The reason for this circulation is that the H. K., figuratively, has been tied to nearly every trade-unionist in the kingdom.

As most people know, an order is usually bestowed for conspicuous service in war or peace or as the result of a long pull with the powers that be. The H K is true to one precedent in that it is the symbol of the historic wallop administered by the British people to organized labor last May. Never did the abuse of collective power get such a jolt as was then handed out in the very cradle of unionism.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—Holding Papers—and Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson—Behind Him—Leaving Trades Union Congress Headquarters at Eccleston Square, Where the Strike Was Called Off

Insurance Against Bolshevism

NO MAN can dispassionately study the consequences of the general strike without realizing that, in the larger sense, it was worth all the trouble and cost. A vast industrial upheaval, loosed to paralyze the normal activities of the nation, served to reveal the inherent weakness of the policy that inspired it. It not only riddled the bogy of red revolution but got the menace of the general strike permanently out of the British system.

But all that is now history. What concerns us is the by-products of the series of events that focused the interest of the world while they were happening. What has the British worker learned? What are the permanent results?

Any diagnosis—in this case it is an inquest on the general-strike idea—naturally falls into three phases. The first is the cost of the colossal folly, which, with the coal strike, brought home to Britain as never before the extent of the labor tyranny under which she had lived. The reckoning extends far beyond the depleted pocketbooks of the unions. It touches Britain's commercial structure and reaches down to the bed rock of her key industries. Due to coal-mine stoppage, she has lost some of her best world markets.

The second lies in what might be called the readjustment of the trade-union scheme to the new determination not to submit to the excesses of organized power. Incredible as it may seem, the door of the open shop in England has swung wide on its hinges and some degree of emancipation has already passed through.

The third is the future of the British worker. Out of vast evil usually emerges some good. It applies to the toiler in John Bull's tight little island as a direct outcome of the May demonstration.

Here you have a fifty-fifty matter. For decades British labor has been exploited by a more or less selfish proprietary system. Grime and drudgery became a natural inheritance all the way from the Welsh coal fields to the Liverpool docks. Though this was no justification for distortion of the trade-union principle by its violent advocates, it gave the rank and file a selling point in their persistent protests. The old era of exploitation is nearing an end. A new standard of living and work, especially for the miners, will be the inevitable result of the long controversy which has cost the country so much. It will help to reduce the strike hazard in the future.

A fourth phase may well be added. It relates to the political capitalization of the labor issue. No longer will communistic influences be tolerated to any great extent in British trade-unionism. The general strike laid that nightmare low, much to the distress of Moscow, which had supplied the Miners' Federation with funds As I write this article a bill is before Parliament making it an offense for any alien to contribute money for a political purpose. You get the effect of this when I say that the Bolsheviks donated more than $2,000,000 to the British miners to help them in their struggle.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

Hence, from every angle, Britain after the strike offers almost as illuminating a field for human and industrial appraisal as she did when she emerged from the war. The bloodless and almost continuous post-Armistice friction—life has been one strike after another—has left its impress no less searching than actual conflict itself.

There must be no rash optimism, however. The changes I have indicated are merely under way. Things move slowly in England, especially with so ingrained a thing as the trades-union. It is as much an institution as the tea habit or cricket, and it will endure just as long. No sane Britisher wants to destroy the unions, because they are necessary to the economic structure.

But what Britain has definitely set out to do is to write an insurance policy against intimidation and the consequent costly dislocation of life and labor. Nations, like individuals, seek the line of least resistance and invariably offer the easiest excuse. The plain truth is that Britain's economic plight, especially her loss of oversea trade, is not due to the alleged Shylockian war-debt settlement with America but to chronic tolerance of trade-union tyranny. The high cost of a low production has placed British goods at a serious disadvantage in the international market place.

The Misuse of Power

THE Order of the H. K. is well named and properly bestowed. There has never been a time when the unions have been in so chastened a mood as today. Not only has the folly of the general strike soaked into their mentality but likewise the first hint of the meaning of mass production as we know it.

A prefatory word about the underlying causes of the general strike is essential to an understanding of the present evolution of the British trade-unions. I have already referred to the long exploitation of the worker. When the Combination Acts, which denied workers the right to organize for their protection, were repealed in 1824, collective bargaining became a weapon of labor defense. There was no quarrel with this rightful function. Without it the British toiler might have sunk to almost unbelievable degradation.

The grievance of the employer is the abuse of trade-union power through destructive leadership. It has precluded the man-to-man contact so vital to success in industry. The issue which, with its many ramifications, paved the way to the general strike and ultimately undid years of honest effort was combined in two evils. One was the recourse to frequent and unnecessary strikes; the other a capitalization of the worker for misguided political purpose. There is nothing particularly new about this twin curse, but it reached the

nth degree of development in Great Britain.

Let us first take a look at the strike phase. For years the trade-unions followed the traditional lines. When conflict developed over hours or wages a strike was the last resort. Though the general strike is as old as the trade-union itself—Robert Owen, the father of collective bargaining, advocated one big union—it did not have extremist political trimmings until Bolshevism reared its sinister head. The I. W. W. movement in America was a perversion of the Owen plan, due to the same rabid influence that distorted the British labor mentality.

As new currents of thought flowed into England from the Continent the old trusted labor leaders were discredited. Socialization of the unions was regarded as a step toward communization. The strike, instead of being the last resort, became the first in a struggle that was gradually becoming more political than industrial.

The move toward sovietization followed. It meant that the British unions began to suffer from a prevailing European malady—namely, the exploitation of economic issues by politicians for political ends. The German reparations were only one of many examples. In every case the underlying economic principles were submerged in the heat and passion of bitter and irrelevant conflict.

How Londoners Got to Work During the Strike

Revolution Instead of Evolution

THE best summary of the approach to the climax reached last May was made by the British Anti-Socialist Union in this wise:

"In the hands of one set of leaders, the strike movement perhaps meant no more than what they conceived it to do—that is, the mere obtaining of influence to raise pressure on employers to better conditions of the men. But in the hands of others, especially the violent leaders of the Miners' Federation, it became an engine to wield what was beginning to be called class warfare. The general strike was to be the supreme instrument by which the whole country was to be terrified into submission to the will of its promoters."

To the credit of the Labor Party it must be said that its leaders of the type of Ramsay MacDonald and J. H. Thomas resisted the inroads of leaders like A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation. But circumstances played into Cook's hands. More than 1,000,000 men could not get work. Discontent stalked about. Right here you have the reason why Bolshevism has not been able to fasten its fangs into America. It can never take root where prosperity abides. Their ways are always opposite.

Literally and otherwise, the blackest spot in the British industrial structure was, and remains, the coal mine. There is no doubt that the miners have had a grievance. Seven men have been trying to live upon the product that six enjoyed before the war. Unfortunately the miners have taken the wrong road to redress. They listened to the advice of the Cook ilk and were led to believe that revolution and not peaceful economic evolution was the only way out.

There is no need of rehearsing the coal quarrel. I have repeatedly presented the details in these columns. The root of the trouble is purely, or rather impurely, economic. There are too many coal mines and miners. A royalty system acts as a yoke about the neck of the industry. Antiquated methods of operation impose a heavy overhead cost. With decontrol in 1921, the owners faced the task of reorganizing a business burdened with a personnel 10 per cent greater than in 1913 and with a production exactly 25 per cent less. Coal has been produced at a loss ever since, the deficit averaging £66,000,000 a year since 1922. The subsidy granted by the British Government to stave off a strike in 1925 did nothing but establish a costly and dangerous precedent and prolong the hostility, which persists at the time I write.

A Political Strike

I REFER to the coal strike because it started the general strike and was therefore the indirect provocation for the chain of events whose significance we shall appraise.

Summed up, the object of this prelude to a revelation of the aftermath of the general strike is to emphasize the point that the strike itself was more political than industrial; that, in the last analysis, it sought to express an extremism which is not part of the equipment of the average British worker. He will grouse, as they call it, about class war as he will complain about everything else, but he will not go the limit any more than the German worker will, even under the harshest pressure. Moreover, the temper of the British people, as shown conclusively last May, indicated that they will not tolerate any conflict with the constitution. We can now see in detail just what the consequences are.

The cost of the coal and general strikes—they must be considered together because one was the result of the other—goes much further than mere figures. For one thing, as I have already intimated, the mine stoppage has enabled German, American and Polish producers to capture the old British coal markets abroad.

Let us first have a look at the price of folly in terms of money. It is conservatively estimated that the total cost of the two strikes up to August first was not less than £160,000,000, which is about $800,000,000. Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, told me that he considered the cost to be nearer £250,000,000, or $1,250,000,000. The state's strike bill for the general strike—that is, the governmental outlay—was only £750,000. This was the least of the items.

The big dent in the British economic structure is due entirely to the coal cessation. Nearly everybody knows that coal is

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Taking Paper Into the Morning Post Building During the Strike, for the Publication of the British Gazette

THE WATER CART

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"Look at What's Coming Up the Hill." The Captain Swung About and the Two Men Focused Their Glasses on the Strange Object

THREE men sat in the dusty grass beside a dustier road. Their clothes, though not new, were clean and neatly patched and of that peculiar color that comes to olive-drab cloth after treatment with chloride of lime. These clothes were what was known as salvage; that is, clothes that had been taken from someone who had no further use for them and issued out again to someone who had. This and the fact that the three men lacked the healthy red color that comes from exposure to sun and wind, proclaimed to any passer-by that the three were but newly out of hospital. They were soldiers of the A. E. F., but it was impossible to tell to what branch of the service they belonged, for they bore neither arms nor packs.

The day was hot; a midsummer afternoon, dry and stifling. One of the men looked across the road, across a field of overripe wheat that shimmered in the heat, to where a river glinted in the distance. Beyond the river what seemed to be a long brown worm crawled along the bank. It was not, however, a worm, but a road filled with traffic—men, guns and wagons so closely packed that they seemed a solid mass.

"Where d' yuh suppose all them jaspers are goin'?" pondered one of the men aloud.

"That loud thump we heard was probably a bridge goin' up in smoke," answered another, "an' they're all haulin' tail back t' the other bridge we come over on."

"Never mind worryin' about them!" remarked the third member of the party. "Where's the jaspers goin' that are sittin' on this here bank? You, Poke, you was the guy that got us into this mess; where are we at now?"

"Cheer up, fellars," said the man addressed as Poke, "the outfit's around here somewheres. We'll maybe find it in time for dinner."

"There's boche around here too," interrupted the other. "If they're near enough to break down bridges, they're near enough to throw a rose we won't like the smell of."

"Don't kid yourself," laughed Poke. "They got a gun that shoots forty miles. That's what they been bombardin' Paris with. They ain't near enough to do a couple o' poor doughboys just outta hospital no harm."

"Here comes a gang o' men," interrupted the third man. "Artillery they look like. Ask 'em where we're at."

"I know where we're at," answered Poke. "We ain't got far to go. Our division's in here an' that's enough for me. Once the division's found, it's easy to find the regiment, and where the regiment is, there's my company. I'll show yuh what it means to have a drag with the cook. They'll be glad to see me an' they'd be glad to see a couple o' fellars from Framin'ham, even if I wasn't with yuh."

"Hey, Jack," called one of the men to the passing artillery, "what's the outfit?"

Someone called back the number of the division.

"What did I tell yuh?" demanded Poke in triumph.

"Huh!" grunted the other two, "that don't mean nothin'. Well, let's be gettin' on."

"Let them guns go by," advised Poke. "We'll just have to hike along an' eat their dust. Let 'em go by an' think how lucky we are not to be travelin' full pack."

The column of artillery dragged slowly by, the drivers bowed in their saddles from the heat, and the gunners shuffling along in the dust. It is only in the pictures that gunners ride the carriages. In actual practice they walk to conserve the strength of the horses. The dust they raised hung in the air and was still floating when another column arrived—a supply train, wagons lurching, axles creaking, more dust mounting. This was followed by a squadron of French cavalry, pounding by at a trot.

"Let's get outta here!" cried one of the men beside the road. "We'll be smothered in dust. The whole A. E. F. is on the road!"

"Naw," objected another. "There's just as much dust anywhere you go as there is here. An' what's the use o' goin' when you ain't got nowheres to go?"

At that instant Poke gave a loud cry. A water cart—a two-wheeled vehicle bearing a tank, the whole resembling very strongly an apparatus for watering streets—had followed in the wake of the French cavalry. It was painted green, there was a seat for the driver in front and a little platform behind with a pump, with a length of hose. The side of the tank bore a neatly designed pair of crossed rifles in black, with a regimental number above and the letter C below. The water cart creaked and bumped, the horse that drew it slogged along with hanging head, and the driver, slumped on his seat as though withered by the heat, seemed to slumber. Poke yelled again.

"Hey, fellars," he cried, "snap out of it! There's the water cart from my company! C Company, that's where I hang my hat when I'm in the army! An' there's its water cart! We're home! Men, I ain't kiddin'. What it takes to find my way around France I'm all broke out with! We'll go up with that cart now an' done wanderin' around these dusty roads! Hey, you on the water cart!"

The three of them leaped off the bank to the road and ran clamoring to the side of the cart, where Poke, holding onto the shaft, called again to the driver.

"Hey, up there," he yelled. "You on the cart! Where's C Company?"

The man on the cart raised his head languidly and gazed around, then discovering where the voice came from, he looked coldly and without recognition at Poke.

"Where's C Company?" repeated Poke.

"What the hell's it to yuh?" inquired the driver.

"Why, I'm outta C Company, yuh big John!" cried Poke. "Where yuh been all these years, yuh never heard o' Poke Magnus? Why, I went to the Border with C Company!"

"Maybe yuh did," agreed the driver without enthusiam. "I ain't been with 'em only a month."

"Ah," said Poke. "Well, that's the reason you don't know me! If it's a basketball game or a dance to be run or a little minstrel show to get up, they always send for Poke Magnus, an' when Poke Magnus has anything to do with anything, that anything is gonna be a success."

"Any you fellars happen to have a cigarette yuh ain't usin'?" inquired the driver of the other two.

One of them thrust his hand into the breast of his coat and produced a crumpled package from which he extracted a cigarette and presented it to the driver, who scratched a match with his thumb-nail and ignited it. He inhaled smoke and did not seem to hear Poke, who still conversed freely.

"Well," said Poke, continuing a story that the others had lost the introduction to, "after I got hit on the Chemin des Dames I was in hospital a coupla months. Well, it was worse than the poorhouse. So when I was there I met these two fellars. Murphy is the name o' the fat guy, and Nordstrom the name o' the skinny one. They was both from Framin'ham, an' says I, 'You fellars belong to my outfit, even if you ain't been assigned to it. There's only one outfit in France fit for Framin'ham folks an' that's C Company.' So one night we swiped a set o' gas masks an' helmets off the pill rollers, an' here we come. I been at the front before, yuh see, an' I knew what to carry. Don't need no packs, but you sure need a tin hat an' a mask, 'cause there ain't no way to get 'em if you ain't got 'em."

"I seen a few hot days in my time, but never one like this," commented the driver. "It makes a man's heart sunrel."

"Who's first sergeant now?" went on Poke. "There was some talk about Pop Collins gettin' sent home, he was so old. Man, he didn't have enough teeth to bite a doughnut in two."

"There's a guy named Rose is top kick now," said the driver.

"Rose?" cried Poke. "Never heard of him. Is Cap'n Rutledge still in command? Gee, if he ain't, there's a good friend o' mine gone. He promised to make me a first-class private the first o' the month, but I had to go an' get wounded. Well, I suppose there's lots o' new faces in the outfit; there's lots o' changes in a company in a few months o' war. Why, I mind even on the Border ——"

"You guys get off that tailboard!" suddenly roared the driver of the water cart. "This ain't no omnibus. I've got an old goat of a horse here that just wants an excuse to lay down in the road an' not get up! He did it once an' I had to let out half the water an' get a company o' engineers with block an' tackle to get him on his feet again! It's against orders, anyway, an' I don't want to get no blind for lettin' a bunch o' handshakers ride my wagon."

Murphy and Nordstrom, during Poke's address to the driver, had mounted the little platform behind the tank where the pump and hose were, and had been sitting there swinging their feet in comfort. However, the increasing languor of the horse and the motion of the cart, which, being two-wheeled, had tilted with the extra weight, soon advised the driver that he was carrying passengers. He thereupon spoke his mind, the cigarette that Murphy had given him still trailing at his lip.

"They wouldn't try yuh for carryin' a couple o' fellars just outta hospital," said Murphy, as he and Nordstrom sadly descended.

"Was you wounded too?" demanded the driver.

"No," said Murphy, "we had this here kind of summer complaint they get here."

"You don't mean to say they let yuh off the lines with that?" cried the driver.

"No," said Murphy, "we was in rest camp just off the ship and we got sick and they sent us to hospital then."

"Huh!" snorted the driver. "I guess so. You couldn't get off the lines with it, never in God's world. If you could, there wouldn't be no A. E. F."

"It's hot," spoke up Nordstrom. "If you fellars didn't talk so much you wouldn't get your throats full o' dust." He took off his helmet and wiped his clipped head with his sleeve. "Why wouldn't they give a man cotton clothes here?"

"There's most always a breeze off that hill," said the driver, indicating the top of a low rise before them. "Maybe it'll be cooler when we get there. It's them artillery that stir up the dust like this."

The water cart, creaking and groaning, finally attained the summit of the rise. Before the men's astonished eyes stretched a long valley, a river glinting in the sun, and distant hills dimly seen through the haze of heat. Not far upriver a tall black column of smoke mounted straight to the heavens, and, after the first had been located, others like it, but farther away, could be seen. The rest of the column was now visible throughout its length—the French cavalry well toward the head, then the long line of guns, the wagon train, and then the water cart. Behind them, up the slope they had come, was another column of artillery, and, farther back, machine-gun carts and one-pounders.

"What's them smokes?" asked Poke. "Them fellars signalin' or what?"

"Them?" asked the driver, indicating the distant pyres with a nod of his head. "Them are ration dumps that Fritz is burnin' so we won't capture 'em. I thought you'd been at the front."

"I got your old ration dumps right here!" replied Poke scornfully. "Didn't you hear me say I been at the front before?"

"You ain't never been on a front like this one," said the driver, shaking his head. "There's a war goin' on here. No bush-league stuff in this place; the boche that fight here are professionals!"

"Does the outfit eat good?" interrupted Murphy.

The driver did not answer, but stood up on his seat and looked at something far away. The others looked also. A broad valley, its green faded to blue by the heat, stretched before them, sweeping up to high rolling heights on both sides. There were towns there, shattered church towers, the two ends of a destroyed bridge plunging out of sight in the brown river. Nearer yet, the column ahead dragged its way along, the brown wagon covers blending and disappearing in the dust cloud. There was heat and dust and a pleasant smell that rose from field after field of overripe wheat. The men in the column slept on their feet, coughed at the dust, and cursed at the blazing heat. The ruined towns they could see, the enemy had been there; the distant columns of smoke they could see, the enemy had been there; but now the enemy was far away and the heat and the dust they had always with them.

Poke turned from his searching of the valley and looked again at the driver. The latter still gazed fascinated, not forward up the valley but a little to the left, over the distant hills. Murphy and Nordstrom were also looking that way. The driver licked his dry lips.

"See that?" he asked.

Far off there, floating above the hills that seemed to tremble and shiver from the heat waves that shivered between, was a tiny something—something that a man might think was in his own eye and rub it to remove.

"Well," said Murphy, "what you guys gawkin' at? Me, all I can see is them hills. I can see somethin' else too. It's gonna be hotter yet this afternoon. If you think we suffer on this road now, just you wait a couple o' hours!"

"That there is a balloon, ain't it?" said Poke to the driver, indicating the far-away speck in the sky.

"There's two of 'em!" agreed the driver in a croaking voice. "I c'n see the other from here."

"Whaddyuh mean—balloon?" asked Murphy.

"Don't bother me!" replied the driver. He gathered the reins and looked fearfully around. He had heard, once, that the Germans ran up these balloons with men in them equipped with field glasses by which they could read the numbers on a Yank's collar ornaments, and he twenty miles away. Well, suppose they could? What good would it do them? Yet it was a nerve-racking thing to know that far off there enemy eyes were watching them. Ahead the column crawled slowly along. The French cavalry had disappeared, and the head of the artillery had just reached the first houses of a town.

There was a sudden tremendous sound, and those who slept, hearing it, dreamed they were at home again on a city street, and that they walked beneath the elevated railroad, along which a train was rapidly approaching. There are places in Chicago where an express and a local train approach at the same time, roaring and rattling and rushing along together, but all the elevated trains in the city hurrying overhead at once would not make such a noise as tore the sleeping drivers from their dreams, and that startled every horse, no matter how weary and lifeless he might be, into plunging, rearing activity.

"There Ain't No Other Road. You Can Get Through. This is the Worst Place. Farther Along the Houses Ain't Banged So"

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MOVIE MAD—By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE phlegmatic and unexcitable individual who observes the rises and falls, the ins and outs, the tumults and subsidences of motion-picture affairs in Los Angeles, heart of the motion-picture world, together with the peculiarities of those who worship at its many temples, occasionally jumps to the conclusion that he has unwittingly consumed a fair-sized slug, touch or dash of the potent hashish, or East Indian hemp, with his food, and that he is consequently a victim of delusions, hallucinations and May flies in the garret.

Minerva McBatt, aged nineteen, graduates from the Tryphosa High School by what is technically known as the skin of her teeth; and by a fortuitous set of circumstances she succeeds in catching the eye of Oswald Plank, the epic director of the epic film, Lingerie Lulu. He gives her a dancing part in his next epic film, The Harpooned Heart; and for some reason that proves to be as much of a mystery to Mr. Plank as to anyone else, she knocks 'em off their chairs.

That is only eleven months after Miss McBatt has received her large piece of imitation sheepskin from the hands of Albion Gorry, principal as well as teacher of history and stenography in Tryphosa High School—only eleven months. And Miss McBatt is not particularly beautiful, having a large crop of freckles on the bridge of her nose and the backs of her hands, having furthermore, a sort of half-chilled-through look, and being about the size of a pint of consommé in the act of being poured out. Her voice is of the sort that is commonly supposed to be best adapted to recalling wandering chickens; and the amount of intelligence lurking behind her eyes may be gauged from the fact that she regards Benvenuto Cellini as a string instrument, something like a bass viol.

Child Applicants for Registration at the Central Casting Bureau. Miss Marion Mel, the Directress, is Standing in the Back Row

All the World Loves a Screen Lover

NOTWITHSTANDING these facts, Miss McBatt's activities, almost immediately after her artistic triumph in The Harpooned Heart, become vitally interesting to thousands, if not to millions, of persons.

Staid and reputable news agencies send to the uttermost confines of the English-speaking world the thrilling information that Miss McBatt's most recent street costume is a small black hat, a tight-fitting, knee-length, black satin dress, flesh-colored stockings and black patent-leather pumps.

Distinguished authors travel thousands of miles to hold her hand, look deep into her eyes, and marvel over their reactions to her lightest remarks.

Why should these things be? What is the reason for them? What do they portend? Have they a political significance? What would happen if Miss Minerva McBatt, with her tremendous popularity, ran for office? Would she be of more use in the United States Senate than some of the present incumbents, or less? And so on.

Alexander Capodaster, after various vicissitudes becomes a movie extra. Then a discovery is made. In the ordinary walks of life he has the appearance of an average man but on the screen he has haunting eyes and a romantic air that causes the so-called frailer sex to refer to him as being too sweet for words.

Because of his romantic air he becomes a great screen lover. The mere mention of his name is sufficient to cause the more susceptible of his admirers to rush to their rooms for a stiff dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia.

Wherever he travels, his train is surrounded by larger and larger crowds, all anxious to see Mr. Capodaster in person. More people come out at Albuquerque than would turn out to see the Prime Minister of England. More people throng the station at Gallup than would emerge for the Secretary of State. When the train arrives at Los Angeles, where Mr. Capodaster descends, the station is besieged by as many people as would turn out to greet the joint appearance of Henry Ford and Calvin Coolidge.

What is the meaning of this? What does the public want? Must public men, in order to attain popularity, have their faces and figures remodeled to conform to the lines of great lovers of the screen? Must the Government take over the moving-picture industry so that politically deserving citizens may be assured of leading parts—great lover parts—in the best films? Can all politicians eventually dispense with brains, as some have already done, and depend entirely on looks to pull them through? Where there is so much smoke there must be more than hot air.

It is in Los Angeles that the smoke of the movies is most apparent, and that the violence of the public in regard to movie matters reaches its apex. In San Diego, when two strangers seat themselves on the same park bench they at once fall into a friendly discussion of real estate. In Santa Barbara two strangers promptly engage in an amicable exchange of opinions on the subject of earthquakes. In Long Beach they talk about the farming situation in Iowa. In San Francisco they burst into a hearty denunciation of the climate of Florida. But in Los Angeles they are more likely to discuss movie preferences, and do it with considerable heat and acrimony.

One who sits on a bench beneath the rustling palms in Pershing Square, for example, finds the seat beside him taken by a person that he has never seen.

"I was around to the Million Dollar," says this gentleman abruptly and without preamble, "to see Emma Hammer in Lady Lammermoor's Lap Dog. That dame belongs in the Old People's Home. She's got a face like a G. I. can, and the only way she can get by is by being shot soft focus when she gets within ten feet of the camera."

"You said it," replies his new acquaintance. "That gal ought to be selling chestnuts on a street corner."

"Who is your favorite actress?" asks the first fan bluntly.

"There isn't a gal in the pitchers," replies the second fan readily, "that can hold a candle to that little frog gal, Marie Musette."

"Where do you get that stuff?" retorts the first fan. "Musette can't act. All she can do is have hysterics. The greatest find they made this year is that gal Olea Doreen. Boy, that gal is set up like a brick smokehouse. She's got a face that would just drive you crazy, and when she does her crying stuff you want to buy jewelry and everything and throw it at her."

Shadows

"SAY lissen," objects the second fan, "you ain't got no artistic sense or anything. This Doreen gal, she's only a kid, see, but this Musette gal, she's a great actress that's acting all over the place all the time."

"Good night!" sneers the first fan. "Can't you tell the difference between acting and raising hell? This Doreen gal may be only a kid, see, but she can register horror or anything with merely a glance; and this Musette gal, she can't register anything without climbing a tree or something."

"Say, boy," declares the second fan, "you certainly are dumb if you think this Musette gal ain't the zebra's pajamas, and for two cents I'd bust you one."

"Yes, you would!" retorts the first fan. "Any guy that thinks that Musette gal has got anything hasn't got enough bean to hit where he's looking. Lay dead before I take a sock at you."

Thus, or approximately thus, do the fans of Los Angeles wrangle over movie matters from morn till noon, from noon to more or less dewy eve. In the city there are eight commodious movie theaters that can accommodate more than half a million people a week, and great numbers of smaller theaters. More huge ones are in the process of building.

When one compares the population of Los Angeles as given out by the Chamber of Commerce with the seating capacity of the Los Angeles movie theaters, one immediately realizes that not every Angeleno attends a movie every night—unless the Chamber of Commerce figures are incorrect. Yet when one attempts to find an Angeleno who did not attend a movie last night one encounters considerable difficulty. It is a baffling state of affairs, like many other things connected with moving pictures.

What the movie fans of Los Angeles do not think they know about the private life of the leading movie stars is not worth knowing. They sit for hours and rake over the things they think they know about those former taxi drivers and waiters and cowboys and barbers and schoolgirls whose shadows fall the heaviest on the silver sheet—about the amount of real estate they have acquired, the divorces enjoyed, love affairs now under way, number of children by existing and preceding marriages, whether actual or hypothetical, salary received, bank account accumulated, income tax paid last year, size of head, size of shoe, size of vocabulary, if any, favorite flower, favorite author, parts played subsequent to 1910, amount of drinking done, and temperament in private as well as in public.

All possible efforts are made by the intelligent and semi-intelligent moving-picture officials of Los Angeles to stimulate interest in the gentle art of movie making, and to keep alive the affection of the public for its heroes and heroines of the screen. Great producers, for example, have begun to utilize the legitimate stage as a sort of handmaiden, slave and atmosphere creator for this great new art, as motion pictures are laughingly known; and in no place has the legitimate stage been so violently used in conjunction with the movies as in Los Angeles.

A Preparatory Course for Film Fans

THE chief idea in the use of the stage in this connection is to precede a film with a dramatic performance which shall put the audience into the spirit of the film. A touching example of the Los Angeles movie prologue at its high-water mark was utilized in 1926 as a prologue to a film of the late war—a film of sacrifice and toil and suffering and bloodshed. The prologue was intended to sharpen the senses of the audience and lift them up and up and up until they had reached a point at which the power and majesty of the film would burst suddenly on them with all the force of a pop bottle bursting on an umpire's head, and, as the Hollywood wits remark, hit them an awful wallop.

The opening scene of the prologue was laid in a little French village behind the lines.

An American regiment, moving up to the front, had stopped for a few moments' rest beside the conventional Red Cross hut, which, as is well known to all members of the late Expeditionary Forces, was seldom able to hold more than one Red Cross worker, twenty packages of cigarettes and a box of chocolate, without serious overcrowding.

There were a few of the old songs, with eminently satisfying

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF FOX FILMS

A Decorative Assemblage of Extra Girls

doughboy choruses. Then the door of the Red Cross hut opened, and a natty Red Cross nurse advanced to the footlights with an airy switch of her hips. There she did a right face, whereupon another Red Cross nurse emerged from the hut and joined the first nurse; and following the second there emerged a third and then a fourth and fifth and sixth, and in the course of time some twenty full-grown Red Cross nurses had emerged from the one small hut that would have been somewhat congested if it had been obliged to hold five cans of sardines. The nurses then lined up and did a snappy song and dance, with a few intricate steps thrown in as a reminder of the horrors of war, after which the menacing thud of distant guns began to be heard offstage, and the nurses escorted the doughboys out of town.

The second scene of the prologue was designed to raise the minds of the audience to a more exalted pitch. A detachment of beautiful young ladies, attired in conventionalized French uniforms whose trousers ended shortly below the hips, marched briskly on the stage and acted as a guard of honor for beautiful tableaux representing the various Allied countries. The different nations were represented by other beautiful young ladies. Fortunately they were labeled. Without the labels one would have had trouble in knowing whether they represented France, Italy or a game of strip poker.

Roads to Sublimity

WITH the third scene the prologue rose to its grand emotional climax—the climax that theoretically elevated the audience to rarefied altitudes from which it could view the majesty and beauty of the film with the proper sympathy and clarity. In this scene five bare-legged young ladies, clad in fragments and remnants of red, white and blue gauze, whirled briskly from the wings and participated in a gay and tempestuous dance.

The dance unfortunately was not labeled, but since it was the climax of a prologue that preceded a film of war and dirt and blood and sudden death, it may have been an allegorical representation of the joyous and vivacious bursting of a high explosive shell; the interior of the heads of the American Expeditionary Forces, showing their idea of life in America after the war; or the action of five drinks of French cognac on anybody from a general to a buck private.

After a little more training in how the perfect atmospheric prologue should be constructed, the average Los Angeles movie fan will not only be unwilling to go to an unadorned movie, but will also refuse to sit through a prologue that is not perfect in every detail. A great epic moving picture of Milton's Paradise Lost, for example, would be preceded by a prologue showing Gabriel playing all the popular songs of the Christian Era on his trumpet, accompanied by a chorus of dancing and singing girls in georgette step-ins. This prologue would work up to a climax that would let us see Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Attila, Charlemagne and Napoleon Bonaparte in the grill-room of the Hades Athletic Club singing a comic jazz song—If You Thought We Were Naughty in the Good Old Days, You Ought to See 'Em Stepping Now—with a demon ballet of sixteen shapely girls in red tights and happy smiles.

Another method used by Los Angeles movie producers to unbalance the minds of movie patrons is the premier performance. The

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Extras and Their Friends in Front of the New Hollywood Studio Club—a Club Where Extra Girls Can Live Comfortably and Reasonably

KER-CHOO!

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THIS tale properly begins back in 1922, when Lydia Lee, playing a summer season of stock in Benton Harbor, wakened one morning with what she believed to be a simple cold in the head. She was playing that week a romantic rôle. It was annoying, and to the other members of the company, even comic, when Lydia kept on sneezing at impassioned moments.

But when next season the same phenomenon took place at practically the same date—only, this time in Racine, Wisconsin—Lydia Lee was obliged to admit that she had hay fever. The tragic—nay, catastrophic—side to this droll ailment was that its appearance was simultaneous with Lydia Lee's annual travail in the Broadway agencies, known as "walking the weary." When, season after season, she lost a chance at a New York production because at the wrong moment her eyelids and nose reddened, her voice became queer and flat and she was obliged to carry a damp ball of handkerchief in each hand, the thing became malign.

But the climax—and the real beginning of this story—arrived on a peculiarly hay-feverish day early in midsummer, when Lydia Lee visited a certain well-known casting agency with high hope in her heart. None other than Jay Moe himself had sent for her. Casting was under way on a play by an author whose shows seldom ran less than a year on Broadway, and Lydia Lee had heard that she was considered for one of the important rôles.

But, physically speaking, that fateful morning happened to be one of her worst. The day before, she had been in perfect health apparently, her voice clear and sweet, her spirited nose unreddened. But perhaps in the night a wind blew from the Jersey meadows, or someone beat a feather pillow in her vicinity, or a horse crossed her path. Whatever the freakish reason, Lydia Lee entered Jay Moe's office that important morning looking positively plain. In spite of her last agonized make-up outside the door of the agency, there were shadows under her reddened eyes, tears streamed from them incessantly, her voice was flat and she said "by" for "my."

"Not the type," said Jay Moe.

"But I shall be—this is only ——" But experience told her it was no use. The part was a romantic one. She could not be romantic until after the first frost. And the show opened late in August. No use. She turned and went out with misery in her heart.

In the outer office, although she applied two handkerchiefs at once, she was quite blind, what with real tears and hay-fever tears. She was so horribly disappointed that she felt weak in the knees, and she knew she must take hold of something or go down in a heap. Blindly, as she made her way to the door, she reached out, and what she took hold of was a good piece of English cheviot. It clothed an arm which crooked itself at her touch politely, as if it were handing her out to dinner. She saw the thin shape of a young man who bent upon her a countenance full of the most earnest alarm. He was guiding her to the outer door, at the same time murmuring soothingly.

Once they were outside in the corridor, with the door shut upon the gaping faces in Jay Moe's outer office, Lydia Lee felt at liberty to lean against the wall. She wept openly. Enormous tears, each a crystal world full of grief, rolled down her cheeks. Her long and childlike eyelashes were stuck together in little points; they lay against the faintly violet shadow under her eyes. The young man gazed at the tears and the eyelashes as if fascinated beyond speech or movement.

"Yes, I Can Shed Tears Until I Look Like a Beaver Coming Up for Air," She Repeated. "But That Little Trick Doesn't Seem to Make a Hit"

It was plain in another instant or two that as he gazed at Lydia Lee his embarrassment and alarm were suddenly shot through with what strangely enough appeared to be a quite impersonal interest. A hopeful interest. He bent nearer, he regarded those crystal drops with a sort of scientific approval slowly spreading over his countenance.

He spoke, impulsively: "I say, can you do that easily?"

Lydia Lee's eyelashes snapped up, her affronted eyes stared at him through the mist of her tears. "Do you think I'm crying for exercise?"

"Oh, I'm sorry! That was brutal of me. But, you see, most of those girls in there—they look so sort of enameled. You couldn't imagine them crying real tears, could you?"

"Mine are real," sniffed Lydia, only it sounded like "bine," for she was blowing her nose crossly.

"Of course they're real. I can see that," cried the young man, all full of nervous eagerness to set himself right with her. "Come over here by the window, where there's more air. Maybe if you tell me what's gone wrong I can suggest something ——"

Lydia ceased ministering to her nose and held her hand suspended in mid-air. "Are you a producer?" she asked, hope lighting a tiny beacon in each reddened eye.

"No, I'm not. But I'm looking for a young lady for a—a sort of part—a sort of short engagement. Someone of your type, who cries easily."

Lydia Lee looked at him suspiciously. Then suddenly she laughed, a rather short, grim laugh. "Oh, I can cry easily, all right. Especially at this time of year. There are days when I have a terrible time keeping tears out of my soup. But what, may I ask, is that to you?"

By this time they had edged along the gloomy corridor, never taking their eyes off each other, until they had reached the window. It wasn't much of a window, giving out as it did upon a tarred roof and a rusty water tank; but the air was more like something to breathe and less like something to pin on the line and fumigate, and there was a broad sill, upon which Lydia sat down wearily.

"Yes, I can shed tears until I look like a beaver coming up for air," she repeated. "But that little trick doesn't seem to make a hit with any of the casting directors this season. None of them so far want a sob specialty."

"Then you're not playing just now?"

"Resting," Lydia grinned wanly. "Or what have you?"

The young man then proved that he had more sense than she had thus far suspected, for, glancing at his watch, he suggested diffidently that it was after one, and the Astor was near by. Did she not feel that a trifle of food ——

Ordinarily Lydia would have declined, but there were two factors in the present circumstances that moved her to accept. First, the rapid melting of her savings from last season had not encouraged her to eat heartily during the past three weeks; and second, she could see with half an eye that this young man was no fox or hound or lizard. He was undoubtedly a bit daffy, but he was a gentleman. She suspected he had been beautifully brought up, and his Harvard accent was pleasing to her ears. He appealed to her as might a rather sad, polite kitten. She wanted to assure him that he need not be so nervously wistful. No one was going to rebuff him, least of all herself. She was too forlorn not to catch a certain melancholy something about him, as if life had forced his back to the wall and he was now a bit desperate. It was apparently not a matter of money, however, for he was well dressed; he looked like a young man who had never known anything but the best and therefore took the best for granted.

"That would be very nice," she assented—"if it is business."

The young man hastened to reassure her on this point, and they went down in the elevator, after Lydia had powdered her nose. When they reached the hotel, Lydia had to manage the head waiter, for her host, she could see, was in terror of head waiters as a race.

"Give us the little table in the corner, Jeffries, will you?" she coaxed, and the table was theirs, though it said "Reserved."

She managed the ordering, too, for the young man looked with so vague a confusion at the card. "I don't know what girls eat at luncheon," he murmured.

"They eat what strong men used to eat," declared Lydia. "Waiter, I'll have rare roast beef and a baked potato and eggplant and apple pie à la mode. I'll bet you're going to have a sandwich—what?"

The young man reddened. But he spoke defiantly: "A lettuce sandwich, please, and a glass of milk. Yes, that's all, waiter." He looked across the table at his guest sadly. "You think I'm a weakling, don't you?"

Lydia found this embarrassing, for that was almost her exact opinion at the moment. But after a moment's scrutiny of his face she was surprised to find herself saying: "No, not a weakling—quite. But you look to me as if

you had spent half your life in a musty library and the other half handing tea for ladies. Except for the odd hours off, which you've spent kicking yourself because there's something you want that you haven't had the courage to reach out and take."

He threw her a startled, mournful glance. "Good Lord! Do I show it like that?"

The dejection which she had suspected in the first moments of their meeting oozed out all over him. He looked at her with a wounded bitterness. "You are dead right. You are—damned right—I beg your pardon—no, I don't beg your pardon—I mean damned, and I'll say damned!"

"At-a-boy!" breathed Lydia, relieved. He was red now instead of pale, and she could see that some long-repressed anger was coming to his rescue. "How come you've let yourself get this way?" she inquired.

The young man drooped gloomily over his untasted lettuce sandwich. "Because I'm just a natural-born fool, I suppose."

Lydia ate roast beef enthusiastically and pointed out to him that she doubted his being born to a condition of imbecility. More likely he had had it thrust upon him. And if so, by whom and why?

"I've got an aunt," said the young man, and fell again into a brooding silence.

"Lots of us have, but do we let that wreck our lives? No, indeedy! You can throw off an aunt, if you get what I mean."

"Not if she's been your mother and father, and your salvation too."

"Oh!" Lydia ate eggplant with relish and looked enlightened at the same time. "I get you. I bet she's 'sacrificed her life' for you too."

"Yes, she has," he admitted sadly. "And, of course, a fellow can't disregard that, can he? Not if he's decent."

"I'll agree with you if you're set on it. I'll bet this relative of yours saw to it that you were decent, didn't she?"

"She devoted her life to it," he returned.

Lydia Lee, with this, recognized that her irony had been over his befuddled head. She laid down her knife and fork. "For heaven's sake, boy, wasn't there some good, selfish person who could have been your salvation besides this man-eating aunt?"

Gradually his story, somewhat impeded by a tendency to slump off into a moody staring at his plate, was made clear to her by her host. He had been left an orphan at six, and the first person to get to him after his bereavement was a Cousin Maggie, who evidently embodied for him all that he longed for of warmth and freedom. She had borne him off to her ranch in Colorado, where he had been allowed to associate freely with dogs and little curly tailed pigs. There was about Cousin Maggie and her ranch a sense of gusto and of windy freedom that he never forgot.

But he had had merely a scant year of this happy life when his Aunt Aspasia appeared to see how her nephew was being taken care of. She had been abroad at the time of his mother's death. She lived in the vicinity of Boston. She was a Ripley and all that that connoted. When she saw the condition of his finger nails, and heard the ungrammatical and salty speech he was learning from the ranch hands, she at once took him away from Cousin Maggie. She adopted him and carried him East.

"She's a wonderful woman, my Aunt Aspasia," he said dejectedly. "She's devoted her life to me. She's set her heart on my doing something brilliant, like the last Roman candle on the Fourth of July. For I'm the last male of the line—you can't count my Uncle John, for he's a confirmed old bachelor, and he's sort of lost his pep. I've wondered sometimes if, maybe, she isn't to blame for that. And yet I feel like a dog when I think a thing like that, for she's splendid, really. She's—she's —— Oh, Lord!" He dropped his head in his hands and tugged at his hair desperately. "She's a good woman."

"Enough said," interposed Lydia. "You poor wight. But why did you come here? You didn't intend to end it all in Moe's agency, did you?"

He gazed at her with haggard entreaty. "Don't laugh at me. Today was the third time I'd been to that place, trying to get up courage to ask a girl to help me."

He drew a long breath and again looked at Lydia beseechingly. "You see, I've figured it out. What I've got to have to save me is a good, smashing disgrace."

Lydia Lee blinked rapidly, and then indignation began to dawn in her face, for she knew from the way he looked at her there was a connection between herself and this disgrace he so earnestly desired. "Look here, my boy, if you think that I ——"

But he leaned across the table and interrupted her eagerly. He assured her that what he had in mind would in no way harm her or her reputation. It was the safest and simplest thing in the world, this plan of his. All he wanted, really, from her was her tears.

"That's what got my attention in the first place," he told her, stammering and getting less and less lucid. "You cried so beautifully. Such big tears. Even now you look as if you had cried all night. And that's exactly what I want. A girl that looks heartbroken and yet determined—that's what I want."

"For Pete's sake, why? Why do you want a heartbroken girl?"

"Because, don't you see, if I've broken your heart, you must care a lot for me. And if you care a lot you won't want to give me up."

"I won't want to give you up?" Lydia Lee stared stonily.

"No." He was almost beaming now, very eager. "You'll want me to marry you. You'll be ready to do anything desperate, and you'll look desperate and despairing. You're rather thin, you know, and white, and your tears ——"

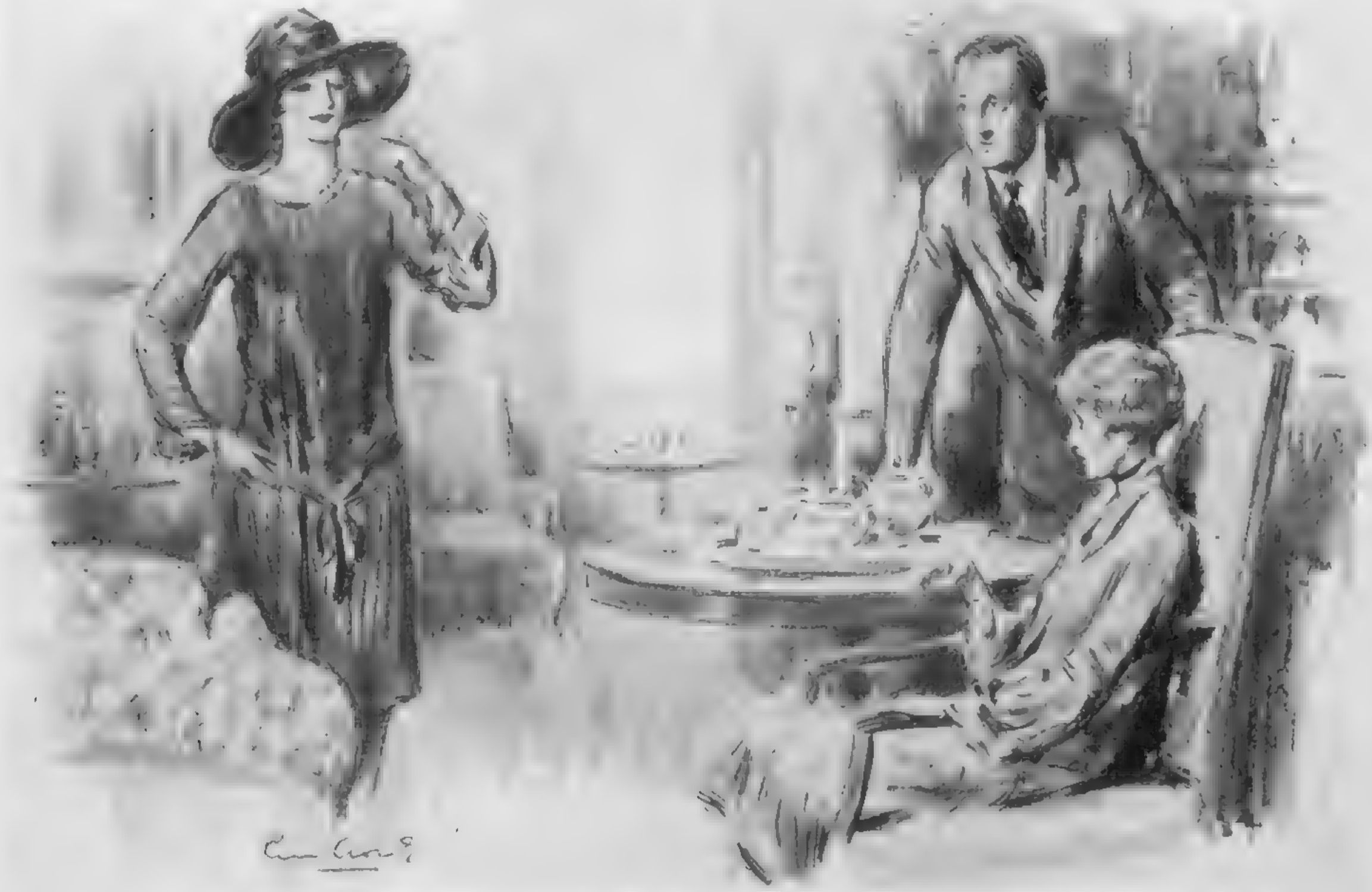
She was so bewildered now that she could not have told him it was hay fever had she been so inclined. But the mere mention of the condition of her eyes brought a tickling moisture to them and she reached for her handkerchief.

"Whadt are you gedding adt?" she cried in a muffled voice, for she was blowing her nose.

"Oh, no one could be more perfect for the part," he went on with growing enthusiasm. "You could even tell them you're going to commit suicide, and they would believe you. If you were a loud, common type of girl, they wouldn't believe I could have been infatuated with you. For Aunt Aspasia thinks I'm like her—fastidious." He paused, while a doubtful second thought clouded his face. "Perhaps you're just a little too nice to look like a really good convincing disgrace. That could be overcome, though, couldn't it? I mean, an actress knows how to look dangerous and yet fascinating at the same time, doesn't she?"

"It's our specialty. But let me get this straight. I gather you want someone to throw a scene before your aunt and refuse to give you up. Well, what then?"

(Continued on Page 110)



"But Momma —— I Wonder if You've Ever Seen Her—Lilian Armon? Trapeze, You Know. One of the Headliners in the Profession"

CASUAL WATER

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

IF ANY one of your curious friends comes driving up on a decorated float drawn by six pure-white elephants, and desires to know how Grover Marmion is getting along with the Hatcher girl, you have my permission to say that Grover is doing nicely. He is getting on splendidly with the Hatchers' only child. The situation, which was black, has changed to a tint between light rosy and carnelian pink. Love's young dream has emerged from the cyclone cellar, and I am now back again on the Hatchers' front veranda, lolling in the blue rocker, smoking Doc Hatcher's imported cigars without a care in the world and holding hands with Polly in the ambient sunshine.

In fact, I enjoy at this time the confidence of the entire Hatcher family, omitting only Mrs. Caroline Hatcher, whose attitude is one of controlled but hostile resignation. Doc Hatcher never did know anything of the stirring events and refrained from taking sides. Polly and I have an understanding, and our wedding is a mere matter of time—being, as I see it, one of the real social functions of the coming autumn in East Arroyo. Things were assuredly bleak for a long while, and I now understand why my golf game went to pieces, leaving me amid the ruins, shooting about ninety-six, which is disgraceful for a grown man, and financially ruinous.

Now that the storm has blown over, I should like to declare that the rumors were incorrect. I was down in the mouth, as any man would be; but the stories circulating in East Arroyo were without foundation in fact, and the silliest one was the report that I had flung myself into the Los Angeles River and deliberately drowned. A person so flinging would perhaps collect a slight coating of dust upon his left lung and might cough himself to death; but he could perish in no other way, and certainly not by drowning.

There was a poignant scene upon Polly's porch, on a serene and flawless moonlight night, with the tree toads croaking and the water system murmuring on the front lawn. Polly Hatcher sat curled in a deep wicker chair, weeping in the silent way of young women; and I occupied a nonskid grass mat on the edge of a step and took my medicine like a man.

It was the moment of my official rejection, there in the pellucid moonlight. I was being gently put aside as a lover and prospective husband, to make way for a better man. Polly is twenty-four years old, with innocent blue eyes, a semiboyish semibob, and a smile that sends a man away numb and feeling for door knobs. I was never one for strong statements, so I shall merely say that Polly Hatcher is the most beautiful girl ever born west of Council Bluffs. And there she sat, in the light of the friendly moon, crying into a cambric handkerchief.

"I believe that I will go home," I announced after a long silence.

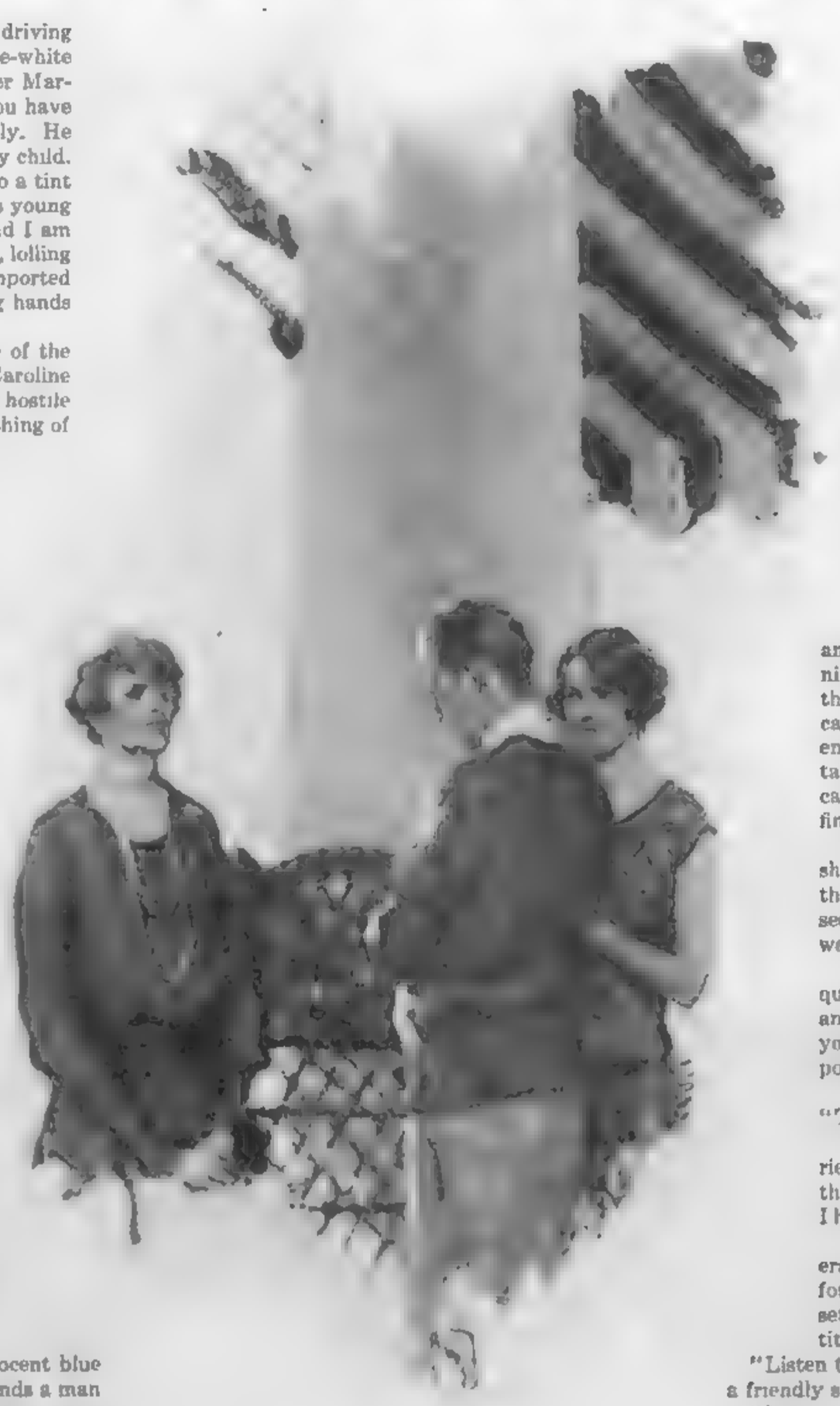
"It is your last night, Grover," she returned sadly. "Please stay a while longer."

She called me Grover because it is my name. I have the kind of parents that would call a helpless child Grover, and I have no complaint to make, feeling lucky I got off with Grover and was not labeled Spot or Bruno. At the Arroyo Seco Golf and Country Club the lads refer to me as Nutmeg Marmion, the point being that my people are supposed to have made their money selling wooden confections to the unsuspecting natives of New England, which is a canard.

"Please do stay until nine o'clock," Polly continued in a mournful tone.

"All right," I replied, lighting one of Doc Hatcher's imported Concertinas, "but do not expect any merry banter from me this night. I am lower than a snake's stomach in a well."

Polly resumed her dejected attitude and I squirmed upon the grass mat, wondering why it is that human affairs seem to have such an inordinate predilection for disaster. There was no misunderstanding between the Hatcher family and me. I had previously talked with Mrs. Hatcher, who is a bright, blue-eyed, energetic woman, a forceful woman, always doing something in a large way and invariably wrong. For example, she was the only voter in our town who felt sure Germany would win.



Polly Joined Us on the Veranda and Linked Her Arm Through Mine

"Grover," the mother had said to me in our earlier talk of clarification, "it is a mistake for you to think of marrying our Polly, and you must dismiss the idea from your mind."

"Polly likes me," I returned earnestly, "and I love Polly."

"I know," said the mother, who did not know; "but I cannot consent to have Polly marry you, Grover. You are not the man she should marry, and we must regard the facts. I have my child's welfare at heart, and she knows it."

"So have I. When I asked her to marry me I thought of nothing but devoting the rest of my life to making her happy."

"That is all very well, Grover; but Polly is my daughter, and she is a dutiful daughter, who realizes all the care I have bestowed since she was born. She has faith in me and will defer to my wishes."

"I know she will," I said glumly. "She told me she would."

"You are a respectable young man," Mrs. Hatcher admitted, "without any great vices that I know about. You are, however, an idler. You do nothing for a living, and you play golf. We already have one golf player in this family. We do not wish to have two golf players within sight and hearing." This she said in a rather bitter way.

"I have my offices downtown," I said defensively. "I have two mahogany desks and a secretary opening letters."

"You don't work in your offices."

"I know I don't, but I have them there in case I am ever seized with an uncontrollable desire to toil. Anyhow, that makes little difference with you, Mrs. Hatcher, because you want Polly to marry somebody else, and I happen to know it."

"We do not care for any more golf players in our family," the lady repeated in a firm voice; and I shall hop over the remaining conversation, for it was doleful and discouraging. Polly, it was pointed out to me, was a good and dutiful daughter, and would obey her mamma. I was a comparatively nice boy, but I did not seem to have my quota of manly ambition to keep office hours, go to service luncheons and wear a brown suit. I would without doubt, Mrs. Hatcher said brightly, find another girl who would marry me and overlook niblicks in the dining room. She again repeated the statement that the Hatcher family did not care for any more golfers. Doc Hatcher was enough. . . . I mooned my way after this jolly talk and definitely gave Polly up. . . . Then came the gloomy scene on Polly's front porch, my final appearance as a love-sick swain.

"Good night, Grover," she said wistfully. "I shall always be very fond of you. I shall always think of you and the nice times we had. You can see for yourself that with mother so set against it we cannot go on being engaged."

"That's the truth," I agreed. "You are unquestionably the world's most dutiful daughter, and I hope you get along pleasantly with this young Mr. Tilton Byce, of New York, Boston and points east."

"Do not speak of that," said Polly, shuddering. "That is mother's idea."

"Yes, but you will have to be the one that marries him; and I don't wish to say anything against the person that may be your future husband; but I have seen him, and a sap is a sap the world over."

Polly kissed me good-by forever and went miserably inside, and I returned to my own home and found both my parents listening to the new radio set, which was powerfully bringing in a song entitled A Better Man Than You Are is Calling on Me.

"Listen to this, Grover," said my old gentleman, who is a friendly soul.

"Listen to it yourself," I said, and I went murkily upstairs.

The main trouble, of course, was that Mrs. Caroline Hatcher had been stampeded by the society urge. Recently she had become ambitious, and envious of matrons who get into the Sunday papers. She yearned to see Polly married into a family of rare distinction and social prestige, a family with Social Register connections, plenty of lineage and an aristocratic name. We have no such families in East Arroyo, and the arrival in our town of the Byces seemed a definite act of Providence.

The train that brought them ran over my matrimonial chances and left nothing but mutilated remains. Into the picture walked young Mr. Tilton Byce, who doesn't swear, drink, smoke, chew, play golf, drive a car, attend boxing matches, talk to strange girls or otherwise betray symptoms of consciousness. He is a tall, hollow-chested youth with a deep voice, and probably wears pink suspenders. He is going bald rapidly, the bare spot being visible halfway back. The rest of his hair is brown and curly and runs down toward his spine.

We learned that he played the piano. He composed little odd gems that sounded like grand opera, having no rhythm or melody, and he talked about the things that seem interesting to a man who plays a piano. I never regarded him as a likable fellow. He had a pasty complexion, a pug nose and he kept his mouth open, which gave him a slightly adenoidal appearance.

With young Tilton came the rest of the Byce family, which included Mr. Threlkeld Byce, the father; Mrs. Byce,

a rather formidable dowager in spangles; and Numi Byce, the daughter, who was thin, dyspeptic, sarcastic, and played bridge bitterly and eternally. There was, too, a limousine with a chauffeur to guide it.

"Rich New Yorkers," our town said, the residents nudging one another.

"Rich and also upper-crusty," added the more discerning. "This is where we get shot full of high hats."

Presently the Byces took over the Cook mansion on Lingard Avenue, had it redecorated, and filled it with the family plate, crown jewels and many beautiful and costly ornaments from Park Avenue, New York, including Oriental rugs and imported tapestries. When they actually moved in, the entire town of East Arroyo peeked at the spectacle and admitted that, municipally, we were on the social up and up. Our town is a pleasant suburban cluster of stucco bungalows, and is famous only for its golf course. The Arroyo Seco Golf and Country Club is the pride of the community and its roster contains the names of leading citizens for miles around.

I belong. So does Dr. Bozeman Hatcher, the father of Polly, and we have occasionally played together, although he has his own gang and I have mine. Bozeman is an excellent surgeon and a fine man; but he permits his wife to run over him at home, which seems to be a not unusual complaint among Californians with wives named Caroline.

The Threlkeld Byces having got their rugs down, East Arroyo presently began to kotow and angle for invitations. It became a local desire to step into the new establishment and soak up a bit of Eastern culture. They had a first man, a second man and possibly a third man, several young women servants and a butler, which was a brand-new note in our community, where butlers are seen only at the Apollo movies.

Inevitably the Hatchers met the Byces, and Mrs. Hatcher took a startled look at Tilton Byce and selected a son-in-law on the spot. She realized in a flash that an alliance between the Hatchers and the Byces was the one thing that civilization had been waiting for all these years. Tilton shook hands with Polly, looked into her eyes and at once fell in with Mrs. Hatcher's unspoken plans, which is the only sensible thing I ever knew him to do. Of course, that was my day of disaster. Later on, I talked it over with Polly, and backed down and out, leaving Tilton Byce my old rocking-chair on the Hatchers' front porch. In time, Doctor Hatcher noticed the change.

"What's the matter with you and Polly?" he inquired in the locker room of the clubhouse, where we were both preparing for an afternoon of turmoil.

"Nothing," I said shortly.

"Had some trouble?" he persisted.

"No trouble. Just as good friends as we ever were."

"I never see you over at the house any more."

"Mrs. Hatcher doesn't approve. I do not work for a living, and she doesn't want me hanging around; but if you will look intently, you will observe a strange egg-shaped object on your veranda, and that's Tilton Byce, my successor."

"Oh," said Doc. "I saw those people at the house. Who are they?"

"Very nice people from the East, and you ought to know them. Wouldn't do a ruffian like you any harm to meet nice people occasionally."

Doc Hatcher grunted and continued to struggle with a refractory sock. He immediately forgot me and my cares and joined his regular playmates, a crowd of dissolute reprobates of middle age, known locally as the Highbinders. They are all well-to-do business neglecters, who wrangle the ball around the eighteen holes in the upper nineties, and they play together, moving audibly from tee to green like a covey of London fishwives.

Their language is not merely shocking or unusual: it is terrific and incredible. They say things habitually to one another which if said by one gentleman to another, both in evening dress, would instantly result in two murders; and the leading bad speaker of the Arroyo Seco Golf and Country Club is Doc Hatcher. He deserves the questionable honor because he has earned it, and the less gifted know it. He can go around the entire course, never repeat once, and say things that would melt the ears off an iron dog.

Some men swear quietly when annoyed by the minor mishaps of golf, such as trying to sink a short putt and bouncing out of bounds. Not so Surgeon Hatcher. Some men mutter language, behind the back of a hand or through clenched teeth. But not this medical gentleman. He swears for the world to hear, and on his good days he can be heard above the roar of distant traffic, the humming of the bees, the tapping of the woodpeckers and the roar of the National Express eastbound.

On several occasions the executive committee has written Doc a polite but firm letter, beseeching him to sing low in the locker room for fear some innocent younger member would overhear him and fall dead before he could get home. The surgeon has ignored these hints. He has publicly stated that if the executive committee did not like his language, then the six gentlemen composing the committee could take a long run and do so-and-so, in addition to doing such-and-such, all being things nobody would do.

The Hatchers came on famously with the Byces from the beginning of the social contact. Mrs. Hatcher and Polly called at the beautiful Byce home and played bridge, and the Byces rolled over in their solid mahogany sedan to spend a pleasant hour with the Hatchers. The Hatcher veranda is an ideal spot, a broad, shaded expanse, with pretty rugs, red tiles, sun curtains, swings, rockers and little tables to hold the lemonade. There the entente was fostered. Dr. Bozeman Hatcher was not included in the new social grouping, for Mrs. Hatcher felt instinctively that Doc would not fit in.

The Byces knew nothing of golf, except that it was a sort of game played by adults of retarded intellect. They played bridge and talked about the summer they lived in England; and on any Sunday afternoon a polite group might have been sitting upon the Hatcher veranda, conversing in a cultivated way, with Tilton Byce leaning over Polly and discussing his music. I observed the group, for the seventeenth hole of our charming course lies parallel with Whiteley Avenue. The Hatcher homestead faces Whiteley Avenue, behind a neat box hedge and rows of nasturtiums, along with the other pleasant stucco homes of Calvin Sloss, Mrs. Leland Hicks, Mrs. Martin H. James and Doctor Warner, the ear-and-nose man.

None of these respectable citizens belong to our Arroyo Seco Club. They merely live in their beautiful homes across the street from our seventeenth hole, which is five hundred and sixty yards, the tee being nearly opposite Doc Hatcher's spiffy Colonial and the green directly across from Mrs. Leland Hicks' Queen Anne.

I now wish to place in evidence the oak tree on Number Seventeen. It is a large, lordly, leafy, dignified monarch,

(Continued on Page 189)

It Was the Moment of My Official Rejection, There in the Pellucid Moonlight. I Was Being Gently Put Aside as a Lover and Prospective Husband, to Make Way for a Better Man

THE RIVER OF LIFE

By Albert W. Atwood

A Field of Cantaloupes Under Paper Caps in the American Imperial Valley

ONE would search far throughout these United States before finding a stranger or more remarkable development than that of the Imperial Valley of California. Near the bottom of a great saucerlike depression, from 100 to 200 feet below sea level and once a part of the sea itself, lies what is the largest and possibly the most successful area of agricultural land as yet reclaimed from the Western deserts.

From this veritable hothouse of fertility there pours in winter months to the markets of the East a stream of fruit and vegetables—25,000 carloads of lettuce and cantaloupes alone. In the valley are numerous towns, a few ranking as small cities, and scores of thousands of people make their homes in the towns or on the farms.

Yet along the very rim of the basin, high above the valley itself, runs one of the most powerful and pitiless rivers in the world, as dirty morally as it is physically, seeking forever to destroy the levees that hold it in check.

Here, indeed, is a phenomenon, a paradox. Why should men ever think of trying to settle in such a place, or stay there once they know there is danger? The answer is close at hand. At few spots on the earth's surface are the rewards of the husbandman so gigantic. One must seek far to find a place where soil, climate, water and labor combine into such a genie of productivity.

It is a great investment garden into which one puts money and energy with the object of taking out quick and sometimes lordly returns. Crops which pay moderately elsewhere may bring exceptional dividends. The valley raises not only lettuce and cantaloupes but alfalfa, cotton, watermelons, asparagus, peas, onions, squashes, tomatoes, grapes, strawberries, grapefruit and many other crops.

A Crop Factory

LET me hasten to say that not all growers make profits every year and in all crops. Here as elsewhere many heavy losses have been and will be sustained. Profits of from $1000 to $1200 an acre from lettuce, strawberries, grapes and asparagus are cited, but also these same crops have netted red. Farming is speculative in the Imperial Valley, just as in any other place.

But it is peculiar in the intense regularity and extraordinary frequency of production. It is as fecund of crops as a well-managed steel mill is of rails. Indeed, farming here is not at all such as the Easterner knows. It is like a raw mine or factory proposition.

Rainfall is as nearly absent as anywhere in the world, and water is turned in from the Colorado River with the same regularity as it is turned into a cement plant. The soil, washed down from seven states, is most fertile, a deep alluvial deposit. Sunshine is continuous and the heat of the summer intense.

There is hardly a month in which one crop is not being harvested and another planted. They are moved off the ground with the same unromantic and unidyllic matter-of-factness that hunkies employ in shoveling slag out of a Pittsburgh blast furnace. It is all about as pastoral as a brickworks.

Eden

IMPERIAL is a continuous twelve-month proposition, turning out crop after crop. In the manufacture of iron and steel, ore, coke, water and heat are employed; Imperial uses soil, water and heat. It is one of the highly concentrated food-supply sources of the nation, capable of enormous expansion, both in production and population, when the country needs more food. Its products are off crop for most of the country—that is, they do not compete with other sections, except to some extent with Florida.

Imperial Valley is a garden, if there ever was one, in respect to productivity. Thousands of writers, I suppose, have told of the miracle of its transformation from one of the driest of known deserts, all in the brief span of some twenty years, to the present garden spot. All of them, no doubt, have used that highly original phrase, so beloved of politicians in search of a government appropriation for their pet reclamation project, of making the "desert blossom as the rose." One local chamber of commerce speaks of the miracle of the change from "a harsh, uninviting desert to a veritable Garden of Eden."

Imperial Valley is a garden spot, but in a highly technical sense. The Easterner who visits it thinking to find a rather more beautiful Vale of Kashmir, after the description of Sir Thomas More, or a choice bit of Wordsworthian lake country, or a larger but gentler and more lovely New England dell, will be disillusioned.

Imperial Valley does not produce flowers, lawns and shade trees among its major crops. It produces incredible commercial crops, raw and naked. There is no water to waste from irrigation and from stock and domestic use. Civilization here is only about twenty years old, and to a considerable extent the population has been transitory and

One of the Imperial Irrigation District Canals

experimental. Each spring may usher in the possibility of flood. But the valley is in transition. The tent era seems to have passed, except for the nomadic crop pickers. If many of the farmhouses are still only shacks, there is a movement on to build better residences, with the slogan Make Your House Your Home. In town there are good schools, a fine courthouse and several excellent hotels and office buildings. It is said that the permanent rancher and home builder is gaining upon the transient investor.

More attention is being paid to beauty than formerly, with a movement to plant shade trees, lawns and flower beds. But there is still the same cynical feeling that Imperial Valley is a place to make a stake but not necessarily the place to stay. "The knowledge of this possibility"—flood damage—"prevents many people from making comfortable, permanent homes and improvements," says Earl C. Pound, president of the Imperial Irrigation District.

It has long been customary for many of the women and children to leave the valley in summer. Until recently it was not so easy for the men, but the building of improved roads has made it possible to go over the hill in a couple of hours to the mountains back of San Diego. In time it may be possible for farmers and others having business in the valley to spend much of their summers in the hills.

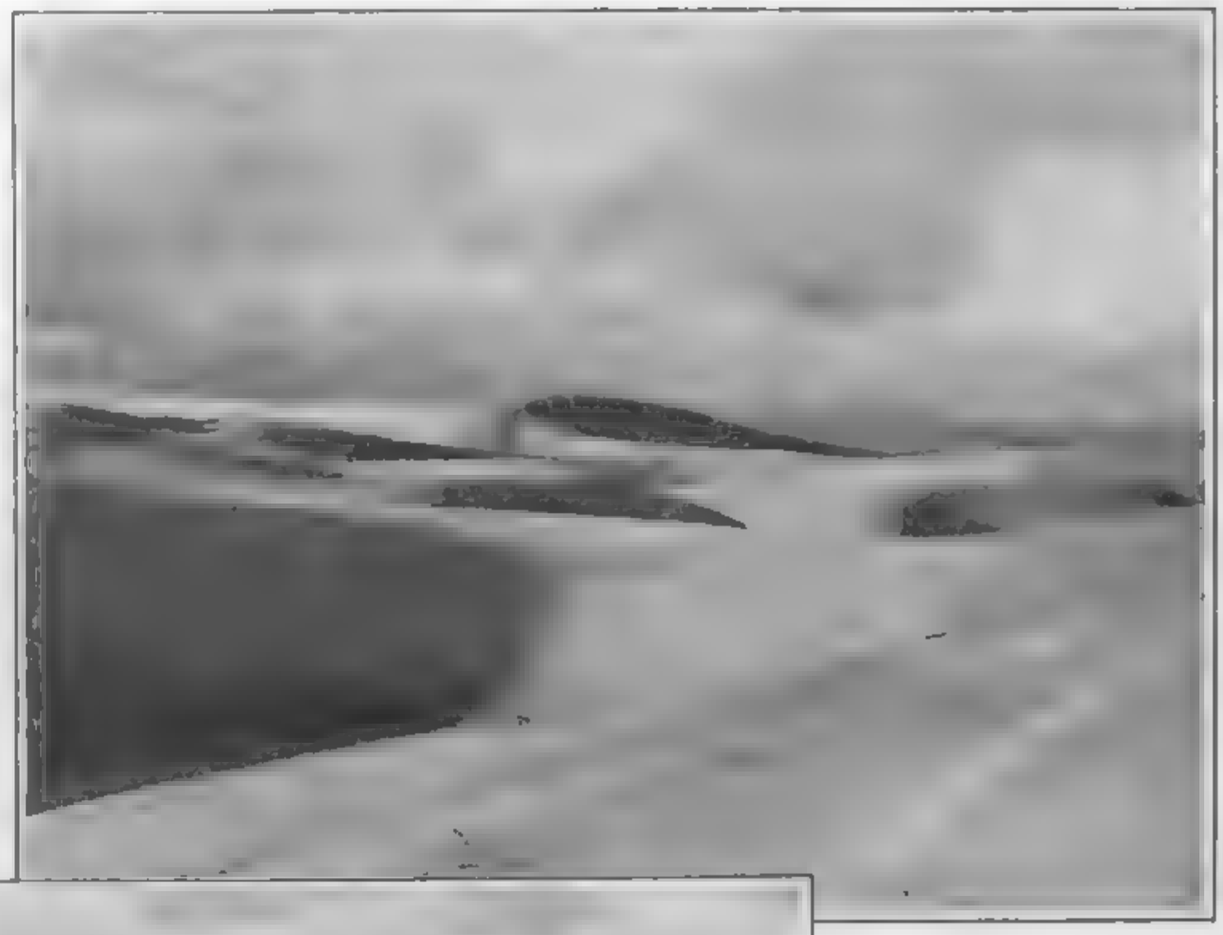
Absentee ownership is a striking feature of the valley, many owners never having seen their land. It is a conservative estimate that not half the owners live there. The Imperial Valley has had a great appeal to the imagination of business men, engineers and others of the type who do things. They have said, "Here is the Imperial Valley, a raw desert; let's make it blossom."

Absentee Owners

LOS ANGELES is full of such absentee owners of Imperial land. There was a quick rise in values when the river was shut off in 1907, and there have been other booms since. Imperial Valley appeals to the sporting instinct of the Los Angeles business man, but he does not necessarily live there. Thus great numbers of farms are leased to Japanese, to Texans, who stop for a while in their migrations, and to Swiss.

Many of the largest truck farms, the great lettuce and melon fields, are owned by Eastern commission firms who lease them on shares to Japs and other professional truck farmers. A more permanent element, perhaps, are the farmers who feed large herds of Arizona cattle on their alfalfa fields.

Curiously enough, the flood menace is one reason for the valley's prosperity. Land values are lower than elsewhere proportionately, and thus the profits from crops are greater. The silt fills the ditches and is expensive to clear away, but the alluvial nature of the soil helps account for its fertility.



Sand Dunes Near the Imperial Valley

A Desert and Mountain Scene in Coachella Valley, West of the Colorado River

Country of This Sort Will be Watered by the Colorado River

testified before a committee of Congress that he had never been on the levees.

"Is the average person here interested in the flood menace?" I asked an officer of the irrigation district.

"They feel that the organization must protect them," he replied. "They read in the papers that we have just bought eleven new dump cars. The people here depend upon the district to do their fighting for them."

Indifference

ONLY a day or two before the peak of the spring flood I sat at dinner one night in the café of a huge gambling establishment and dance hall in Mexicali, on the southern side of the border that bisects the Imperial Valley. It is to this city, larger and more rapidly growing than any on the American side, that so many of the dwellers north of the line come for amusement. My companion was one of the engineers whose duty it is to protect the lives and the $100,000,000 or more of property in the valley. All around us scores of couples were dancing, and in another room hundreds of men and women were gambling.

"If this crowd were suddenly told to stop dancing and go to work on the levees, to save their homes and lives," said the engineer, "they would probably shrug their shoulders for a moment and go on dancing."

The ranchers know that the river is likely to cut under a levee almost any spring; it has done it many times before. But the flood danger is only at certain seasons of the year; the river runs very low in the late summer, and the flood waters stop. Only once since the valley has been inhabited has a break continued for a long period of time. Other valleys besides Imperial are subject to serious flood danger, and in the cities there is just as much menace from fire.

On the other hand, it is only fair to say that many a rancher does not grasp the complexity of the water questions which face the valley, or the many problems involved in flood protection. He knows he has been getting water, delivered regularly upon twenty-four hours' notice, and that is all he is really interested in. Such things as interstate and international water rights, a levee system that in time will become impossible of maintenance, and threatened restraint of further diversion of water at the present head gates, are details that are beyond his thought.

There is no water except from the Colorado, no rainfall, but the valley came in fast because nothing could grow without the river water; thus there was no possibility of the usual intermediate stage of unprofitable dry farming.

It must not be supposed that the people in the valley lie awake nights worrying about floods. That is not human nature. Most of them have never seen the river in flood, or at all, except from the bridge at Yuma. A high official of the Farm Bureau

(Continued on Page 218)

The Secret Phœnix of Syria

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

NOW don't misunderstand me. It's not that I don't admire the Orient—in its place. Nobody could say that. Look at the way I took that trip to Palestine eight years ago, inconveniencing myself to go along with Emma Delisle to spend all those weeks in the Holy Land. Such dirt! And not a green vegetable, if you'll believe me, in six weeks! And, of course, I give everything—after the spring cleaning—to the Near East Relief; all my old clothes and rummage. It isn't that. It's just that I don't want the Near East in my lap. When I look at that house across the way—when I think how it was in Judge Murphy's day! How exclusive, how American—our whole street!"

Miss Adelaide Cowens drew in her breath sharply, her thin nostrils fluttered in a little hiss, her lips tightened, her narrow, bloodless hand, poised in midair, holding one of the spode cups and saucers as her cold eye fixed itself on the house opposite.

"American! Murphy!" objected Mrs. Flora Patton, her cousin. "You cannot exactly take exception on that score, Adelaide. Michael Murphy was a full-blown flower of the ould sod, and proud of it. He carried a hod in his early boyhood and would, I think, rank far from your tradition." And Mrs. Patton, who was Miss Adelaide Cowens' poor relation, and much too presuming in her opinion, looked a little wistfully around the old Cowens parlor, somberly splendid in carved rosewood, painted cornices and a hundred trophies of *bibelot*, bric-a-brac and rich embroidery, brought years ago out of the East on the Cowens clipper bottoms. She looked as she did it—just as she always had—like a small genteel old-fashioned garden flower, in spite of the fact that her curly hair was white, her little pink face, all crêped with time, and her old silk dress and retrimmed hat were so well mended and dry-cleaned.

"I thought, Flora, that you would take me up on that. It is like you to be perverse. I cannot help the—er—Hibernian tradition back of Judge Murphy. A man cannot help where he begins. He is only responsible for where he ends. And we all know where Judge Murphy ended—a barrister, the very flower of our bar, rich and respected; a wit, a legal luminary, as American, by adaptation at least, as you could find; and certainly a man of the most refined tastes. His sister Margaret too—she was made a papal countess in her later years. Everybody in Rush Street—the original settlers, I mean; I have heard my father speak of it—was delighted when the Murphy establishment was built. He had—Judge Murphy had," mused Miss Cowens, "the finest wall peaches I have ever tasted, and his long-tailed Arabians ——"

"Arabians!" Mrs. Flora Patton smiled and drew up her old brows, and little fat Mrs. Ellingworth Taylor rushed into the breach.

"After all, it is unlikely, isn't it, that these newcomers, people like these, will be able to adapt, in the same way ——"

"Unlikely!" cried Miss Cowens.

"I am told Mrs. Nassoum does not even wear shoes—in the house," added Mrs. Taylor. "She receives callers in her bare feet."

"Callers! Who calls upon her?" Miss Cowens cried bitterly. "Not I for one, nor anyone else if I can prevent it. When I heard that Ben Ali Nassoum had bought the Murphy house and proposed to plant his family here across from me, I went right to headquarters. I went to see my cousin, Roger Cannon, who is in the city council. 'Roger,' I cried—I was ready to go on my bended knees—'must I have a rug peddler to look at every day? Must I live opposite such people? Is there nothing I can do to drive them out?'"

"And there was nothing?"

"Nothing!" Miss Cowens bowed her aristocratic head. "They had bought the place right down to the cellar floor. Oh, Nassoum is making money! And if they pay their taxes and maintain no public nuisance, there is nothing that anyone can do to prevent them from living in Rush Street, right among the best people we have."

"Tck! Tck!" said Mrs. Taylor. "Well, I don't see, Adelaide, what's going to hurt you any in that. Give them a chance. They've been here only four weeks. Maybe—well, maybe culture is catching. Inoculation with Rush Street—with you for neighbor—may make a great change."

You are Right—the Setting, the Habiliments of a Poet

"A camel driver! I'm told that's the way he began."

"No worse than a hodcarrier. Mohammed was a camel driver."

"I am not a Mohammedan. I suppose you think that's witty, Flora."

"No, no; I'm only touching up the bright side for you, Adelaide. After all, there is one. Ben Ali Nassoum is a very polite person. I know him. I—I buy a little piece from him now and then when I can scrape a little margin over my expenses. He—he understands beauty, in the way I see it. He—well, he is a friend of mine, or I feel he is. He is so beautifully affable of manner. I rather like him. As for the family, they are really neat, tidy people, from what I hear. The Murphy place will be kept a lot cleaner than the Holy Land. Mrs. Nassoum—shoes or no shoes—has certainly assimilated a passion for broom and soap in the New World and is a beautiful housekeeper. As for looking at them—well, do look at them! What can you find to object to in that?" And Mrs. Patton, in turn, waved her hand at the house opposite.

A decorous yellow-gray brick mansard affair, copiously trimmed with brown wooden tatting, standing aloof, in a wide frontage that included the usual symbols of its type; some oleanders, broken-nosed early Greeks in stone, a dried-up fountain and a coach house with a weather vane—the place opposite had a moment earlier been completely quiescent under the running fire of female comment across the street. Now, as though awakened by telepathic reaction, it teemed with life. Seven young people rushed out of the house and disposed themselves about porch and front lawn in graceful attitudes of watchful expectation.

Seven very beautiful and well-dressed young people, yet unmistakably, in coloring, of a race exotic to the elms of Rush Street. It was as though, to the three watchers, a yawning, empty drab-yellow cornucopia had suddenly spilled before them a tumbling treasure of lusciously colored tropic fruits—pomegranates, kumquats, tangerines, oranges. The seven young Nassoums were like that.

From Hassan, aged eighteen and born in Syria, smooth and suave of contour, with flesh like a new-cut melon, patent-leather hair, a haughty curving nose, full rich red lips, the dark liquid eyes of a gazelle, and clad in the flowing powder blues of the American college youth, through his sisters Fayuka and Ayesha, lovely dusky little fillies, with great brushes of midnight hair and slip frocks of fashionable crêpe-back satin in rose and salmon, down to the latest and most American-made models of Nassoum—Gloria and Harold Lloyd, respectively in lingerie and starched white middy—they were as alien as the Oriental trophies in the old Commodore Cowens house across the way—and as beautiful.

"I think, in their own way, I've never seen more beautiful children," murmured Mrs. Patton. "But what does it mean—their rushing out this way and waiting like that?"

Miss Cowens wrinkled her nose. "It means that it is four o'clock and Ben Ali Nassoum is about to come home. Mr. Ben Ali Nassoum has left his office and will be here in just a minute. They do this every day. Come out to meet him like an act in a play. Sometimes I think they do it on purpose to annoy me, having my tea here this way, with callers usually, and in plain sight of them all. Oh, of course, they know my attitude! We exchange bows, Nassoum and I, but he knows I have done everything to prevent their settling here and anyone's receiving them or calling. I bow to him, of course. I purchase of him when I need to. I acknowledge him therefore—as a tradesman. But for me—socially—he does not exist. I have plenty of Nassoum without that." Miss Cowens waved toward the window. "I intend to contribute nothing to the man's sense of power. Power! He's mad about it since he has made money and is able to live on Rush Street.

But you shall see for yourself. This is his car now; watch and you'll see what I mean—the way he carries himself. Sometimes I think the creature imagines he is a god."

A car had, indeed, appeared in the street; a long, low, dust-hued affair, with a cabriolet top and the maximum quantity of glass and nickel. Ben Hur, apparently, sat at the wheel, dressed in bottle-green cloth with some gold frogs, and under the cabriolet lolled a gentleman of the middle years; a gentleman of a sort of dusky olive-gold color and of frankly voluptuous figure, inserted rather tightly into beautifully tailored pale-gray flannels, topped by an elegant light-gray fedora, banded in black and bound in white. One plump olive-gold hand was extended as he rode, and rested on the head of a Malacca stick; and the spring sunlight, falling into the street, lit a small bonfire where a great diamond burned on one finger.

"Camels!" snorted Miss Cowens, and Mr. Ben Ali Nassoum, looking over, saw her. He lifted his bediamonded hand, swept off the gray fedora, described three arcs with the upper half of his body, which deepened almost to salaam-like quality as he recognized Mrs. Patton.

Miss Cowens gave the gentleman but the briefest of cranial jerks, which would offset, she believed, the rather unnecessary amiability of Mrs. Patton's greeting. But in spite of this, there was so much salaaming and affability that fat little Mrs. Taylor quite involuntarily added a small arc of her own.

"So that is Ben Ali Nassoum, the rich rug dealer," she breathed. "What style! What a car! So expensive looking! And —and what a manner! I never saw such low bows. I wonder what he was saying. His lips moved as he bowed to us; I saw that plainly."

"Something ingratiating, you may be sure," said Miss Cowens. He's servile and fawning by nature. But let the man fawn. He can never fawn his way into my good graces."

There was nothing particularly fawning at the moment in Mr. Ben Ali Nassoum's manner. The car stopping, Mr. Nassoum disembarked rather heavily, and was charged upon by the seven young Nassoums.

One moment, and the shortish gray figure—the short thick legs a pair of pearl-gray parentheses ending in spats and patent leather —stood a little swaggering, the Malacca cane hooked over his arm; the next he was draped with the graceful welcoming festooning arms of his progeny, like a stout dwarf pine hung with golden trumpet flowers—a moment only.

Mr. Nassoum freed himself. Raising his stout right arm in an opulent gesture toward the standing car, he snapped his fat olive fingers carelessly. The sunlight fairly twittered on the great diamond. But it was enough.

The Oriental charioteer bowed his head; the low car slid noiselessly off—and Miss Cowens snorted again.

"There! That's what I mean! Coming home in this patriarchal manner, with his feudal household drawn up in welcome every day, and our street forced to look on; and then snapping his fingers at his servant for an order. At such times I am quite sure he has forgotten who he is. He thinks he is Jehovah. Well," she hissed again in relief as the house opposite swallowed the Nassoums, "let us forget them and get on with our business. We were talking over the arrangement of our booths for the local Arts and Crafts Bazaar exhibit."

"Yes, but—oh, Adelaide, I must say just another word about Nassoum. That's why I brought up his name. He is on my own list, you know, of the exhibitors to be approached. I was going to tell you. I saw him last week, and he has consented to make a loan exhibit of rugs. He has a beautiful private collection—very valuable. He's promised to lend the best he has. That's what I meant when I called him affable. He was. He has a beautiful courtesy of manner, Adelaide; and, anyhow, the rugs are being lent. But this part may not please you. He did ask, or specify, for that southwest corner for display. That puts him right next the domestic-arts section, where you are in charge. I hope you won't suffer."

"Suffer! Of course I'll suffer!" cried Miss Cowens. "What would you expect?" She hesitated. "Still, if I must I must. I hope I am broad-minded enough to ignore my pains in a good cause, and I shall ignore other things as well. I shall have nothing to do with Mr. Nassoum and his rugs; you may depend on that."

II

AS MR. BEN ALI NASSOUM crossed the sidewalk to his residence, encompassed by his garland of human trumpet flowers, it would have surprised Miss Adelaide Cowens to have known what a thrill of unbelief, of reverence before the miraculous, filled him—as it sometimes did—to realize that he had come to live in Rush Street and be her neighbor.

That his adventurous career, begun at the hands of a Syrian midwife who had exposed him for hours to pitiless extremes of heat and cold to test his fiber, in a colony of mud hovels in Northern Syria; that included juvenile years as a camel boy in a mud khan on the edge of the desert, where his duties had consisted of valeting the shaggy caravan beasts kneeling in the khan yard, of shouting *"Ek! Ek!"* through his nose at them, thus driving them to their feet beneath their heavy packs and sending them lolloping out of the arched gate; that later added apprenticeship and wandering through lower Syria with Haddad Efrim, the rug weaver; a long ensuing procession of colorful jumbled Oriental associations—of poverty, struggle, dirt, poetry, ambition, some study at the college at Beirut; a factorship in a warehouse at Cairo; merchandising and exporting in Constantinople, and an ultimate American migration, itself including some peddling; and that final successful individual proprietorial start—that this should crystallize for its fine flower in a life beneath the decorous elms of a pure Colonial tradition was to Mr. Nassoum, when he thought it over, like a chapter right out of the Alf-Laylah-Wa-Laylah, which you and I call The Arabian Nights.

To have traveled on a magic carpet over the years, from that dirty little camel boy, possessed of only a handful of rags and some lively parasites, to his present commercial standing and his undisputed possession of Judge Michael Murphy's house, with its brown wooden tatting, its broken-nosed Jupiters, its oleanders, dried-up fountain, and coach house with brass weather vane—all made Mr. Nassoum, at times, sincerely humble; something Miss Cowens wouldn't have believed. It would have surprised her still more to know that she herself could induce Mr. Nassoum's humility.

For it is true that he was not always humble; that at times he fancied he was Jehovah—in a modest way. The ability to write large checks, with its corollary power to press buttons or snap fingers in securing service, is a test of metal—a greater strain than an initial inferiority complex can frequently endure.

(Continued on Page 202)

Mr. Nassoum Hesitated. But He Was, After All, a Poet, and She Had Asked for It

SILENT DYNAMITE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

She Stood Staring With Puzzled Eyes at Three Negatives and Three Prints. "Why, What are These? I Don't Understand"

CALEB HOPE stretched his long legs so far before him that he sat almost upon his shoulder blades. His long thin face wore an expression of deep melancholy, which seemed to have been inspired by Jinks Baker, proprietor of Luxor's cigar store, and president of the First Voters' League of that village. Jinks, on the contrary, was jubilant.

"I tell you we kin elect all down the line," he said. "What with the First Voters and the followin' you've built up in one way and another, we kin lick the stuffin' out of Marty Rooney in Luxor."

"But," said Caleb, "Luxor is such a small place."

"Eh?"

"We are entirely surrounded by county," Caleb said, "and the county is engulfed in state."

"What of it?"

"Why, our friend Marty Rooney owns the county machinery, and he's one of the three satraps who control the state."

Jinks' eyes bugged. "Never heard a feller called that name before," he said. "I've heard men called most everythin' from a skeezicks to a hoss thief, but I never encountered 'satrap' before. What's it mean?"

"It's a private word," Caleb said gravely, "and I only use it in moments of profound emotion. It's what you can say of a man when you've called him every name you know and there's a margin left over you can't express. A sort of a blanket term, Jinks, and very useful indeed."

"In that case," Jinks said, "I kin think of about eight satraps right in this village."

"We can't touch the county," Caleb observed. "Three county supervisors, a sheriff, a probate judge and a circuit judge—and none of them swallow until Marty Rooney has chewed."

"The machine's built up around them supervisors," Jinks said. "They got the patronage to hand out, and the contracts and all."

"True."

"And nothin' but dynamite'll blow them three out of office."

"D'ye know how to make dynamite, Jinks?"

"No idea."

"Then," said Caleb, "we'll have to let them make their own and be on hand to touch a match to the fuse."

"I'll be gittin' back to the store," said Jinks, "to see my clerk ain't smokin' up all the profits."

"And I," said Caleb, "am about to take a walk in the vicinage."

"Didn't know anybody growed grapes around here," Jinks said with mild surprise.

"This isn't that sort of a vicinage. It's a theoretical or putative vicinage. They grow politics in it."

Jinks shook his head as if to drive off an annoying fly, but it was a mental fly. In common with most of Luxor, he did not always gather exactly what it was Caleb spoke about, but he did love to hear him talk. He snapped his suspenders into a more comfortable grip on his shoulder and took his departure. Caleb remained motionless for ten minutes, and one might have fancied his thoughts to be fastened upon departed joys or impending disappointments, so dreary was his expression. At the end of that time he unjointed himself and reached for his hat.

He walked a great deal when business did not press, and he was the sort whom business seemed never to press. He strolled and he chatted—chatted with men and women and children and dogs and cats. Everywhere he was welcome. Housewives wiped doughy hands on aprons and asked him to take a seat on their front stoops while they got a glass of milk and some doughnuts. Farmers leaned in friendly attitude over their rail fences, dogs wagged ingratiating tails. If he had done nothing else in the few short months of his residence, he had at least made himself agreeable to the animal kingdom in its various groups and branches. He knew everybody's name and how many children there were and what their last illness might have been, whether mumps or measles. He never called a dog Shep when its name was Hector, and was never in error as to the sex of the last baby.

People liked him, and it was not easy to see precisely why. Perhaps it was his manner, though that was melancholy to a degree; perhaps it was the novelty of his conversation, which never seemed to go anywhere or to have much sense to it. But it had a way of holding attention and of arousing speculation as to just what in the world he was getting at. But be these things as they may, Caleb Hope had more acquaintances that were more nearly friends than acquaintances than any other man in Luxor—and friends mean votes.

Not that Caleb was deliberately after votes, though he did sometimes consider that phase of the matter. It was that he was gregarious in his peculiar way, and was interested in many inconsequential things and people.

He walked slowly up the street, deep in thought, and passed without recognition numerous persons whom he knew very well. Nobody resented this. In fact, they rather liked it and would go home to boast to husband or wife that Caleb had stared right into their faces point-blank without having a notion in the world who they were. This abstraction endowed him with a certain quality which seemed further to endear him to the town. It set a mark of character upon him, and, strangely enough, elevated to an unbelievable eminence his reputation for powers of a remarkable mental order.

Presently his slow progress was overtaken by a man and a young woman. The man was of middle age and of dominating but pleasant face; the girl was so lovely that any young man other than Caleb would have been delighted to have been overtaken by her. These individuals were Marty Rooney, owner of most of the enterprises in the vicinity and of the politics of that quarter of the state, and his niece, Seena.

Rooney spoke pleasantly. Miss Rooney did not speak, but elevated her nose and became very cool and impersonal and dignified.

"Morning, Hope," said Marty.

"How do you do, Mr. Rooney?" Caleb answered when he had brought back his mind from its distant visit.

"Nice weather."

"The weather," said Caleb abstractedly, "as a topic of conversation has been highly regarded in all ages and among all peoples. I have not noticed the day. I will notice it now. . . . You are right."

Seena sniffed, but Marty grinned amiably. "There's an election coming on pretty shortly," he said, "and how's that for a topic?"

"It certainly opens up vistas. One might commence with the balloting by ancient Greeks upon clamshells, work down to the rotten boroughs of England, touch upon the practical methods of Tammany, and so on and so forth into infinity."

"Indeed, one might. But the local elections are the ones that interest me."

"I've heard of your interest," Caleb said with a little nod.

"How," asked Marty, "would you like to be prosecuting attorney?"

"It would annoy me."

"You don't care for public office?"

"That depends upon this and that, and a variety of other makeshifts and expedients."

"I can make you prosecutor."

"Hardly," said Caleb, "without my cooperation."

Again Mr. Rooney grinned. "Well, how about probate judge then?"

"Last wills and testaments and family feuds. No, on sober second thought, I should be bored."

"Um—how about circuit judge then?"

"That's three guesses," said Caleb, "and you're out."

"You refused a retainer from me once."

"So I did."

"Now I'm coming to you with something better than a retainer. I'm offering you your choice of office—offices that many men regard as the summit of a career. . . . And you're not thirty."

"I certainly am not, and the family Bible rests on the whatnot to prove it."

"With a start like that, you can go a long way."

"I'm going a long way," said Caleb.

"Unless something trips you," said Marty.

"It's been tried," Caleb said lugubriously.

"I'm a man of peace," Marty said earnestly. "I don't like an eternal rumpus. Why can't you and I get together? With what I can turn into the firm and what you can contribute, we could do about what we like with this state in a little while. Can I make you any inducement? Any office you want?"

"United States senator," said Caleb. "When you walk in with that on the silver-salver, we might make conversation back and forth and to and fro. You may be interested to know that the only office I shall ever hold is exactly that. It's a fad with me."

"I can put you on the way to it."

"I'm already on the way to it. Not far, maybe, as astronomers count distance, but nevertheless on my way. And I like the road. It's a nice, pleasant, shady road, where I can sit down and cogitate on what-fors and whynesses, with nobody to hurry me or blow the whistle to come to work. And I've got company I like—by which I mean myself. I find myself an agreeable companion."

"I should say you do," interjected Seena.

Caleb disregarded her, but spoke again to Marty: "You never married, did you?" he asked.

"Not even once."

"I may not like you warmly," said Caleb, "but I'm compelled to a certain respect for you. That is one of the reasons."

Seena's little fists clenched and her cheeks flamed, but she withheld retort. Perhaps she did not think of one which would be adequately annihilating. Indeed, that must have been it, for what woman with an apt rejoinder at hand can master the desire to display it?

"Then there's no chance of getting together, Hope?"

"Not one in a million. You come in handy as an opponent, Mr. Rooney. I gain renown by trouncing you now and then. As a partner, you would lose all your interest for me. You can't have any game without somebody to play against."

"You're bumptious and insufferable and ——" began Seena, but Caleb interrupted.

"And therefore now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

"I'm sorry," said Marty, with a note of sincerity in his voice.

"But there are so many pleasant things in the world to counteract a small disappointment. For instance, there was the courthouse fire. It gave pleasure to many, anticipating benefits to come from the erection of a new and nobler structure."

To this Mr. Rooney rejoined nothing, but his eyes were a trifle less genial.

"I understand the plans are completed and eager contractors gather about the body."

"It will be a credit to the county."

"Five hundred thousand dollars, not including furnishings, et cetera. *E pluribus unum.* Mouths water. The county suffers an inundation from watering mouths. And the flood rises highest, I understand, in the vicinity of the supervisors."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Rooney.

"I trust nothing detrimental to the three gentlemen will become public before the convention," said Caleb.

"Don't worry," said Marty; "it won't."

"Good morning," Caleb said abruptly, and turned into Tom Plumm's blacksmith shop, not that he desired conversation with Tom, but that he did not desire further words with Marty. He wanted nothing to intervene to obscure the last impression he had upon Mr. Rooney's active mind. As a psychologist, Caleb stood high in his classes.

II

"SOME people," Caleb said to Jinks Baker, "spend their money on yachts and some collecting dahlia bulbs. Every man has a right to squander as he likes. My own preference is to buy annoyance. It will cost me considerable, and I am not rich. I can afford it. Annoying supervisors is my hobby."

"Don't see no results to come from it."

"Jinks, you are not familiar with the convolutions of the human brain. You have not given profound consideration to the psychological reactions of naughty men. There may be no results satisfactory to us, but you may depend upon it, they will be greatly annoyed."

"It's your money and you kin do as you like with it," said Jinks.

"An excellent point and clearly put," said Caleb. "Anyhow we have three worthy candidates to run against them for the nomination."

"They got a chance."

"That depends," said Caleb, "upon one thing and another. We know from experience and observation what is going to happen. Bids will be opened for the building of our county courthouse. Somebody will be awarded the contract—probably Mr. Bogardus. There will be a *quid pro quo.* Furthermore, the bid will be surprisingly low. Which means that our contractor will not derive an unholy profit from his contract—but, as so often happens, from the extras." *(Continued on Page 105)*

The Man Walked to a Position in Front of the House, Where He Deliberately Focused His Machine and Took a Picture

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

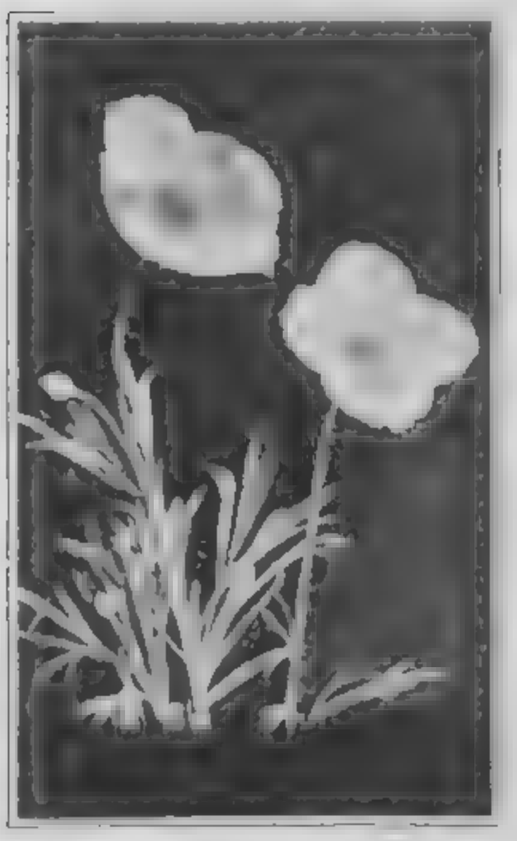
Going to School to Nature in the Sierra Nevada

A MAGAZINE writer who should have known better once put at the head of a story of my work and methods the title, Burbank Versus Nature. I can't remember anything that made me quite so hot under the collar as that caption. It was something like writing a treatise called, Wilbur and Orville Wright Versus the Law of Gravitation.

Because there never lived a man on this planet who had more respect for Nature, who studied her rules and her system more diligently, or whose work depended more on an understanding application of her laws. The newspaper headline writers long ago dubbed me the Plant Wizard, and perhaps a good deal of nonsense has been written, at one time or another, along that general line. There was nothing mysterious, occult, magic or metaphysical about my work—not in the slightest degree. I was Nature's pupil; I did manage to find ways to speed up her results, but wherever one of my experiments succeeded it was because I followed the rules, and where one failed, nine chances in ten, it was because I overlooked one of the laws or encountered a new one I hadn't committed to memory before.

Learning Combinations From Nature

GOING to school to Nature from my earliest days, I learned, first of all, that it was possible to direct the habits and tendencies of plants toward a greater usefulness and delight for mankind and also to release in them potentialities that were desirable from man's viewpoint. I have surprised many people by finding a striking parallel between plant and animal life; many have thought I was speaking figuratively when I have compared the education of plants to the education of children and, the other way about, have said that we can learn how to teach our children to their best advantage by observing carefully the laws Nature lays down for the development of plants and plant life.



Hunnemannia, a Mexican Relative of the California Poppy, Improved by Mr. Burbank

There is, of course, a sensational similarity between the course of every kind and degree of life. Fundamentally the laws governing cells, or even crystals, are the same as those governing plant life, animal life, human life. All cells are made up of protoplasm, which, in turn, is made up, as I have said before, of a little contribution from everything in Nature. How is it possible, then, that these cells, apparently of the same material and constituent elements, may grow into a flea or a buzzard, a crane or a horse, a pansy or a redwood tree, a bit of living scum on a stagnant stream or a beautiful child?

Well, a good figure there is the alphabet. There are twenty-six letters, and only part of them extensively used, yet there are something like half a million terms or words made up of those few letters—a handful. How? By different combinations. That is all. Some of the combinations are as violently and widely different as a toadstool and a lion are different—the first word in my dictionary is aabec and the last is zyxomma. Other words have a great similarity—benediction, benefaction, benefit and benevolent, for example. Just a different train of cars, in each case, but all headed generally in the same direction. So, in living things, many of the organisms made up of cells have so much in common that we group them together as distinct families, such as the human family, with white men and red men and black men—Saxons and Latins and negroes and Chinese—but all of them with eyes and ears and mouths and legs and arms, walking erect and being given the power to feel and reason and think both backward and forward, and able to use their thumbs; which, if you will consider it a minute, you will find is one of the most remarkable differences between man and the other animals, and the one that makes possible most of man's handiwork, and the lack of which prevents the beasts from doing more than the most elemental construction work.

The thing that binds all life together, then, is the cell from which all life springs and of which all life is made up. You cannot study plants without learning something about men, nor study men without getting ideas about animals and fish and plants. Comparatively few scientists speak in terms intelligible to the layman; they are specialists, concerned with some particular phase or form of life, or with determining laws governing particular activities, developments or manifestations of life. The naturalist, on the other hand, no matter how scientific, makes himself understood by all, because he deals with a manifestation of life in which all are interested and the language of which all the world speaks. Plants and animals, forests and mountains, flowers and children, are to be studied by anyone; the naturalist only adds to the layman's understanding a more extensive knowledge of the scientific basis for those phenomena, actions and reactions, habits and tendencies, mysteries and marvels, in which we are all interested and with which we are all more or less acquainted.

I am hoping that I shall, therefore, be able to make myself as clear in these papers as though I were writing of salesmanship or how to drive an automobile. I want to talk the language of every day. In that tongue let us consider for a little this subject of going to school to Nature.

Variations Found Among Seedling Dahlias

The Curriculum

I HAVE told in an earlier article how my first helpful contact with Nature was when I came on a green spot of lush vegetation in the middle of a timber piece in New England in the dead of winter. That showed me that Nature had a provision by which plants could adjust themselves to an unusual or changed environment, and could not only thrive but could pass on to succeeding generations this acquired power. In my earlier days as a truck gardener in Lunenburg I had forced corn to early harvest by planting the seed in hotbeds and crowding into the growing plant, when it was removed to the field, the food I knew it needed. This showed me that plants were amenable to improvement by the process of catering to their needs—by using the intelligence of man to take advantage of the general laws of life.

Those are examples of the lessons I learned in my chosen school very early. They were merely a suggestion of the infinite storehouse of information and knowledge Nature has for her children. As I went on with my work, instead of finding out everything and taking my degree and settling back with the feeling that I knew all that Nature had to teach, I discovered that everything I learned opened up new avenues for my ignorance; that every fact had a whole family of cousin facts around it.

I began with the first essential of all biology—the science of life—which was the cell. It was apparent from all I saw that the cell was influenced by environment, that those

influences, if they persisted long enough—repetition, repetition, repetition—entered into the heredity, and that this heredity was the factor I had most to deal with in training plants to bend themselves to man's greater good. Because it was the strongest factor and the deepest rooted, it was the one it had taken Nature generations and maybe centuries or ages to fix, and there was going to be no teaching these old dogs of the vegetable world the new tricks I had in mind for them to perform unless I used diligence, patience, and a knowledge of Nature's own processes.

In the potato I had had a striking lesson of the amazing variations that can come, suddenly and without any apparent explanation, in the midst of the life of a common, unornamental, unsensational, everyday plant. I had proved that those variations could, by selection, be weeded out until the best was obtained. In other experiments, numerous and varied, I went further and demonstrated that variations could be induced in plants by cross-fertilization. There was my starting point: The law that makes variations possible, and my ability to select from among the variations in order to get and fix the qualities desired.

It is one thing to know how a mathematical problem, for instance, is to be worked, and another to gather, place and align all of a large number of factors in order to be ready for the actual figuring. It was so with my beginning in plant breeding. I have never left off studying; I have never felt that I came anywhere near mastering my subject. The learning was the greatest pleasure of my life, and still is, because Nature is not only a wise teacher, but she knows how to make her subjects fascinating, interesting and full of marvel and beauty.

As I have said before, the raw material of the plant developer is the seed of the wild plant. This is true whether, like myself, he is devoting his life to the work, or like the African bushman, it is a seed brought home from one of his journeys and planted in the hope that it will add something to his store of edible plants. The wild growth of the world is the original parent stem of all growth; and to the flowers and shrubs and vines and trees of our hills and mountains, prairies and deserts and plains, we turn for all our new sources of beauty and utility for our gardens and fields.

The California Poppy

THERE was nothing so likely to attract the attention of the newcomer to California as the California poppy, that glorious golden-yellow flower that mantles all our hills and plains in the spring and that, with the purple lupine, goes to make landscapes incomparable in beauty—a revelation of the perfection with which Nature paints her scenes when she has a mind to exert herself a little. In the spring following my arrival in California I thought I should go mad with the excitement of watching those splendid carpets unroll on the hills around Santa Rosa. One would have supposed that I should weary of the poppies after a while, but I never have and never shall. They were my first inspiration and delight, and from them I learned many of my most important early lessons.

I observed, among other things, that there was a wide variation in the poppy, both as between separate fields and in different localities, and also in the same fields, where there was more or less variation in size, color, and even, in some cases, in general formation. I found that some botanists classified the eschscholtzia—named for Johann Friedrich von Eschscholtz, a German physician and naturalist who lived in the early part of the past century—as one single species, whereas others find twelve—Greene one hundred and twelve, and Fedde one hundred and twenty-three. They are all debating the matter, and from laboratory examination and analysis they have a right to be uncertain. But as a matter of fact, the explanation is extremely simple. The California poppy is in a transitional stage—it has not yet found and fixed itself. To my way of thinking, all the eschscholtzias that are actually California poppies are of the same species—a great family of brothers and sisters and cousins having a family resemblance but with only one characteristic—color—fairly definitely fixed. It is probably a young plant, botanically speaking, and hasn't found itself.

On the coast, for instance, the California poppy generally has a very large blossom, a different type from the inland poppy. As you come inland into the big valleys you find the blossoms growing darker in color, smaller and more variable, probably from having migrated from different sides of the valley.

You cross the valley, noting variations of size and height; then as you come up into the eastern foothills, again you get plants small in size and somewhat smaller in blossom. It is when you begin to climb toward the mountains themselves that the greatest change is observable. No wonder the botanists call this mountain poppy a different species; it bears a small, flat blossom, the plants hug the ground closely, and anyone who did not know better would certainly begin thinking up a new name for a new species.

Two Blackberry Leaves Grown From the Same Berry, Showing Wide Variation of Plants When Crossed

It took a long time, I found, to take this mountain poppy back to big blossoms and plants again, even with the most careful selection; it would take perhaps longer to get the valley poppies dwarfed down to stand the high altitudes. But it could be done, for I have done the same thing with other plants, and have impressed and impressed and impressed them with what I was working for so repeatedly and so patiently and so long that in the end they would capitulate and give in and go to work for me as I wanted them to work.

The Plant Developer's Primer

ALMOST interesting study of these variations in the poppy is found in a neighborhood north of Santa Rosa, between the coast and the mountains, where the soil varies in fifty feet in any given direction and where the climate is variable in a half mile. The altitude is fairly high, yet it is not mountain country; on the other hand, the place cannot be called a lowland or a valley. There is a good deal of moisture, and so on. Well, the poor poppy has a hard time to decide there what it is going to be, so it compromises by being a little of everything.

That is what I mean. The difference in environment gave me there a more pliable plant—a plant finely balanced—teetering on the edge, you might say, and able to swing this way or that with far less pressure from me than any plant—poppy or other—that had grown set in its ways. Nature, you see, helps the plant experimenter more often than you expect, and with a more generous hand, especially after you have the plant experiment started in the right direction and have got rid of a lot of old, persistent, bigoted habits. In the case of these variegated poppies the unusual environment had already caused the plants to shake off many of their fixed ways, and they were just ripe for change.

California plants, as a matter of fact, have so many different climates, altitudes, moisture conditions, growing seasons, and so on, to deal with, that, as has been frequently pointed out to me by great botanists, they show more variations in themselves than plants almost anywhere else in the world. Also, of course, this fact gave me another advantage; namely, that I could grow in my gardens plants from all over the world—a larger percentage of the known plants, perhaps, than most plant experimenters could study and work with. There are many—thousands and thousands—that will not live even in California, but my field was broader than it would have been pretty nearly anywhere else.

Here then was one of my lessons from Nature—that different environments produce plants of the same family that are so widely different that even the botanists want to put them into separate classifications, and yet they are the same plants identically. Their only differences were the pure result of environment, and they expressed themselves physically in varying shades, shapes, sizes, and so on, without being in the

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A Bed of Giant Dahlia Zinnias in Mr. Burbank's Gardens. An Almost Infinite Variety of Pastel Colors Was Obtained by Crossing and Selection. Above—A Late Gladiolus, Produced by Cross-Fertilization

GREEN DICE

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MRS. PHILO PERRY, president of the Thoburn Charity Association, having restrained herself for an hour, now cast off parliamentary rules with as much relief as she would have kicked off a pair of tight shoes, and leaped into the discussion.

"This town's done its duty by those Skitches for eight years," she said vigorously. "Let the wide open spaces take their turn for a while."

"Madam president, I rise to a ——"

"You needn't. We're just talking this over informally now."

"Well, then, I think it's a bad precedent to buy a car for people like that. A car's a luxury ——"

"Show me a luxurious used car for a hundred dollars!" snorted Mrs. Perry.

"Is that all it's going to cost?"

"It's enough for it. You ought to see it."

"Do they want to go?" came from the back of the room.

"They're tickled to death with the idea."

"When we get them off our hands maybe we can open up a clinic, like Dodgeville," said a woman in a blue hat.

"I think a day nursery is far more necessary. We wouldn't have half as much trouble with our washerwomen if they had some place to leave their ——" commenced a woman in a green hat.

"Ladies, there'll be time to settle that when we've got rid of the Skitches," said Mrs. Perry, grimly reverting to parliamentary law. "Will someone please put this as a motion?" She glanced at her ally, Mrs. Grayce, who rose promptly.

"I move that we vote one hundred dollars to buy an automobile to take the Skitches to California and get them out of the way."

"Madam president, I don't think the motion can stand in that form."

"I think you'll have to change it, Ada," said Mrs. Perry.

"All right. I move that we vote a hundred dollars to buy an auto for Ira Skitch."

"How's all that crowd going to get into one car?"

"Easy enough. Why, last Sunday six of us went ——"

"Ladies—ladies," said the president with an air of worsted patience, "there's a motion before the house. Will someone please second it?"

"I second it." "I second it." "I second it," came from all parts of the room like cracking pop corn.

"It has been moved and seconded, and so forth. All those in favor signify by saying aye; opposed, no."

"Well, before I vote I'd like to know if this means we get rid of them for good."

"Yes," said Mrs. Perry. "They'll never have enough money to come back."

"Then I vote yes."

"The ayes had better put up their hands," said Mrs. Perry. She counted them with obvious satisfaction.

"The ayes have it," she said. "Will someone make a motion to adjourn?"

Ira Skitch stood in his weedy front yard taking a farewell look at the house he was about to leave forever. He was a small wiry man whose bright black eyes and quick aimless movements gave him a deceptive appearance of energy, and though he had been standing so for nearly an hour he seemed like one who had but briefly desisted from work.

"There's sure a lot of things I meant to get round to fixing, but I guess they'll have to go now," he called to his wife. "If glass wasn't so awful high I'd mend some of those windows."

"Land, some of them was broken before we ever seen the house," she answered cheerfully. "Say, Ira, do you suppose this liniment will spill if I pack it with the food?"

"I'll find a place for it."

A sad-eyed hound crawled through a hole in the fence and capered across his path with a frayed rope hanging from her collar.

"Why, Lady! What you doing back here?" said Mr. Skitch reproachfully. "Mattie, Lady's chewed her rope and come home, the son of a gun."

The dog looked up into the face of her partner on countless rabbit hunts, and licked his hands. Then she began to jump about with yips of joy that brought a bunch of blond, scraggy-limbed children tumbling out the door. They hugged her ecstatically.

"I thought you gave her to the Hogans," said their mother.

"We did, but she's broke loose and come back."

The parents looked at each other over the children's heads

"Well, they got a right to keep her locked up. Take her back, Buster, and tell them to keep her locked up a coupla days ti'l we're gone."

Mr. Skitch Threw Back the Door With the Air of a Showman Presenting a Special Act, and His Wife Stepped In, Smiling, With the Children Clinging to Her Skirt

But every child took firm hold of the dog with wails of protesting grief. Their father looked around fiercely, then broke off a huge but pithy milkweed stalk with which he slapped the ground violently around Buster's bare feet.

"Now will you mind me?"

"Oh, papa, let me keep her!"

"How can we take her to California?" said Mr. Skitch helplessly. "Look at that car. It's full now, and the family ain't in yet."

"I'll hold her on my lap. I won't go unless she does."

Mr. Skitch, whose flailing of the ground had disintegrated the milkweed stalk, stood hesitating with a small bit of it in his hand.

"We ain't got room, I tell you. Besides, it would be cruel to take her away from her pups."

There seemed to be a strong sentiment in favor of taking the pups too.

"Where are you going to put a houn' dawg and two pups in that car?"

Two of the younger children, who had slipped away in the heat of the argument, returned, each carrying a puppy, which he set down beside Lady.

"Oh, Ira, they are cute," exclaimed Mrs. Skitch. "Maybe we could fix up some kind of a cage ——"

Skitch ran his fingers through his long black hair. "I got a idea. If I could get hold of an old chicken coop I could cut it down and nail it across the back."

There was no chicken coop available, but there were still a few pickets left on the fence, which the children ripped off. Mr. Skitch sawed and nailed with the concentration which he usually reserved for jury duty and crap shooting. Night fell, but he kept on by the light of a lantern which Buster held. He was driving the last nail when a car stopped in front of the house, and the children scampered through the shadows to see who had come

"It's the ladies that gave us the car," they reported huskily.

"Whadda you know?" murmured Mrs. Skitch, and taking a hairpin out of her hair to skewer it more firmly, she moved forward with anticipatory gratitude. Mr. Skitch waited in the weak aura of the lantern, hammer in hand, eyes shining with specious energy.

"If it ain't Doctor and Mrs. Perry, and—I know the rest of you folks, but I can't just call your names."

"Think you'll get off in the morning, Skitch?"

"We sure will, doc. Aim to start at seven."

The doctor looked at his wife and cleared his throat. "Now, Skitch, we're giving you a new start in life. Make up your mind that you're going to amount to something. When you get out West get a job and keep it."

"You bet I will, doctor, if I can find something in my line; but carriage painting is my trade, and jobs are awful scarce."

"Take any honest work, no matter what it is. And keep away from the dice, Skitch."

"You said it," said Skitch firmly. "I got some sense, doc."

"Give me that pair in your pocket."

"Me? I haven't any."

"Hand them over."

Skitch brought forth two grimy bone cubes which he regarded with elaborate surprise. "I clean forgot about them; I been so busy packing."

Mrs. Perry stepped into the center of the group and spoke with gentle severity. "Mrs. Skitch, we don't want you to get stranded and have to come back, so the association is going to give you a little money to use on the way. Remember, we want you to use it wisely."

She held out a bill fold. Mrs. Skitch took it in a limp hand. "Hold the light for mamma, Buster."

The lantern cast a beatific glow on the curly heads of the Skitch children, and a kindly shadow on their rags and dirt, as they crowded about their mother while she tried to count the money. Callie, the oldest girl, carried the sleeping baby on her hip.

"Thank you—thank you!" shrilled Mrs. Skitch. "My, I just hate to leave my kind friends here!"

"It's for your good to go," said Mrs. Perry hastily.

"How much is it?" asked Skitch.

"Sixty dollars," answered Doctor Perry for Mrs. Skitch, whose arithmetic had given way under the sudden strain.

The Skitches looked at each other, blinking.

"Mom, can we have ice cream tomorrow?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes, hon."

Mrs. Skitch turned toward the ladies. "Thank goodness I can go downtown before we start tomorrow and buy us all new clothes."

Her benefactors looked at each other despairingly. Then Mrs. Perry, who was a woman of definite reactions, reached out and took back the money.

"That's just what you won't do, Mrs. Skitch. That's why we held back this money till the last thing—to keep you from spending it all before you got started. Now promise me that you'll start tomorrow morning without spending one penny of this, or you don't get it."

The children's faces puckered as they saw mountains of pink ice cream melting.

"Oh, all right," said Mrs. Skitch resignedly. "But I'm just dying for one of them wide new hats."

"So am I, Mrs. Skitch, and I was going to have one, but my new hat's in that bill fold."

"That's awful nice of you, Mis' Perry. I sure do appreciate your intrus'."

Mrs. Perry smiled ruefully and handed back the money. "Remember, you're going West to stay and bring up your children in the wide open spaces where men are ——"

"Uh-huh," said Mrs. Skitch. "Say good-by to these ladies that's been so nice to us, children."

Doctor Perry called out a final caution from his car: "Don't try to roll the bones, Skitch. You have no gift that way."

A promise was a promise, so sunrise saw the Skitch family turning their faces westward with the sixty dollars intact, and all their possessions nailed or roped or wired to their aged car. Lady, the houn' dawg, kept up a doleful baying from the coop on the rear, with an occasional swelling *portamento* as a bump in the road threw her about. The faces of the younger Skitches peered out at the passing country where they could find crannies in the luggage; wide eyes, blue or black to compliment this parent or that, soft curly hair, small features. Mrs. Skitch held the baby on one arm with the ease of long practice while her husband sang lustily from the varied repertoire acquired from the radio at the Star Pool Room. Occasionally he felt to see if the bill fold was still in his pocket.

"Wouldn't hardly think there was sixty dollars there, would you?"

"No. They'd show up better in small bills."

"Le's get them changed."

So they stopped at a bank in the next town and came out with a thicker roll and a feeling of increased wealth.

"Papa, can't we have an ice-cream cone?"

Mr. Skitch peeled off a dollar bill.

"It's sure hot. We'll all have one."

As they went straggling down the street they passed a store window gay with summer finery. Mrs. Skitch paused before it, then pulled her husband back by his suspenders.

"We never promised we wouldn't spend the money here," she said. "I'd look fine in that blue dress, Ira."

"The best isn't a bit too good for my family, if I've got the money," said Mr. Skitch.

Mrs. Skitch bought a dress and a hat for herself, then turned a critical eye on her children.

"You're going to have new clothes, too, every one of you," she said happily.

In no time at all they were arrayed as gayly as so many sweet peas—as gayly but not so durably—in sleazy organdie dresses and jazzy shirts. And the bill fold looked as if it had worn a rubber corset.

"Everybody's got something but pop," said Callie.

"I don't want nothing—not clo's, at least," said Skitch, staring at a counter of gimcracks. "Look here, Mattie, there's jus' one thing I'd like, and that's them." He indicated a large pair of translucent green dice. "Green's my lucky color, and them babies do listen to their daddy! I practiced with them just a little while you was trading."

"Get them, hon," said Mrs. Skitch, eying her reflection in a mirror with a dreamy smile.

"I didn't mean to spend so much," Mr. Skitch remarked when they were on their way again. "Still, dice are a sort of investment; and doc took away my others."

"Dice never done much for you yet."

"I never had a right good pair before. I'll bet I'll make enough with these to pay our way to California."

Any of the last two or three previous owners of the Skitches' car would have been amazed to see it trek on day after day without a hitch. It seemed as if the cantankerous engine took on, by daily association, the unruffled calm of its passengers. If a road was rough Mr. Skitch let it poke along in low, with frequent rests, as patiently as he had formerly let his old nags jog with loose reins and many pauses to crop roadside grass.

"She's all het up," he would say. "We'll stop under this here tree. Let Lady and the pups run for a while to straighten out their legs. Callie, you mind the baby while mamma sleeps, and I'll practice with these dice."

But for all his practicing he was unable to start a crap game at any of the auto camps, and the bill fold became so pitifully emaciated that the Skitches found it necessary to practice economies. There was gas, for instance. At night when the camp slept Mr. Skitch would fare forth with an empty can and a length of rubber hose, coming home with a full can and a strong gasoline breath.

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"Sorry, Mister, But I'm a Union Carriage Painter. I Jus' Don't Know a Thing About Ruling"

The Romance of New Remedies

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN THESE cold-eyed, matter-of-fact, prosaic days of pure science, when we would fain make medicine we turn chiefly not to the garden and the wildwood but to the tar bucket and the abattoir. From the one we have conjured up the countless and priceless horde of coal-tar products, drugs, dyes, chemicals and perfumes. It is a case not of Pinafore's "Merry, merry maiden and the tar," but of "Many, many medicines from the tar."

From the abattoir has sprung an ever-widening stream of valuable animal extracts, Nature's own remedies, from digestive ferments and enzymes, to hormones, vitamines, endocrines and glands of every sort. As Moses smote the rock in the wilderness and the life-saving waters gushed forth, so the wand of modern science has smitten the rendering tank and released a rushing flood of living and life-giving remedies for the healing of the nations.

Many a Bitter Instance Have We Known of Two or More of Our Germ Foes Joining Forces Against Their Luckless Human Host

Saint Augustine used to upbraid the wealthy and fashionable women of his day who came rustling in their silks and satins to hear him preach, for their vanity and absurdity in clothing themselves "in the excrement of a worm." But we in these modern days have extracted from the wastes of the gas works, the coke ovens and the slaughterhouses the most wonderful list of remedies, chemicals, dyes and perfumes the world has ever seen. We have "called the spirits from the tarry deeps" which far outblazon any of Owen Glendower's or Prospero's. And in place of a mere handful of Ariels and Calibans, they are already marching some 5000 strong, with fresh recruits literally called to the colors every week.

Lady Luck in Rainbow Hues

TO DRAW from the black, sticky, loud-smelling rivulet of tar, trickling out of the coke ovens, all the colors of the rainbow that play across its shimmering, oily surface in the sunshine, and the whole bouquet of flower tints and fragrances as well, is one of the most marvelous presto-change miracles of science. Tar, like Shakspere's loathly toad, "wears yet a precious jewel" in its crown, and its mental associations in future will be with flowers instead of feathers. Like the beloved woman of the Song of Solomon, it is "black, but comely, as the tents of Kedar."

Curiously enough, medicine exercised a most important influence upon the discovery of this magnificent regiment of tar babies. For the whole group of coal-tar dyes, and through them two-thirds of the other 5000, were stumbled upon by a brilliant and determined little English chemist, William Perkin, in the course of a tireless attempt to extract—or rather build up—a synthetic, or manufactured, quinine out of coal tar. He had been working doggedly for nearly two years without success, and was beginning to feel discouraged, when one day he went out to luncheon leaving in a glass beaker some aniline oil with which he had been working. When he came back the oil had thickened and stuck to the bottom of the beaker, and to clean it off he poured in some alcohol. Instantly it struck a brilliant mauve or orchid color. His keen brain saw new possibilities at once. He switched from the trail of the bitter drug to that of the beautiful dye, and inside of a few years had made a comfortable fortune out of those geraniums of the gas works, those crocuses of the coke ovens, now familiar as the coal-tar, or aniline, dyes.

How casually accidental, as the story goes, was his original discovery is amusingly shown by the fact that after Perkin had made his first batch of many-colored anilines, he thought that he might do even better by using a purer and more highly refined raw material. Accordingly he procured at considerable expense some distilled aniline oil, free from all impurities, and started on a fresh batch. He measured out the oil, poured in the alcohol and stirred briskly, but got no slightest gleam or streak of mauve color of any sort; the oil remained as dull and colorless as linseed. Puzzled, he tried another batch, but no gleam of orchid; then, in dismay, he snatched up the original jar of crude oil, poured in the alcohol, and the muddy mixture bloomed like a purple sunset. The thing that made the color strike was an impurity—toluidine—in the original crude oil, and to get his quick-change results he needed only to use the crudest and cheapest aniline oil he could find in the market.

When Perkin had made a moderate fortune and could live on his royalties in modest fashion, like a true monk of modern science and bulldog Briton he returned to his first love and started once more in his search for quinine. But alas, without success! Lady Luck absolutely refused to be caught again.

But if Doctor Perkin could look down on earth again today he might salve his pride with the fact that no one else has yet won that great triumph, except at prohibitive prices, even to this day. It is really one of the therapeutic tragedies of modern medicine.

The heaviest howitzers in our world war against malaria are trained upon the mosquito and his nesting places, draining or oiling the pools, pressing into our service, as larva eaters, the top minnow, the newt, the frog and the baby eel. But the second most important high explosive is quinine, given to entire communities living on swamps or lakes which cannot be drained, both to cure the disease and to drive the malaria bug out of their skin blood vessels, down into the deeper parts of the body, so that the blood-thirsty female mosquito cannot, by her deepest probing, get a load of bugs to carry to another victim.

This means quinine, not by the grain or the pound, but by the ton! Only a few months ago there was announced the dispatch to the Orient, under the auspices of the Rockefeller International Health Board, of one single shipment of two and a half tons of quinine.

This is only one item of ammunition against a world plague, estimated by experts to carry off more than 2,000,000 victims a year. And quinine is still a very expensive drug, nearly twelve dollars a pound, so that a cheap synthetic quinine—say, at the price of acetanilide, the famous headache cure, which originally cost about four cents a pound—would be a wonderful boon to humanity.

The Quest for Quinine

WHILE man's fumbling fingers have not been able to imitate Nature's masterpiece, quinine, so cunningly compounded in the cinchona bark of Peru, yet the persistent attempts in our laboratories have resulted in some valuable substitutes and hybrids. One of the most useful and newest is quinidine, a waste product in the extraction of quinine bark, one of the chips from Nature's workshop—a mere afterthought of hers, thrown off for good measure in a playful moment, but hopelessly outranking our most laborious efforts This has been found a powerful heart tonic, next perhaps to digitalis, our most potent remedy to restore the normal rhythm of the heartbeat in serious forms of heart disease. It is almost the only drug which will relieve the distressing fibrillation and resulting spasmodic twitching of the auricles in advanced stages of heart trouble.

Another is cincophen, which, as its name indicates is a cross between one of our best imitation, or by-product,

Another Instance of the Boundless Resourcefulness of the Liver Has Just Been Furnished

quinines and our old friend phenol—carbolic acid. This was built for the purpose of removing accumulations of uric acid from the tissues, as it was a powerful stimulant to the kidneys. But though disappointing in this respect it has proved most useful in relieving the pains of gout, and also of arthritis, or inflammation of the joints, and neuralgias of various sorts. It is quite natural for the laboratory, when the question of christening comes up, to give its fatherless tar babies the names of ancient and renowned families in the world of healing, and even claim kinship with them.

Speaking of quinine, the great hereditary foe of malaria, calls up one of the most recent and striking instances not merely of the romance but the drama of new remedies. This is no less than the vast improvement, and even cure, of a hitherto hopeless and rapidly fatal form of insanity—paresis, or general paralysis of the insane. And this triumph was won by the aid—of all unheard-of and undreamed-of allies—of our ancient and historic enemy, the malaria germ.

Many a bitter instance have we known of two or more of our germ foes joining forces against their luckless human host; indeed, such unholy alliances between measles and pneumonia, between influenza and pneumonia, between typhoid or diabetes and consumption, are an everyday tragedy. But that this bandit of the backwaters, this murderer from the marsh slime, should suddenly fly at the throat of its fellow marauder seems too good to be true.

Fighting Germs With Germs

A FEW years ago Wagner von Jauregg, an observant expert on the staff of a great Vienna hospital for the insane, noticed a striking improvement in a case of paresis just after the patient had developed a severe attack of malaria. Was there a connection between the two events or was it merely a coincidence? In such a desperate disease any reasonable risk was justifiable, so some mosquitoes were procured, allowed to feed on the arm of the patient with malaria, and, after a proper interval, to bite three or four paresis patients.

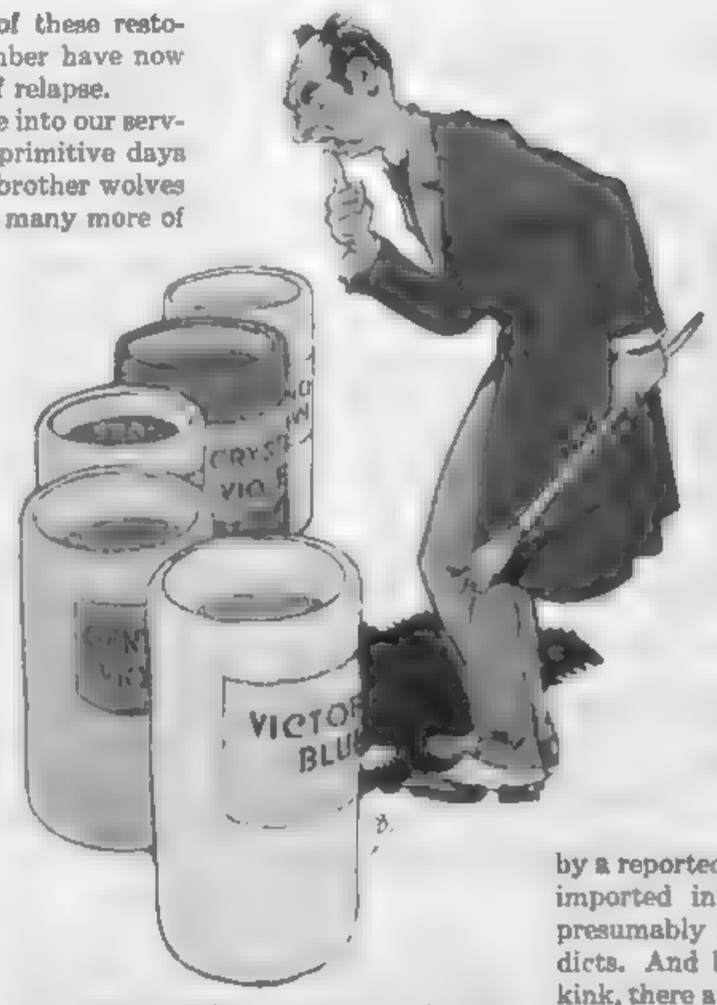
To everyone's delighted surprise the test was successful; all the patients were greatly improved, and one of them made such rapid progress that within a few months he was able to return to his home and go back to work!

The new hope was eagerly welcomed by alienists, and now on a basis of more than 700 cases on both sides of the Atlantic it has been shown that, roughly speaking, from 20 to 40 per cent of the patients are restored to health and many of them to working power, a third of the remainder are greatly improved and the rest are unaffected. The only bad results have been two or three deaths from malarial fever. But usually there is no trouble in curing the malaria with quinine as soon as good improvement in the mental condition has been obtained. Of course the permanence of these restorations remains to be seen, but a number have now lasted nearly two years, with no sign of relapse.

If we can impress the malaria parasite into our service to fight the germ of paresis, as in primitive days we tamed the wild dog to fight off his brother wolves from our flocks, there is no telling how many more of such germ Hessians we may be able to enlist for the defense of our health. This method of fighting the devil with fire, or, more precisely, setting a thief to catch a thief, has of course been employed for years against insect pests by our agricultural experiment stations with great success; and it will be most interesting to watch the possible applications of the method on human diseases.

It has been rather the mode to look askance at the tar products, because they lend themselves so readily to self dosing and drugging. And in large doses they may depress the heart and should be used only after medical advice.

But one thing should in fairness be remembered in their favor: They furnish a quick-acting and comparatively harmless relief from the milder and more frequent forms of pain, such as headache, neuralgia, stomach ache and colic, for which formerly opium and its alkaloids, morphine and heroin, were our only remedies. They have helped greatly that marked decline in the use of opium or its alkaloids, both in prescriptions and in household medication, which has been one of the striking and cheering features of recent decades.



An Important Thing Appears to be the Sorting and Testing Out of the Precise Dye Which Has a Chemical Affinity for Each Particular Bacillus or Germ

Some years ago the writer, in a study of the possible simplification of the materia medica and shortening of our appalling list of drugs, sent out a questionnaire to some 500 physicians all over the country.

The information requested was a list of the ten most valuable and indispensable drugs for internal use employed by them in their actual practice, arranged as far as possible in the rough order of their importance and frequency of use, the aim being to get a list of old reliables—the sheet anchors, the remedies which busy practitioners couldn't keep house without.

The most interesting features of the 200-odd replies were, first, the surprising uniformity of the estimates of value, some six or seven drugs appearing in varying orders of importance in nearly two-thirds of the lists. This corresponds closely with Osler's famous outburst about the six or seven real drugs. Second, that a fair sprinkling of the doctors did not fill out all the spaces of the blank, saying that there were only seven or eight drugs which they thought worthy to be termed indispensable. And third, the low place of opium, or morphine, usually toward the bottom of the list and in many replies omitted altogether. Part of this blessed decline is, of course, due to our more rational practice of trying to remove causes instead of just relieving symptoms, and to the wider use of serums and vaccines. But it would not be unfair to give part of the credit to the fact that a large part of our milder aches and pains, which are far the most numerous, are now relieved by the coal-tar remedies until their cause can be removed, so that opium needs to be used only in the form of comparatively infrequent hypodermic injections of morphine for the temporary relief of agonizing and unendurable pain.

We have the curious paradox of a striking decrease in the amount of opium and its derivatives, prescribed or otherwise used in both medical and household practice, accompanied by a reported increase in the amount imported into the United States, presumably for the use of drug addicts. And by a still more singular kink, there appears no good evidence of any increase in the number of drug addicts since the Volstead Law. The two dopes seem to appeal to entirely different types of nervous systems.

At all events, coal-tar products, though used far too freely and recklessly, have probably as little injurious after effects as any other group of drugs of half their pain-relieving powers. No known drug makes a good breakfast food, but used under intelligent supervision the coal-tar remedies have added much to the comfort of life.

Just in recent months not a few of the butterfly dyes themselves are fluttering back to us, decades after Perkin, as remedies of high antiseptic value. They are extremely powerful germ killers for dressing wounds and local infections, and almost harmless to the body tissues, bearing still their flowerlike names—gentian violet, crystal violet, malachite green, ethyl violet, Victoria blue, methylene blue.

These flowers that bloom from the tar, tra la, are every whit as attractive and vivid as their namesakes, the living gentians and violets and poppies which bloom in the gardens, and perfumes more fragrant than their own can be furnished in profusion from the same bituminous source.

Pretty Colors a Social Asset

AND oddly enough, instead of the weaker, more exquisite scents being overwhelmed and drowned out by the stronger, they are, on the contrary, thrown up more clear and distinct, floating on the surface of a cloud, so to speak; just as a brilliant soprano voice can be heard, clear as a bell, above the thunder of the chorus and the clash of the orchestra—in fact, requires such a support and background to bring out its most brilliant qualities.

Curiously enough, the strength of these new coal-tar dye antiseptics appears to depend upon their color, as Samson's strength did upon his hair. They possess, in our highbrow language, a high degree of selective affinity. In plain United States, they are extremely choosy and particular as to the company they keep and the people they take up with. Pour them into a wound or inject them into a vein and they pay no attention at all to the blood corpuscles and cells of the body—just pass the time of day and go on. But the moment they meet any bacteria, particularly of the wound-infection groups, the streptococci and staphylococci, or the colon group, they chum right up with them at once and settle down in the nearest lymph gland for a nice long visit.

Just what the streptococci think of their new friends we have no means of knowing: everything seems polite and peaceable enough. But in a certain number of cases, within a few hours, though the bacteria are not killed or even decreased in numbers, they stop pouring any new swarms into the lymph channels and the veins, so that the blood becomes completely clear of germs. This gives the Home Guard, the body militia, a chance to rally and fire in antitoxins; the fever drops, the pain disappears and the patient starts on the road to recovery. And as the indifference of the dyes to the body cells means that they are

(Continued on Page 141)

by the Recent Triumph Over That Bosom Friend of Our Childhood, Cod-Liver Oil

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1926

The Sidewalks of New York

ALTHOUGH there is nothing new in the efforts of modern cities to plan their future, it is perhaps no overstatement to say that the appointment by Mayor Walker of New York of a nonpartisan committee of four hundred and seventy-five citizens to make a survey of that city and plans for its future needs is the most important step yet taken in this general direction.

Cities have persisted since very early periods of recorded history, and in this country are to all appearances gaining strength and power. Possibly millions of their denizens might be more contented away from the cities if only they knew enough to stay away, but the practical question is to make life within these hives as safe, useful and happy as the physical circumstances permit.

New York's position as respects the rest of the country is a peculiar and not wholly enviable one. Frankness requires the statement that great numbers of citizens in other sections hold feelings of intense dislike and resentment toward the metropolis. This is partly because of its polyglot and alien character, the mad rush of its life, the seeming scramble after mammon, and fear as well as envy of its mighty financial power.

But these feelings are also in part due to what residents of other sections describe as New York's provincialism. It is dangerous no doubt to generalize about six millions of city folks, just as Burke questioned the wisdom of indicting a whole nation. But New York has many residents who are seemingly unconscious of the existence of other cities and sections, and who, if they do travel West or South, are so superior and arrogant in their attitude toward these places as to confirm the already formed opinion of those whom they meet that the metropolis is "no place to live."

But the problem of New York is immeasurably greater and more deep-seated than any question of likes and dislikes, of tastes, manners and prejudices. Immigrants from abroad and Americans from other parts of the country have poured into the city for a century, and have stopped where they landed. Business, financial, industrial, civic and social life in New York is made up largely of newcomers from other places.

Here is a city that is one of the most complex and gigantic institutions of history. It is one of the few places that do not even dream of seeking or asking for new residents. In one sense it may be a sign of his arrogance, but it is largely true none the less that the New Yorker does not give a rap what any other city or section thinks of his abiding place. Perhaps he is disagreeably peculiar in this attitude, but in any case it is inevitable; it arises, of very necessity, from the incredible vastness of which he is part.

Perhaps no great harm is done, but surely no good is accomplished when those in other places think and speak only ill of New York. Rather they should regard with generous pity and as much sympathetic understanding as possible a city whose problems so overshadow their own, and which must needs face menaces that they probably will never be called upon to face.

Like Paris, New York suffers from being the national center where countless hordes go to have a good time. Spending weeks in the metropolis every year in idle pleasures, these people go back to their home towns and cities, there to resume their rôle of hard-working and respectable citizens; never having given any thought during their absence to a single phase of New York life except its most superficial and sometimes its most naughty, only to remark in pious tones that New York is a terrible place.

In speaking of cabarets which disgorge in the early morning crowds of men in evening dress and women in flaming cloaks and finery, which are flaunted in the faces of workmen on their way to their jobs, Mayor Walker has been quoted as saying:

"A reformer is a terrible thing, but I believe in a certain amount of reform in respect to conditions like these. I don't believe in outsiders coming to New York and behaving in such a manner as to make it appear a Sodom or Gomorrah."

But New York's fundamental problem may be described as economic rather than moral, highly important though the latter be. It is true that no other city has such need of adequate police protection. With its continental concentration of luxury spending, its shops and jewelry stores, not to mention the most extensive of all pay rolls and the largest of alien populations, it is no wonder that civic bodies say the city requires from five to ten thousand more policemen than the taxpayers have yet been willing to afford.

The mayor of New York is both logical and constructive, however, when he says the fundamental problem has to do with the distribution of population. Here is the largest German city in the world except Berlin, and one that contains more Irish and Italians than Dublin and Rome respectively. The city spends one and a half million dollars a day and has more than a hundred thousand employes.

But it has never been looked upon as a whole, and each phase of its needs has been dealt with as a separate and unrelated thing. On January 1, 1898, this municipal phenomenon was evoked by fiat of the legislature. The cities of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island City, the counties of New York, Kings, Queens, Richmond, parts of Westchester, including more than two score municipalities, were thrown together into one municipality. Each one of these had grown up and developed along its own lines, according to its own needs, and in all probability without skillful planning or designing.

Many municipalities were consolidated, but without any very careful scheme for the development of the whole. Nor has any comprehensive provision been made for the development of the city since the charter of 1897. "We have since that time gone on supplying the needs of the localities which have bothered us most," says Mayor Walker. "We have today a city overdeveloped in some parts, underdeveloped in others, but thereby tending to increase the confusion and waste that we must and can eliminate."

Today more than six million people live within the city's confines, and several million more live almost immediately outside its borders and in an economic sense are largely dependent upon it. The housing, zoning, and distribution of population constitute the first and greatest problem. But port and terminal facilities, traffic regulation and street uses, sanitation and harbor pollution, highways and bridges, parks and recreational facilities, and new sources of city revenue follow in quick succession.

All these and other phases of the community's life have been studied in detail by many bodies, such as the Port Authority, the Committee on Regional Plan of the City of New York and its Environs, the City Club, the Merchants' Association and the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. But it is hoped that now the great body of related material which has hitherto been prepared separately will be assembled, and that for the first time the work of these several organizations will be coördinated.

One may approve or disapprove of New York, love it or hate it. These sentiments do not matter at all. What really matters, not merely for the great city itself, but even more for the nation at large, is the solution of its gigantic problems. In the sweeping perspective of centuries one metropolis may come and another go; but if New York cannot solve its problems what assurance have we that any other city will do a better job?

The country as a whole cannot fail to be concerned with the measure of success or failure that meets the latest effort of New York to plan its growth. Whatever happens, other cities will no doubt wax great. History is full of other instances where virtue was supposed to reside more fully outside than within the capital or metropolis. But no American can be so ostrichlike as to suppose that a sound and wholesome development of its mightiest center of population and influence will not help to mold aright the future course of the entire nation.

Prolonging Life

WE CANNOT be too grateful to the scientists and physicians who work for humanity. A man of large affairs, supposed to be chiefly interested in finance and industry, astonished his dinner companions one evening by asserting that the greatest man in the United States is one of whom most of them had never heard—a medical consultant in an Eastern city. Perhaps the halos should be transferred from statesmen, explorers, actors and prize fighters to this and other medical leaders.

Yet this wisdom is still in its beginnings. Even the common cold is like an unknown planet. If man's intelligence is measured by his absolute knowledge of his own diseases, it is very feeble.

But lack of knowledge is not the only bar to prolonging life. If we knew all, we should not have time or strength to apply it. There are said to be two hundred and twelve causes of ache or pain in the lower back. In any given case of backache, who will take the time and trouble to cover all of them and thus isolate the cause?

Frequent physical examinations, preventive medicine, group medicine and community clinics of one sort and another are advocated as means to prevent disease and prolong life. But social machinery is unequal to the task of putting every individual in as perfect a condition as even our present limited knowledge permits.

It is wise to be conservative and face the barriers that lie ahead. But it is inspiriting to know that so much can be accomplished by mere organization, by the provision of facilities that require only thought, care and financial resources. Many lives, especially of infants, have been saved simply by spreading education. A disease such as cancer baffles the scientist, but reduction of infant mortality, to which the lengthening average of life is so largely due, has followed simple additions to general education in hygiene.

Then, too, the increasing effectiveness of public-health service—Federal, state and municipal—is a little appreciated factor in stretching the span of life. Public-health service goes about quietly twenty-four hours a day preventing trouble. When dread epidemics get a foothold, as they so often do, there is a silent but swift and unusually effective concentration of defensive measures which the public does not sufficiently realize.

It is a fair question whether modern man has really turned enough of his energies to his own physical preservation. Countless victories over nature make us jubilant. We have telephones, automobiles and radio sets. Material prosperity in this country is the wonder of the ages. But what are financial and industrial victories if we cannot defeat the common cold? We exult over relativity and advanced theories of atomic structure, but to what advantage if our own physical, nervous and mental organisms are not equal to life's strain?

IT IS TIME TO CLEAN HOUSE

By Roy L. Garis

Professor of Economics in Vanderbilt University

ONCE again we must take down the old musket from the mantel. Once again we must go forth to meet the foe. Once again we must adopt as our strategy that the best defense is an offense. Since the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, we must not be caught off guard. Once again the army of those opposed to restriction of immigration is busily engaged in preparation for the attack. When Congress assembles again in December they will make their greatest assault against the barriers we have erected against the tide of immigration since they were hurled back in defeat in May, 1924, when the present immigration law was enacted

For two years now we have effectively checked the tide of immigration. Yet it is evident that our task is not yet done. We have yet to clean house. It was time to do so long ago. We have tried before without very satisfactory results. Yet experience has taught us what to do and how to do it. It is now up to us. What are we going to do about it?

On June seventh the House of Representatives passed the deportation bill without a roll call. It then went to the Senate Committee on Immigration, where it now rests, for, after holding two brief meetings, action was postponed by the Senate committee until December. Thus the struggle is ahead of us. We must be prepared for it. We must see to it that the Senate is as willing as the House has been to clean house.

A Blow at Undesirables

THE Immigration Acts of 1917 and 1924, which now appear to represent the settled policy of our Government, have made it possible, to a great extent at least, to limit the entry into this country of undesirable and dangerous aliens, as well as numerically to check the number of immigrants within safe limits. Though virtually every undesirable type of immigrant is now excluded by law from entering the United States, yet it is true that many such still get in. Furthermore, the experiences and events of everyday life have made it obvious that there are many now here who are a menace to our general welfare and to our national existence. Although there should be no objection to the deportation of aliens who constitute a menace to or are an unjust burden upon our Government, yet objections are heard from various sources, virtually all of which come from those opposed to restrictions on immigration.

The principal reasons for deporting undesirable aliens are: First, to promote the maintenance of law and order in our country; and second, to afford protection and opportunities for development to all the people residing in our country, aliens and citizens alike. It cannot be emphasized too greatly that no class of people suffers more from the actions of undesirable and law-breaking aliens than does that great body of worthy and deserving aliens residing in this country, who in good faith are contributing to our welfare, and are in large numbers planning and trying to become citizens of the United States in spirit as well as in law.

Unquestionably the unworthy conduct and flagrant disregard of our laws on the part of a very small percentage of the aliens residing in this country have tended, unfortunately, to create a prejudice in the public mind against all aliens. Therefore, as the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization puts it, "the deportation of that small percentage of undesirable aliens will redound to the benefit of the worthy and deserving aliens in the country to an equal, if not greater, degree than to that of our own citizens."

Aliens now here legally have nothing to fear from the passage of the deportation bill. Those now here and those who propose to come in the future illegally must have fear put into their hearts. Thus only can we obtain the results desired from the proper restriction of immigration.

Let us see what the deportation bill proposes to do. Concerning the presence in the United States of aliens who at the time of entry were members of one or more classes excluded from admission into this country, it is proposed that they may be deported at any time within five years after entry. This does not apply, however, to the anarchistic classes, to aliens entering in violation of the Act of 1924, or to aliens here from Asiatic countries in violation of our laws. These three groups may be deported at any time after entry, and rightly so.

The bill will legalize the presence in this country of all aliens, not otherwise deportable, whose entry into the United States was prior to July 1, 1924, provided they are not deported within three years. As the bill cannot become law before the first part of 1927 at the earliest it would seem that this provision is equivalent to giving these aliens a new start. In other words, Uncle Sam proposes to wipe their slate clean and start over on a new basis after June 30, 1927.

On the other hand, the surreptitious or unlawful entry of any alien since July 1, 1924, means deportation at any time in the future; for why should the illegal presence here of an alien for a definite period of time justify the violation of our laws? Many of those here now illegally may not have realized the immensity of their offense.

Congressman Johnson estimates that there are 1,300,000 here who cannot prove that they entered legally. Perhaps we were partly responsible for the situation. Hence it is the part of wisdom in these cases to be tolerant and just. But those who come in illegally in the future, whether by land or water, whether from contiguous territory or not, have no excuse whatsoever. In the interest of the aliens here legally, as well as in our own interests, we propose to deport them one and all. Unquestionably the American people approve such action by Congress.

Misinterpreting Freedom

THE anarchistic classes may be excluded at any time after entry. As early as 1890 Professor Mayo-Smith wrote: "In former times—thirty or forty years ago—the immigrants regarded our republic as the model of a free government. They rejoiced in their escape from the monarchies of Europe and came here enthusiastic for democratic institutions. Today the socialist and the anarchist look upon the republic as entirely inadequate to fulfill their ideal of what a state ought to be. They are as far in advance of us as we have supposed ourselves to be in advance of the absolute monarchy. They desire the overthrow of all social institutions, of state, of property, of inheritance, of marriage and of religion. Their views are incompatible with social and political institutions as we regard them. There is and must be an irreconcilable conflict between their success and the maintenance of existing civilization. The two cannot live together."

Again he stated: "Socialism and anarchism are not plants of American growth, nor of Anglo-Saxon origin. They are not natural to the American mind; neither are they due to any deterioration in the condition of the laboring class in this country, and thus the fruit of despair and hopelessness in regard to the future. They are the importations of foreign agitators who come here for the purpose of making converts to their doctrines. These men are under false impressions as to the rights of liberty which they shall enjoy here, and they interpret the freedom of agitation and of speech which we allow them as evidences of the weakness of our Government. And, in fact, we have so long been accustomed to permit the individual to air his grievances that we are ill prepared to cope with men who do not hesitate to resort to conspiracy and revolutionary violence. We have been accustomed to rely upon the

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The New Dormitory for Women and Children at the Ellis Island Immigration Station

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Civilization, 1926

Scotch Poker Player, Waiting for His Chip to Come In

Lampoon on No-See-Ums

BLACK flies, mosquitoes and midges and gnats,
Biters and stingers of every degree,
Worst of you all are those minikin brats,
The pesky no-see-ums that no one can see!
The hated no-see-ums, berated no-see-ums,
Unsated no-see-ums that no one can see.

Venomous, infinitesimal forms,
They come in their Mephistophelean swarms,
Invading our Eden of mountainy dell
And lake-dotted woodland, to make it a hell.
As tiny and sharp as the point of a pin,
There isn't a hole that they cannot get in,
There isn't a mesh that they fail to go through;
You haven't a chance with their damnable crew.
They nurse anti-human, implacable grudges
That won't be appeased by the smokiest smudges,
And slap if you will at their atomy host,
There's no satisfaction in slapping a ghost.
They swoop on their quarry, on you and on me,
The pesky no-see-ums that no one can see;
The sneaky no-see-ums, the freaky no-see-ums,
The cheeky no-see-ums that no one can see.
Come, wind of the mountains, and whirl to the skies
The pestilent clans of the gnats and the flies,
But sweep to their Hades, wherever it be,
The pesky no-see-ums that no one can see;
Audacious no-see-ums, sagacious no-see-ums,
Voracious no-see-ums that no one can see!
For the insolent mosquitoes
Pass their bills above our vetoes,
And the scandalous black flies
Bite our wrists and close our eyes,
And the irritating midges
Raise our brows in welts and ridges,
And the misbegotten gnats
Make us scratch like pussycats;
But the devilish no-see-ums
Make us long for mausoleums!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Ballad of the Stay-at-Home

NOW that the breeze of autumn nips,
My gloating friends most kindly deign
To reënact vacation trips
By motor, steamer, yacht or train.
If sing you must the trite refrain
Of sights that left you mute and awed,
If still my friendship you'd retain,
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

I know by heart what stylish ships
Plow 'cross the transatlantic lane;
I know that stewards stalk for tips,
I know about those nights in Spain
And effervescing old champagne
Whose mellow magic travelers laud.
I ask you ere I wax profane—
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

The Fellow Who Gave Out Uniforms in the Army Buys His Little Boy Some Clothes

Ad nauseam, from countless lips
Each fall I hear the same inane
And hoary anecdotal quips
From those who crossed the foaming main.
I'm sick of hearing folks arraign
America. I'll not applaud
Returning tourists' smug disdain—
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

ENVOI

I've listened well, despite the strain;
Politely I have hemmed and hawed;
But now, good Lawd, I'm talkin' plain—
Don't tell me what you saw abroad.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Half Mourning

THE Southern lady, returning to her home from a trip North, was far too wise and too fond of Mandy to forget a present for her. She searched New York for just the shade of red that pleased Mandy best. However, she found Mandy clothed in black.

"Yas'm," said Mandy. "Mah thu'd husban's died."

"I'm so sorry. I'll give the red waist to Linda and buy you something else."

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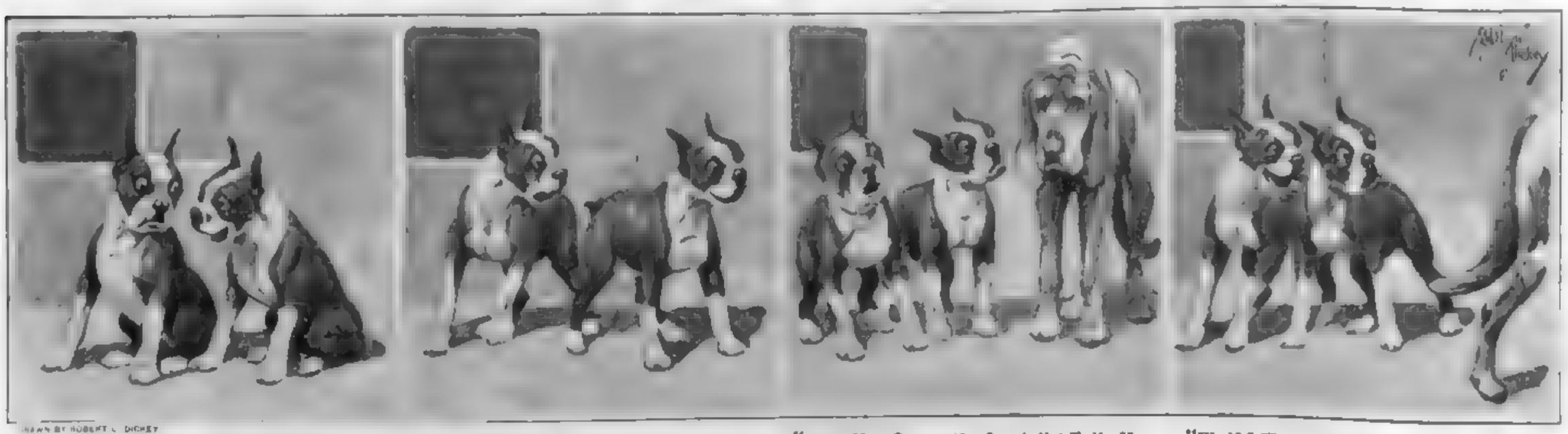
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Beans, I Met a Mrs. Major Bloodhound, of Macon, Ga., This Morning. She is in Town Looking Into the New Science of Face Lifting

"She is to Consult a Very Eminent Specialist on the Advisability of Undergoing the Operation. Ah! Here She is Now"

"Dear Mrs. Beans, the Specialist Tells Me That Face Lifting is a Long and Painful Operation"

"Yi, if I Was Afflicted With a Map Like That I Wouldn't Stop at YNT"

There's health in every spoonful!

FIFTY thousand acres of fertile, sun-bathed fields! Row upon row of richly luxuriant tomato vines—field upon field, stretching away beyond the horizon—the pride of the patient grower—the unceasing "factories" of nature producing the radiant fruits of healthfulness and nourishment!

A mighty acreage and a mighty harvest, almost impossible to imagine for a single food product. But under normal crop conditions, all of it is required to meet the demand for Campbell's Tomato Soup. With Campbell's own tomato farms at its center, this huge domain each season is devoted to the production of that special kind of full-meated and perfect tomato which is necessary for blending the soup of finest quality and flavor.

Every tomato is sun-ripened to its sweet maturity right on the vines. Every tomato is washed five times in crystal pure, running water. In giant colanders of solid nickel, with mesh as fine as pin points, the tomatoes are strained to a smooth puree of the tonic juices and the luscious "meat". Golden country butter, fresh and appetizing herbs, dainty seasoning are blended in by the Campbell's chefs and the soup is cooked in solid nickel tureens to just that delicious, appetizing flavor for which it is so famous.

There's health in every spoonful of it—glowing, exuberant health. For Campbell's Tomato is a perfect illustration of the tonic, beneficial qualities of a good soup. It is a delight to the taste. It instantly awakens the appetite, nourishes with nature's own valuable vegetable food, and promotes the flow of digestive juices. These are the reasons why soup is such an important article of diet and why you will find it listed regularly in the ideal dietaries recommended for all-round good health by the experts.

Scientists have not yet succeeded in determining the exact nature of vitamines, but it is a well-known fact that a diet lacking in these will result in impaired health and sometimes in actual disease. Foods containing them are essential to a proper diet. And tomatoes are among the foods richest in certain vitamines.

For your health, for your pleasure eat Campbell's Tomato Soup often. And when you wish to give it extra richness and nourishment, serve it as Cream of Tomato Soup—a wonderful dish for the children. To prepare it, heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is a wonderful sauce, too, for meats, fish, sausage and salads. It gives added tastiness to spaghetti, rice, eggs, or vegetables. It is delicious mixed with roast beef gravy. Order your supply today and let the whole family benefit from this famous soup!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

BEAUTIFUL

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Had Stepped Sharply Backward, in the Manner of One Dodging a Missile

III

ONE week from the day I came to Tenacres, Jean went to Tampa, and that afternoon Winthrop Evans came.

It had been a swift week, so much that was new, so engrossing were Barbara's demands for entertainment and so much did I dread what was to come. Barbara had accepted me with better grace than we at first expected, though she watched her mother with wistful anxiety whenever Jean talked to me. Bethlehem was right; the child was inclined to be jealous of me. But my stories about her grandfather's childhood were a strong asset. Jean had, surprisingly, told her only gentle things about Bruce MacIntyre and had not allowed Annie to talk of him at all. Barbara never ran out of questions about him.

"Tell her anything at all about father that you want to," Jean told me, "except, of course, those things that I've lied about."

"But how are you ever going to account to her for all these false situations you've built up around her?" I asked.

"I don't know. If you hadn't come out of the picture I should have lived these false situations into true ones. I never want Barbara to have or to suspect that she has any money until after she's happily married, or is either too ill or too old to be in any danger of men's avarice."

Besides my recollections of Bruce MacIntyre, I had another advantage over Barbara's old nurse, Annie. All Annie's anecdotes and adventures interesting to a child had long since grown stale; mine were new. Barbara accepted me as impersonally as she might have enjoyed an unfinished storybook. But she withheld any promise of affection. I was a stranger, on probation. She did not cry the morning that her mother left, though Jerusalem reported that Jean had cried nearly all the way to the village—the first time he had ever seen her cry, and he was much disturbed.

"Her'll weaken herself clean out, worryin' fo' dat chile," he said. "I done tol' her her'd more better stayed home withouten toofs than make herself sick gettin' jus' one toof. But, Mis' Douglas, ain't dat Barb'ra a curi'us chile—nebber makin' one li'l' whimper? Her's hard, like rock, dat's what her is."

But in the afternoon, when it came time for Barbara's nap and I had carried the light limp little figure to the swing on the balcony, she could not go to sleep.

"I think Ise gwine to be sick, Margo," she kept repeating worriedly. "I feel wetched, weally I do." Words beginning with the sound of r were the only ones her precocious little tongue could not pronounce. Her vocabulary was amusingly staid and scholarly, with occasional incongruous excerpts from Bethlehem's dialect. "I think I'll feel better if we play mother and the dentist," she suggested. "Perhaps a game won't be so sad as just thinking about her."

I was the dentist; she was her mother. "How do you do, Doctor Crabtree? I am Mrs. Mack. I just got off the train and I want to hurry home to my little girl much sooner than a week. Have you —— What's that, Margo?" She jerked her listless head from the pillows and listened.

"It sounds like an airship," I said. She looked at me curiously; the astute little ears had caught the excitement in my voice.

"Are you frightened at airships?" she asked. "I'm not; they never fall on us. But that's not one; airships make an up-high noise. Take me, quick! I want to see!" I stood her on the window ledge, supporting her against my shoulder, and in a moment a rowboat rounded the curve in the stream. It held two men. Barbara had never seen an outboard motor on a boat, but she observed instantly that they had no oars. "What is that noise? Does it make the boat go?"

I explained it to her as best I could, wondering if they saw us, straining my eyes with curiosity for my first sight of Winthrop Evans, my heart pounding. Barbara recognized Jim Hatton long before I was able to.

"It's Mr. Jim Hatton, coming to see mother!" she cried excitedly. "He's a land-seller man. Maybe his automobile is broken; it's a very old one."

They came slowly, making a great hubbub, maneuvering between the pine logs that had fallen in the creek. In the three years since that time Philippi Creek has become geography, and is mapped in important letters as Philippi River, and any number of pioneering subdivisions send their narrow cement sidewalks down to its edge. But at that time it was merely an obscure little Florida creek, meandering through six miles of uncharted virgin wilderness. White herons waded through its reeds and lilies; whippoorwills and mocking birds and Kentucky cardinals sang along its banks; sequestering alligators and enormous turtles sunned themselves on its fallen logs; and all day long the fish leaped high from its lazy tide-timed waters, making pleasant splashes of noise. It is a serene, complacent little stream, saved from drought in the dry season and from flood in summer by the controlling tides of the sea.

Jean's was the only cleared and cultivated land on the creek. The balcony of the Aircastle jutted five or six feet over the water, and it was from this that Barbara and I watched the two men in the rowboat. While it slowly approached I repeated to myself the description Doctor Holmquist had given me of his nephew—"tall and dark and unusually good-looking; doesn't appear sick; not in sympathy with the patient; skeptical about women; eager for the money in the case; may live two years; a war victim."

I could see that he was dark, for his hair shone black in the sunshine. He wore no hat or coat. He sat, half turned on the seat, in the bow of the boat. And before he lifted his head so that we saw his face, while he sat there—supple shouldered in a soft-collared white shirt, and his black hair a little blown by the wind—he made me think of my dead son, Robert. I felt tears in my eyes and a stab of the pain that never quite dies from my heart. It may have been

(Continued on Page 38)

Fine Manufacturing and Its Results

Hupmobile Eight—so superior that it seems like a new principle—initiates momentous change in motor car buying

Hupmobile with its Eight is leading the way in a momentous change in the motor car industry.

It believes that the surface has not yet been scratched in revealing the fine things in beauty and performance which will inevitably be achieved in cars priced around $2500.

For its own Eight incorporates a value hitherto unknown; and must be regarded as first to proclaim, on behalf of the industry, the era—which is surely here—when the very topmost in beauty, and quality, and performance, can be bought for a $2500 expenditure.

The confirmation is in the Hupmobile Eight itself—in its distinguished beauty and its spacious luxury—its unexcelled smoothness and agility—its super-abundant power—its unexampled ease of handling—its engineering superiorities—its assured longer life—its ability to stay put—in every one of the special qualities which are making the straight-eight the preferred fine car today.

The reason why Hupmobile gets results out of the straight-eight, and puts qualities into it, so superior as to make the Hupmobile Eight seem like a new principle, is:—

That Hupmobile has kept its mind—first, last and all the time for 18 years—on the highest type of manufacturing and engineering, above and beyond every other consideration.

Engineers are saying now that the only eight which comes close enough to the Hupmobile to justify comparison is a fine Italian car selling for several thousand dollars more than the Hupmobile price of $2345—and this is probably true.

The reason why this is true is the precise reason already given.

* * *

In Europe large production is impossible. So manufacturers give all their time and thought and creative genius to the advancement of fine engineering and manufacturing.

Over here, America became the world's master of mass production, because of our enormous sales possibilities, and the opportunities for the legitimate profit which accrues.

But, with a few honorable exceptions, this proud position has been attained at the expense of fine manufacturing and real engineering progress.

Hupmobile has never deviated from its original purpose of putting manufacturing and engineering first—never for so much as a single month yielding to the tempting lure in the other direction.

Now, in this Eight, it adds surpassing and exquisite beauty of line and riding luxury of the highest degree.

* * *

This very Straight-Eight was being developed all through the years while Hupmobile was earning its world-wide reputation for manufacturing and engineering.

Hupmobile simply took the principle which any manufacturer of the finer, higher-priced cars might have utilized—and applied the scientific Hupmobile practice of search and research, test and retest, analysis and re-analysis (which is the practice obtaining in Europe's leading cars).

Thus it produced the Eight which is now carrying its magnificent success to heights far above the unprecedented level reached in its first year.

* * *

During the years that this Eight has been in development and production Hupmobile has advanced into the first rank of American manufacturers, and is applying to the Eight the precision manufacture and the beauty ideals which are its guiding stars, and with the wonderful results which such manufacturing assures.

And the public's record-breaking buying of the Eight as one of America's finest and most distinguished cars, has come as a reward of the fine manufacturing and engineering which are Hupmobile's history.

* * *

Beauty—Color Options—Luxury

Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, seven-passenger, $2495. Sedan-Limousine, seven-passenger, $2595. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345. Roadster, with rumble seat, $2045. Touring, five-passenger, $1945. Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

(Continued from Page 36

because of this that Winthrop Evans was pleasing to me from the first, and I could never share any of Jean's prejudices against him or dislike of him. I had not expected to like him; I could not imagine his being willing to take part in such an "experiment," as his uncle had called it; but I did like him.

Jim Hatton saw us. "Hello, there, little Barbara! Good afternoon, Mrs. Douglas. We're out exploring." He had to shout his words above the noise of the motor. Winthrop Evans had thrown back his head to look up at us and the sun struck full on his face.

"Oh, Margo," whispered Barbara, "isn't that a pretty man? I like him."

"We don't call men pretty, dear," I said, chilled by a thought of her mother.

"I do," she said. "He's every bit as pretty as the Prince in my Cinderella book, only he hasn't got a hat with a long feather. Hurry! Let's go down and see them."

"Honey, yo' mamma don' nebber 'low you talk to strange folks." Bethlehem had come hurrying over from the bungalow, panting and flustrated. "If dem mens wants to talk to Mis' Douglas, I can stay heah wiv you-all."

"Bethlehem, please don't be a nuisance. Mother always lets me talk to Mr. Jim Hatton. Once when he came horseback, she let him take me up on the big horse with him. Take me, quick, Margo!"

"But, Barbara," I said, "they're going right on by. It wouldn't be polite to stop them. We haven't anything to say to them."

"'Cose us ain't," seconded Bethlehem, staunchly loyal to Jean's policies, but neatly turning her apron wrong side out in case they were overthrown. She came up behind me to whisper in my ear, "Dat's jus' how dat other white man got his self shooted, makin' frens wi' Barb'ra fust off. Dis chile's a reg'lar bo'n flirt, dat's what her is."

"You know mother doesn't allow you to whisper things I can't hear, Bethlehem. And I'm positive mother'd like me to see Mr. Jim Hatton's boat. If you don't let me I'll cough till I'm weally sick. Now'"

I purposely permitted all this to go on, wanting Bethlehem to witness well my helpless indecision. At the threat of coughing, Bethlehem gave a surrendering grunt and grimace and held out her arms to the small lovely tyrant, who still stood on the ledge in the circle of my arm. "Us is sho courtin' a heap o' trouble, but if her makes herself sick dat'll be worser."

"Mr. Hatton! Mr. Hatton! Wait!" Barbara was calling excitedly, but she drew back from Bethlehem "You're so hateful, Bethlehem, I don't wish you to carry me. You take me, please, Margo."

But I couldn't afford to lose Bethlehem's witnessing eyes and ears. This first meeting must seem natural and unplanned, so I told Barbara that I was afraid I might drop her on the stairs and she must let Bethlehem carry her if she wanted to go down. For a minute I thought her petulance would win, but the lure was too great. Poutingly she let Bethlehem take her.

Her call was, of course, exactly what the men had wanted. They had stopped the motor and Winthrop Evans was mooring them by clinging to a corner post of Jean's tiny wharf. I was so conscious of the situation that I could scarcely answer his greeting when Jim Hatton introduced us, and he seemed equally so. To Jim Hatton's "Mr. Evans, this is little Miss Barbara Mack," he replied, with a set smile and in a forced voice, "How do you do, Barbara?" And she replied very gravely and precisely, "How do you do?"

His self-consciousness and embarrassment made my heart sink. He opened his mouth several times to say something, but closed it helplessly and looked away. Surely, I thought, this is no man to win the affection of a discriminating, erratic child like Barbara. But Barbara surveyed him with favor.

"If you had a hat with a feather in it, and a long red velvet cape, you'd look just about like the Prince in my Cinderella book."

"Not really! Well, well," he said inanely, applying himself with unnecessary vigor to his task of holding the boat to the wharf.

"I hope he was a nice Prince," said Jim Hatton, with loud laughter; but Barbara did not glance his way. She seemed fascinated by the discomfited stranger, and Bethlehem grimaced ominously at me. So I turned at once to Jim Hatton.

"Is this the Mr. Evans whom you spoke about? Jean will be sorry to miss you."

"Well, doesn't matter, I guess. He's as obstinate as the rest of you Yankees. I've showed him Mrs. Mack's property best in the world for groves, but by Jiminy, he found this creek, and now spite of all I can warn him, he won't hear to buying any good ground; he's dead set on wastin' his money on this jungle along here."

"Well, your poor soil's good enough for me if it will produce a paradise like this." Winthrop Evans gestured with his free arm, keeping his eyes away from us. "I suppose it's taken you a good many years to do this, hasn't it, Mrs. Douglas?"

"Well, I have only been here a week," I said; "but Mrs. Mack has lived here a little more than three years, I think."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were her mother."

"No. I have just come—to care for Barbara."

"But when Margo was a little girl she lived just across the fence from my grandfather," Barbara solemnly informed him.

This was probably a little surprising to both my fellow conspirators, and in the short silence Bethlehem took opportunity to say darkly, "Mis' Mack won't be welcomin' no neighbo's, Mistah Hatton. I hopes you ain't spectin' to sell dis gempman no prope'ty anyways close heah."

Barbara saved us answering this.

"Is this your boat?" she asked Winthrop Evans in her clear sweet little voice.

"It's one I've rented. But I will buy one like it if I come to live on this creek"

"Oh, are you wich?"

He got very red. "No, indeed, I'm not. I'm quite poor. But boats don't cost much."

"Ours did. We saved all the wild-blackberry money in a broken pitcher for a long time, and ours won't go like an automobile either. Jerusalem or mother has to wo it."

"But, you see, I haven't any little boys or girls, or even a wife to take care of, so I can save faster."

Bethlehem groaned audibly; Jim Hatton turned away to hide a smile.

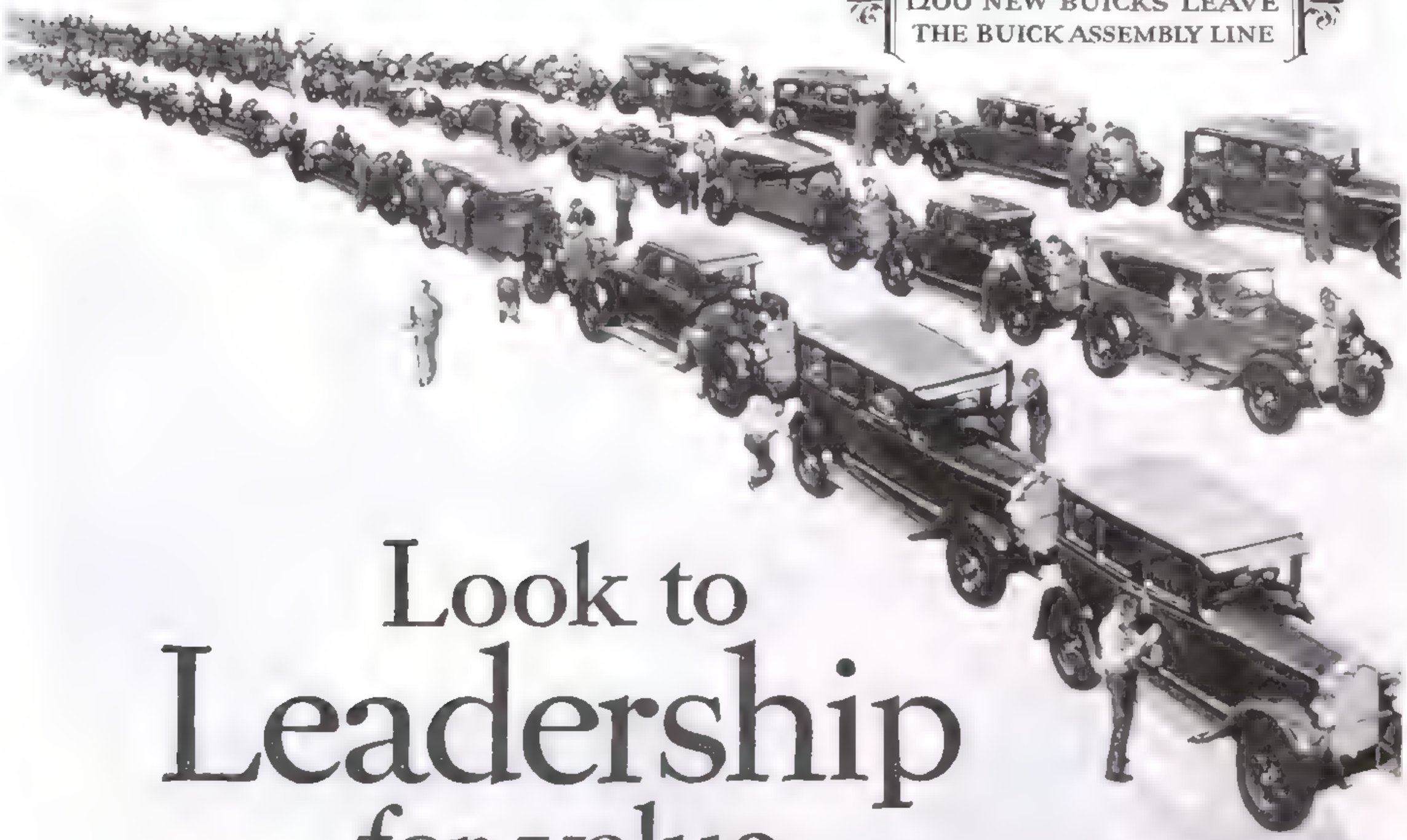
"Oh!" said Barbara. "Then could I go in your boat sometimes if you aren't too busy? I've never been in one that goes like an automobile. Oh, look, Margo! Look! Oh ——"

Thus came the advent of the puppy. It poked its pretty nose from between Winthrop Evans' legs—a sleepy, fluffy collie pup. It had been asleep under the triangular seat in the bow of the boat. This completed the captivation of

(Continued on Page 166)

Barbara Looked at Her, Elfishly Speculative. She Was the Strangest Child I've Ever Known

EVERY WORKING DAY·
1200 NEW BUICKS LEAVE
THE BUICK ASSEMBLY LINE



Look to Leadership for value

Buick occupies an unique position in the motor car industry. It shares its price with many cars, but its value with none.

The reason is, that no other car at the price has anywhere near the same volume.

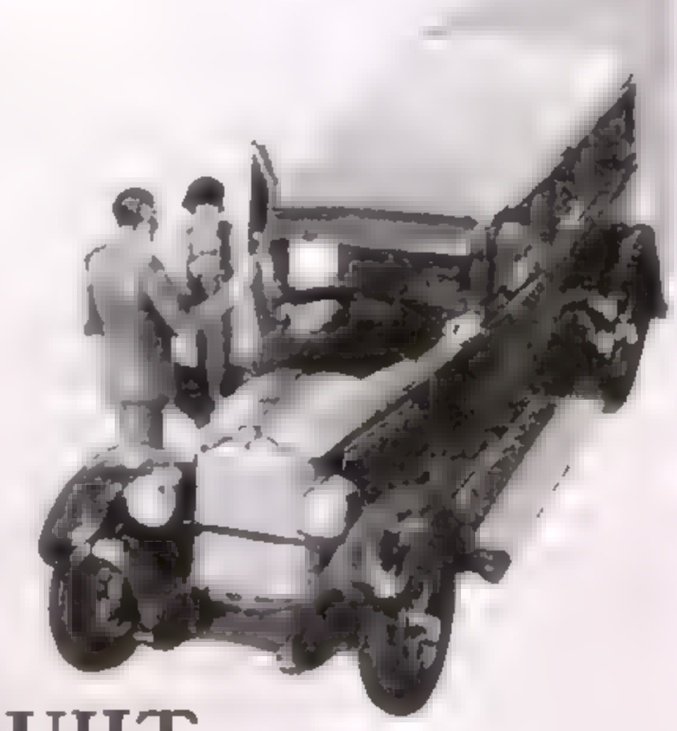
Every day $1,000,000 is invested in Buick motor cars. In producing so many cars, great savings are accomplished.

These savings—the economies of leadership—are put right back into Buick value. They support exhaustive engineering activity. They finance a never-ceasing search for the new and better things.

And these savings allow Buick to market, at moderate price, a car of very finest quality, with every modern improvement.

Buick now presents a new and better Buick—the Greatest Ever Built—with an engine *vibrationless beyond belief.*

Buy no car today until you have inspected and driven this new Buick, with this new engine. You never have seen a motor car value like it.



THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Man Who Fell Over Backwards

The Honorable Josiah Became Faintly Pink. "That is Abominable!" He Sputtered

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The dignity of your office, is the point —
—Henry VIII, Act I, Scene II.

"TUTT," remarked Mr. Tutt, fixing his partner across the open volume of eye upon his knees, "if you ever attain public office, don't go and get a swelled head!"

The lesser Tutt tilted back his chair and canted his cigar ceilingward. "Me? A swell chance I'd ever have to get one that way!"

"Then be duly grateful!" ejaculated Tutt the greater, leaning over and removing from the lower drawer of his desk a bottle containing a brown fluid. "Malt extract?" he inquired, pouring out a glass of it.

"After you," answered Tutt politely.

"No, no! After you!" Tutt preceded him and Mr. Tutt refilled the glass. "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, holding it to the sunlight. "There's no fly in this amber!"

Tutt watched him regretfully as he drained off the contents and reparked the bottle. "May I ask what particular fly is giving you annoyance?" he ventured.

Mr. Tutt removed his feet from the desk before him. "You may—Josiah P. McGraw."

Tutt wrinkled his nose. "Now McGraw has got a job, nobody'll ever pry him off it!" he asserted.

"He thinks he's going to be the next mayor," retorted Mr. Tutt.

Tutt stared at his partner incredulously. "Him? McGraw? On what ticket?"

"On the reform ticket."

"What's that?"

"All the guys that got licked at the last election," said Mr. Tutt.

Tutt wagged his cigar, like a meditative setter. "That explains everything!" he declared.

"What do you refer to?"

"His passion for purity! What's he like?" asked Tutt eagerly. "I haven't seen him since he was elected."

"Like!" Mr. Tutt stretched forth his arms until it seemed as though his wrists would part company with the sleeves of his old frock coat. "Ye gods! He's grown a beard and he wears a high hat! I don't believe he ever takes it off. You really ought to drop around to the Municipal Building and give him the once-over. He sits in a magnificent marble hall, surrounded by a cohort of clerks, cashiers, accountants, examiners, auditors, investigators, doorkeepers, attendants and messengers, with his little eyes fixed on the municipal bond issues in order to make sure that none of 'em are paid off before they come due in 1998.

"Don't make any mistake! He's the wise little guy, at that! He may have delusions of grandeur, but he's got sense enough to have made up his mind to cop off all the kudos in this administration and capitalize it for his own political advantage.

"He figures that every dollar he saves the city ought to mean a vote for Josiah P. McGraw. Two years from now he'll be running for mayor on his own ticket—the ticket of Honesty, Efficiency, Frugality!

"And the things that he does, Tutt! The incredible things that he does! He swallows the camels and strains at the gnats."

Mr. Tutt shook his fist in the direction of the City Hall. "I don't object to efficiency. I wouldn't even mind his being mayor. What I can't stand is his infernal side. He ought to ride on a cloud surrounded by angels blowing upon golden trumpets and singing 'Behold, I am the people, and wisdom and purity shall die with me.' He's got such an infernal superiority complex that he can't speak to common folks any longer. And I hate his ginger-colored suit, red tie, and his tall silk hat. Why, he used to treat me like a long-lost brother before he was elected! Called me Eph—if you can imagine it. And of course I always called him Josh. But now he won't even see me!"

"What?" cried Tutt, horrified.

"He—McGraw—will not see me! I dropped in at the Municipal Building half an hour ago simply to shake hands and wish him good luck. I found myself in a sort of whited sepulcher made of Carrara marble, with an old maid in paper cuffs sitting in the middle of it.

"'I'm an old friend of Mr. McGraw's,' I explained, 'and I merely wished to pass the time of day.'

"'What's your name?' she snapped. 'The controller is very busy.'

"'My name is Ephraim Tutt,' I said. 'I've known His Excellency for some twenty years.' She wrote down my name on a printed slip and ran it through a time clock.

"'Sit down,' she ordered, pointing at a stone bench.

"So I sat. On her desk was a thing I have since ascertained is called an autograph device. You write on it with a pencil harnessed to a complicated set of levers and what you write comes out on another desk at the other end of the building. Well, Aphrodite wrote what I suppose was my name on it. I waited for about fifteen minutes. Nobody else was around except the old maid and me. By and by the machine began to click.

"'The controller is very sorry,' says she, 'but he is exceedingly busy this morning. He regrets that he cannot receive you socially during business hours. He is of the opinion that it would set a bad example to his subordinates. However, if you would care to come by appointment at half after five Friday afternoon, he will try to make time to see you.'"

"And what did you say to that?" asked Tutt.

The old lawyer reached for the malt extract. "I don't remember exactly," he replied. "But when I left they were telephoning for the fire department."

II

IT WAS not long after the Tuttish conversation just recorded that, on a certain fine morning in mid-April, Mr. Marcus Bozeman, auditor of District Attorney Peckham, hied him to the office of the controller in the aforesaid Municipal Building for the purpose of securing for his chief the necessary certification of the financial authorities to various expenditures incident to the administration of his office and the pursuit and punishment of crime. Mr. Bozeman's visits for this purpose were made upon his friend, Mr. Moses Spellman, whose duty it was, in his capacity of Controller McGraw's second assistant auditor, to examine the pale-blue vouchers presented to him by the district attorney's representative and after due investigation to signify approval under his sign manual.

"Look at here, Bozey"—he scowled, tipping back his green eye shade and scrutinizing with the care befitting his responsibilities the voucher before him—"ain't this something new? Teeth! How about it?"

Mr. Marcus Bozeman made a *dégagé* gesture indicating airy indifference.

"'S all right," he said. "Peckham ordered 'em for Swackhammer so's he could testify in the Kantor case. He was no good as a witness unless he had teeth. You couldn't hear a word he said. Put your John Hancock on it and shove it along."

"Not much I won't!" retorted Mr. Spellman. "McGraw would eat me alive if I did. Him and your boss don't amalgamate."

(Continued on Page 43)

SWIFT

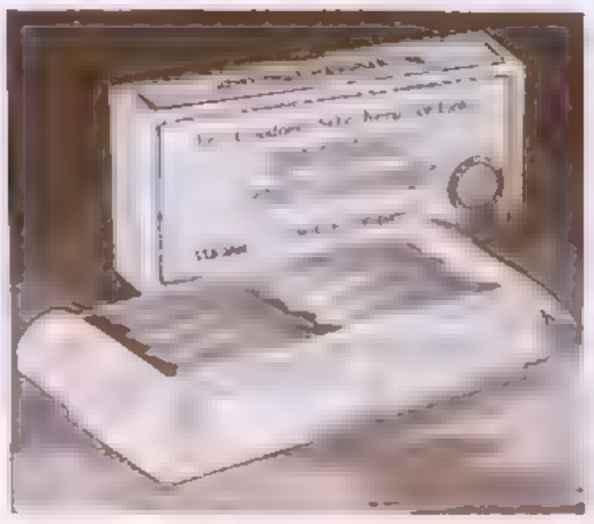
—a food service

MAKING good sausage is a science. Swift & Company has added to human skill the advantages of scientific knowledge and modern equipment, with the famous result—Brookfield Pork Sausage.

1 Choice cuts of pork are carefully selected to insure the proper proportioning of fat and lean.

2 In order to secure the exact quality and flavor of seasoning which characterizes Brookfield Sausage, Swift & Company imports whole spices direct from Singapore. These spices are ground in the Sausage Kitchens and blended with rubbed sage, salt, and sugar of fine table quality.

3 In tiled kitchens, properly ventilated and cooled, Brookfield Sausage is prepared in links and patties.



4 It is then packed in convenient, easily identified packages. The name Brookfield on the carton is your guarantee of highest quality. Look for it when you buy.

THE manufacture of Brookfield Pork Sausage is a combination of farm lore and science.

Swift & Company has brought to the aid of the craftsman all the resources of a nation-wide organization.

Spotless tile-walled kitchens are equipped with the most modern products of engineering skill.

Yet, the handicraft tradition remains. The electrically driven meat grinders, for example, are an evolution of mother's old chopping knife.

This bringing together of craftsmanship and science is one of the essential functions of the Swift Food Service.

The result is a delicacy of flavor and uniform fineness of quality never equalled in the past. These are distinguishing characteristics of all products bearing the name Swift.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

How insurance losses breed

FRICTION
the cause of accidents
in your plant

ONE of the largest companies issuing insurance on industrial and power plant equipment makes these significant statements.

"Over 50% of our big losses and over 75% of the smaller ones are directly caused by faulty lubrication.

"Incorrect lubrication is a big accident maker in all industrial and power plant equipment.

"In all our letters of instruction to our men we unfailingly stress the importance of, and absolute necessity for, Correct Lubrication."

It is reasonable to expect that the insurance company knows from experience the best preventive measures. It recommends correct lubrication as protection against machinery accidents, and time-waste on production.

The cost of lubricants is small, but their good or bad effects are large: bigger profits or serious losses. We believe that if oil cost 10 dollars a quart instead of a few cents, many more executives would make certain of the exact suitability of the oils used in their plants.

But neither the plant executive, nor the insurance company, nor the plant engineer himself, can be expected to differentiate between *exactly* suitable oils, and *partially* suitable oils.

Here you have a highly technical subject that should be placed in expert hands. The world's leading specialist on lubrication puts its oils and its services at your disposal.

The Vacuum Oil Company not only manufactures special oils to meet each requirement of service, but sends out its expert field men to make certain that you obtain the precise oil you need for any given purpose. There is no room for guesswork in our laboratories, our refineries, or in our technical recommendations. We invite you to get in touch with us.

A few cases in point

FROM OUR FILES OF REPORTS OF PERFORMANCE RECORDS

Recommendations of the Vacuum Oil Company are always preventive measures against accidents.

FILE 3036—An internationally known manufacturer reports an annual saving of approximately $15,000 from avoidance of time-out for accidents, through adopting our lubrication recommendations.

FILE 1925—An explosion of an air compressor blew out the side of the building of a porcelain and enameling factory—due to improper lubrication. Correct Gargoyle Lubricating Oil now prevents such accidents.

FILE 4321—The Public Service Commission of New York ordered Gargoyle Lubricating Oils used on certain machinery as a safety measure after frequent accidents had occurred in a subway construction.

At the request of the 10 largest liability insurance companies, their 550 supervising field engineers have been supplied with sets of Vacuum Oil Company's Technical Educational Papers for their guidance.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

(Continued from Page 40)

"Bunk! Sign here," urged Mr. Bozeman, and he placed an imperative forefinger upon the dotted line at the foot of the subjoined:

CERTIFICATE OF AUDITOR OF ACCOUNTS
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
AUDITING BUREAU.

May 9, 1917.

I hereby certify to the controller that I have examined, audited, revised and settled this account for the sum of forty dollars.

I find that the expenditure was lawfully incurred and that the charge therefor is reasonable and just. The warrant is correctly drawn and payment should properly be made from the fund shown thereon. AUDITOR OF ACCOUNTS.

"I'd be signin' my death warrant," replied Spellman. "And anyhow, forty dollars is too much to pay for a set of teeth. An aunt of mine got a set once for twenty-two-fifty."

"Secondhand ones!" asserted Bozey. "Sign up and shoot her along!"

"I will not!" declared the controller's auditor. "Peckham can fight it out with McGraw if he wants to buy teeth for his witnesses. I stand from under."

It is more than probable that had Mr. Spellman signed as requested by his friend, Mr. Bozeman, the great McGraw would in due course have certified the bill as a matter of routine and it would have been duly paid.

"I never heard of charging teeth to a municipality!" declared Mr. Spellman. "It's ridiculous! You might just as well have had Swackhammer's tonsils dug out and expect us to pay for 'em."

"And why not?" insisted the representative of the district attorney. "Anything that's necessary and reasonable to accomplish the result is a proper charge. If Swackhammer couldn't have testified with tonsils, the city would have had to pay to have 'em removed."

"Now see here, Bozey," returned Spellman patronizingly, "don't try to pull any argument. There's reason in all things, as Shakspere says. There's got to be a limit somewheres and I put it at the insides of the human body. See? You could 'a' bought anything you seen fit for Swackhammer's outside, but the city's got nothing to do with his innards. I ain't arguin' with you—I won't sign! Your boss can take it up with McGraw if he wants to, but I'm done."

The next and almost immediate step in the great McGraw-Peckham controversy was a letter inclosing the unsigned and rejected voucher:

OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Hon. Josiah P. McGraw, Controller,
Municipal Building, City

Dear Sir: I am informed by the deputy chief clerk and auditor of this office that your second assistant auditor has declined to certify the inclosed bill for $40 incurred in the purchase of a set of teeth for P. F. Swackhammer. This expense was necessary and unavoidable and I trust that you will certify the same without delay.

Truly yours,
JOHN H. PECKHAM,
District Attorney.

When the Honorable J. Philemon McGraw perused this curt epistle he was pained.

There was something about its tone which, in spite of its stereotyped official character, exasperated him. He suspected the thing as a joke. If it wasn't a joke it was an insult!

It was an insult no matter how you looked at it. False teeth! Imagine asking him to certify officially a bill for false teeth! Why hadn't Peckham bought Swackhammer a glass eye?

"Take this letter!" he snapped to Miss Rosenheim, his fourth assistant chief stenographer.

Hon. John Henry Peckham,
District Attorney.

Dear Sir: Receipt of your letter of April 27th with inclosure is hereby acknowledged. I entirely approve of the action of my subordinate in refusing to audit the bill for false teeth for P. F. Swackhammer, which is herewith returned. I shall decline to certify this or any other bill of similar character.

Truly yours,
JOSIAH P. McGRAW.

III

A YEAR before, the prosecution for conspiracy of Marcus Kantor, of the notorious firm of Kantor & Swackhammer, contractors, had set the city by the ears, for it was rumored that if Kantor should be convicted he would probably squeal; and that if he squealed, a substantial quota of municipal officeholders might find it necessary to remove to South America for the balance of their lives, and that many supposedly reputable and wealthy citizens might find their domestic happiness sadly impaired. But in order to convict Mr. Kantor it was essential that Swackhammer, his erstwhile partner, who had fled the jurisdiction, should be indicted, found and extradited from California to be used as a witness against him. This had cost the trifling sum of $35,000.

Swackhammer had been caught and brought back, had pleaded guilty and turned state's evidence against Kantor, who had been in due course convicted—and who, to everybody's intense relief, had not squealed. He was now engaged in editing the prison paper under a gentlemen's agreement with those whose reputations he might have blasted that he should receive upon his discharge from prison a bonus equivalent to one hundred dollars per diem for each and every day that he should serve. So all his associate malefactors breathed freely again, and drew their salaries and caressed their wives and children in the domestic circle while Kantor and his case were temporarily forgotten.

Now it so happened that six months before the trial, when the press and the populace were loudly demanding the extradition of Swackhammer and the conviction of Kantor, the Honorable Peckham had without the slightest difficulty procured the passage of his resolution in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for a special appropriation of $35,000 for the purpose of defraying the expense of bringing back the fugitive to testify against his erstwhile partner. Unanimously—nay, enthusiastically—the board had seized the opportunity to demonstrate their anxiety to carry out the public will and subserve the public interest by passing a resolution to the effect that an issue of special revenue bonds to an amount not exceeding thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000) to provide funds for the special expenses of the office of the District Attorney in connection with the indictment and criminal prosecution of P. F. Swackhammer, *et al.*, and for the purpose of providing means therefor, was authorized.

For this resolution the Honorable McGraw had voted without hesitation with his colleagues. Now that Kantor was convicted and safely tucked away in prison, Swackhammer and he and everything else about it were almost forgotten. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

IV

"LOOK here, John," demanded Mr. Tutt as one morning he came into the D. A.'s office, "why don't you pay Bangs' bill for Swackhammer's teeth?"

The Hon. John Henry Peckham, district attorney, paused in his matutinal amusement of paring an apple and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"Pay him—me?" he protested. "What have I got to do with it? I certified his bill ages ago, but I can't make the controller audit it if he don't feel like it. He hates me, McGraw does! And I suspect any man who don't like apples. McGraw don't like 'em."

"Well, I like 'em," smiled Mr. Tutt. "Bangs was in yesterday to retain me to collect his bill against the city."

"Hope you get it," encouraged Mr. Peckham. "If I can help in any way pray call upon me."

"Thanks," replied Mr. Tutt. "I don't like McGraw one bit better than you do. I'm going to give him the run of his young life. He don't suspect what's coming to him. Before I get through he'll dream those teeth are biting him in the pants."

"How are you going to do it?" inquired the district attorney, with interest. "You can't mandamus him, because certification of a bill is discretionary and not ministerial."

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"Thanks," Replied Mr. Tutt. "I Don't Like McGraw One Bit Better Than You Do"

GLASS BUBBLES

By M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ONE rainy evening I said to my wife, "I am going to write an article on early American glass."

"Indeed," said she. "And what do you know about early American glass?"

"Nothing," I replied; "and that makes me an expert."

My experience with early American glass covers a period of about ten years—three to be exact—during which near decade I have met with and failed to recognize as many pieces as any other similarly gifted expert.

The list of early American glassmakers is legion and, perhaps, partly legend.

But let us limit the early American period as extending from the earliest maker known, or suspected, whose date is 1607, to the latest we can afford snootily to recognize, say 1860.

This latter date is early American by pure and gracious courtesy, although new and avid collectors, confronted by the staggering paucity of older glass and, indeed, all manner of antiques, are extending their enforced leniency to the Centennial of 1876 and, let it be ashamedly whispered, even later.

Authorities, and the roster of these may be bulged sufficiently to include a few experts, seem almost to agree that the first early American glassworks was established near Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, and that it made only bottles. Of this Jamestown glass there remains no known specimen, except that any of your cherished pieces may be Jamestown glass and no depressing expert may say you nay. The Jamestown factory continued until 1621.

The first glass factory of which we have any quantity of more or less authenticated specimens is that started by one Caspar Wistar, who came to this country and settled in Philadelphia with the intention of making brass buttons for the brassbuttonless colonists. We are safe in assuming that the aforesaid colonists had all their buttons, for we hear of Herr Wistar's leaving Philadelphia and the button factory and setting out to make glass at a spot subsequently called Wistarburg, and later Alloways town, New Jersey, in 1739. Wistar's works continued to work until about 1775, and business must have been wonderful, as no collector who is any sort of collector is without from one to 100 pieces of Wistarburg glass. In this case, as in all cases of quantity production of early American glass factories, no allowance is made for possible breakage. Early American glass simply did not break.

FIRST ROW—No. 1. Jersey Sea-Green Water Bottle. No. 2. Jersey Sea-Green Milk Bowl. No. 3. Jersey Sea-Green Jar. SECOND ROW—No. 1. Stiegel Sapphire-Blue Diamond Creamer With Milk-White Band Top. No. 2. Stiegel Crystal Salt With a Sapphire-Blue Band. No. 5. Stiegel Sapphire-Blue Salt. No. 4. Stiegel Sapphire-Blue Diamond Creamer. THIRD ROW—No. 1. Stiegel Sapphire-Blue Heavy Ribbed Christening Bowl. No. 2. Stiegel Sapphire-Blue Sugar Bowl, Plain. No. 3. Stiegel Sapphire-Blue Open Bowl With Milk-White Band. FOURTH ROW—No. 1. Jersey Sea-Green Cream Pitcher. No. 2. Early American Sapphire-Blue Mug, Swirl Fluted. No. 3. Early American Sea-Green Flask, Swirl Fluted. FIFTH ROW—No. 1. Early American Heavy Diamond Sea-Green Flask. No. 2. Pitkin Flask, Dark Olive Green. SIXTH ROW—No. 1. Stoddard Three-Mold Decanter. No. 2. Stoddard Three-Mold Sunburst and Diamond Dish. No. 3. Stoddard Three-Mold Brandy Decanter

Baron Stiegel of Manheim

CASPAR WISTAR made beautiful glass in several colors. He is best known for a shimmering shade of translucent, pale green, a dark amber and a rare brown. His product ran a fairly wide gamut, consisting in part of tumblers, pitchers, sweetmeat jars, glass balls, candlesticks, milk and other bowls and lovely, tiny, oddly shaped scent bottles, the peer of which has not been produced since in America or anywhere else in the world. Also we know Wistarburg glass resembling the queer sort made at Nailsea, near Bristol, England, with slender, graceful lines of another color glass whirling through it.

There were, naturally, offshoots from Wistar's factory established by his own workmen, and these, and plants descending from them, continue until the present time in and near Wistarburg, along the Mullica River and at Glassboro. The Glassboro works is producing until this day under the name of The Whitney Glassworks.

From Wistar we jump several spaces tentatively and uncertainly occupied by early glass factories to the well-historied and exceedingly important one of William Henry Stiegel.

Stiegel came from Germany in 1750 and married Elizabeth, the daughter of Jacob Huber, an operator of iron furnaces in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He began to experiment with glassmaking, and finally set up what he called afterward The American Flint Glass Factory, at Manheim.

Stiegel lived in a princely style that increased in magnificence even more swiftly than his fast-growing business. He built himself a stately mansion, drove about in a coach and four, demanding a cannon's salute when he left his home for the works each morning and one when he returned at the end of the day, and altogether keeping very busy in earning the burlesque title of Baron Stiegel, by which he is sometimes known.

Stiegel advertised extensively, and due to the ever-growing imposts on imported products his American-made glass found a market ready and hungry. Things went well until finally the tail of extravagance wagged the dog of a deserving industry. The picturesque baron became a bankrupt, was clapped into jail to satisfy his creditors, and ended a swift and merry life at Charming Forge, January 10, 1783, at the all-too-early age of fifty-six.

As ruin approached, Stiegel resorted to all sorts of subterfuges to bolster up his fast-diminishing fortunes. He conducted lotteries in 1773–1774, but to no purpose, as, in 1774, Manheim, his last and most cherished glasshouse, was sold by the sheriff to George Ege, a nephew of Mrs. Stiegel.

Ege quickly possessed himself of all of Stiegel's former holdings and cared for the spotlight-loving baron until his death.

The Feast of the Roses

MY INFORMATION about Wistar and Stiegel comes from the interesting books on glass by Barber and Moore. Mrs. Moore gives credit for her Stiegel data to the very exhaustive work, Stiegel Glass, by the late Frederick William Hunter. This book was privately printed in an edition of only 420 copies and is, therefore, all but inaccessible.

To quote Mrs. Moore:

"In the heyday of Stiegel's prosperity he had deeded one of his Manheim lots, with a small church that he had built upon it and called the Zion Lutheran Church, to its board of trustees. It was quite a custom at this time, when property was sold for a nominal cash consideration, to add also a nominal annual rent. Mr Hunter says, in Stiegel Glass, that a peppercorn or a grain of wheat was a favorite consideration. A red rose, which was the fee chosen by Stiegel, was, curiously enough, chosen also by Caspar Wistar to be paid in lieu of ground rent in many of his deeds. But the Wistar rose has faded into obscurity, while the red rose demanded by the Stiegel deed has blossomed into a ceremony which is observed the second Sunday in June at Manheim, which, in its elaboration and picturesqueness, would have given William Henry Stiegel abundant satisfaction. They call it the Feast of the Roses, and for one day Manheim emerges from the obscurity which enwraps it in the other 364."

Stiegel made what are perhaps more kinds of glass articles than any other early American maker. Copying from his advertisements we find the following for sale:

Decanters, tumblers, wineglasses, vinegar glasses, saltcellars, cream pots, sugar dishes with covers, flip glasses, jelly glasses, sillabub glasses, bottles, enameled Mason wines, twisted and plain, cruets, ink bottles, flowerpots, and others, as the announcement in the Pennsylvania Gazette so quaintly puts it, "too tedious to insert."

Stiegel produced a splendid variety of blown flint glass in several beautiful colors—an unequaled blue, inspired, as some experts claim, by the English Bristol blue glass, a charming amethyst, a green, an amber, other colors and a sparkling clear glass.

They were sometimes plain, sometimes etched and sometimes gayly decorated in enamel with designs highly reminiscent of those found on the glass made in the region from which he had come to America.

From Stiegel our search leads us through a long line of other and less important early American makers. Their dates, of course, overlap. To mention a few of the more significant ones, we have the works at Saratoga, New York; the Stoddard factory; the Dyottsville works in Philadelphia, later known as the Kensington; the Keene, New Hampshire, works; the Pitkin plant at Manchester,

(Continued on Page 46)

The years of satisfying, quiet service recorded by Fisher Bodies testify to the long-lived staunchness and superior quality of their construction. On cars in every price division, the Body by Fisher presents unexcelled value and safety

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY BY FISHER

(Continued from Page 44)

Connecticut; the Albany, New York, works; the Pittsburgh factories, the Baltimore glassworks and scores of others less impressive. Then we pass on to the factories that made mostly pressed glass, chief among which was the Sandwich and Boston Glass Company, founded after 1800 by Deming Jarvis and continued under various names and with varying success until December, 1887, when the men of Sandwich refused to recognize the agreement of the newly formed Flint Glass Manufacturers' Association. The new plant was closed down permanently in 1888.

Among collectors a merry war wages as to the merits and collector value of Sandwich pressed glass and its right to be recognized as a product of either beauty or sufficient antiquity.

The Sandwich factory made also some blown and cut glass, but little in comparison to their, at times, really enormous output of inexpensive pressed glass. For my own part I have seen very little so-called Sandwich glass to which I could give shelf room. Most of it is of the variety we expect to see given away with soap.

So that I may not appear bigoted, let me hasten to add that some Sandwich colored salts, curtain holders, drawer pulls, colored and clear glass dolphin candlesticks and lamp bases are certainly entitled to more than a sketchy consideration.

In this brief résumé the factory at Sandwich is the last one to which we can afford to give space. By this time glass manufacture had attained to the proportions of a very large and purely commercial industry and we'll leave it as such.

Early American glass is collected nowadays in every possible and impossible form, and it is the usual thing for the dyed-in-the-wool Simon-pure collector to specialize in one form. There are collectors of bottles—all sorts of bottles—whisky, rum, pickle, tear, cod-liver oil and other medicine, bitters, cologne, and so on, and just bottles. Some collectors will countenance only one sort; others are more catholic and will gather and cherish anything in the shape of a bottle and some that are not in the shape of bottles but yet are bottles.

Some collectors amass only tableware, the wineglass of memory, beer glasses, toddy glasses, clear glass dishes and bowls, so-called vaseline-color ones, decanters—empty ones—cup plates, tumblers, carafes and whatever other glassware was used to decorate the groaning board.

Early American Glass From Europe

THE specialist in one form of early American glass glares scornfully upon the specialist in another form. Further, collectors of early American glass make grave and ceremonial distinctions as to the quality, the kind of glass itself, the question of whether the glass is formed at the end of a blowpipe, whether it is blown into a mold, whether it is two mold, three mold or four mold, or whether it is pressed. I have named the different sorts in the order of their nobility.

Speaking as Expert Number 41,144 I firmly believe that there is more bunk, fraud, hokum, humbug and applied asininity in the collecting, classifying and pricing of early American glass than in any other known form of human activity.

This is a pretty large statement and you will, and you have a perfect right to, ask for my whys and wherefores, unless you are an expert yourself; in which case you will not care a hoot for what I think.

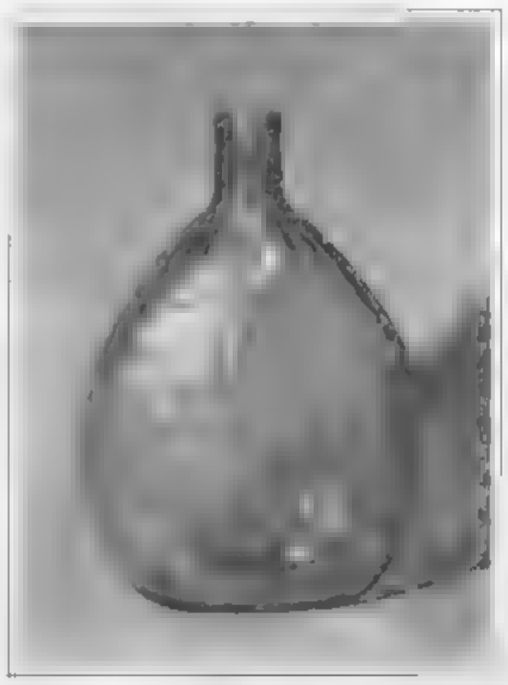
However, I am prepared to give reasons, quote incidents and examples, assemble deductions and altogether try very earnestly to boo the silliness out of what should be a perfectly valid and fascinating form of antique collecting.

In the first place it is, as I hinted, altogether unbelievable that so much early American glass—Stiegel glass, for instance—can possibly have survived the well-known pitfalls of glass as is fatuously supposed to be in the collectors' hands.

"But," you protest, and rightly, "how do you know exactly how much Stiegel glass exists today?"

Answer: "I don't know and neither does anyone else. The imagination of man runneth not to such heights."

You have Stiegel; don't say you haven't or heaven will justly punish you! I have Stiegel. Some of mine I know to be Stiegel because the nice dealer told me so. Some of mine I suspect strongly of being Stiegel because the nice dealer would not say that it was not Stiegel. Some of it I suspect less strongly of being Stiegel, because, though the nice dealer said that it was not Stiegel, the nice dealer doesn't always know, and, besides, I've caught him in three fibs lately.



The $125 Joke Bottle

"But—but," you protest, "if all the Stiegel that is called Stiegel isn't Stiegel, what is it?"

A fair question, and I'll try to give you a fair answer. It can be one of a number of things and it probably is. It can be some other make of early American glass. Though the means of communication between the colonies and later between the young states wasn't so good then as it is in these days, there were means of communication, and the glass blower was then an itinerant and job changer on a par with the old-time tramp printer. By a little imagining we can conceive of these roving glass blowers taking their skill from one factory to another and being glad to do their former employers out by telling all they knew.

Wistar and Stiegel came to America from not widely separated parts of Europe and the methods they brought along were pretty much the same as those used in their respective fatherlands. Glass manufacture is, as we say nowadays, an open-and-shut business. That is to say, the secrets of it are not many. The metal, as the mass of unblown, unmolded or unpressed glass is called, is made with fairly similar formulas the world over. The differences in the finished products are seldom more than differences in thickness, tint or toughness. The bases of the metal are much the same everywhere.

"But—but—but"—you hand on—"all right so far, but does the circumstance of itinerant workmen account for all the confusion you claim exists in the identification of all early American glass?"

It does not. Much early American glass was brought over from Europe very early and is being brought over at this moment. Very—very much of it. Bristol, Waterford, Nailsea, Cork, Bohemian, and glass of every sort and nationality was shipped here in the early days in immense quantities. Irish glass was exceedingly popular. It left Waterford and Cork in huge shipments, and much of it is being confounded today with glass of contemporary American fabrication.

Stiegel is known to have got his inspiration, and perhaps formula, for his beautiful blue glass from that made at Bristol, and today none but the cockiest expert will attempt to say of certain disputed blues that they are Stiegel or that they are not Bristol. Further, Stiegel brought the styles of decorating bottles, mugs, beakers, flip glasses, and so on, in colored enamels directly from his home palatinate; of that there is not the least scintilla of doubt.

A friend of mine brought back from Germany two summers ago a perfect piece of enamel-decorated Stiegel glass. It is probably old glass and he got it in the same neighborhood from which Stiegel emigrated. Why not? It was made there, and very likely in Stiegel's time.

Signed Glass Rare

IN AUGUST, 1925, I was in Frankfort, Germany. In a little window, way down in the *Alstadt*, I saw a tiny, clear-glass pitcher about two inches high. After frantic efforts I managed to rouse the shopkeeper, and he sold me the little treasure for one mark fifty pfennig—about thirty-seven cents in our money. I brought the pitcher back with me and could have sold it can still sell it—for unmistakable Stiegel. As a matter of absolute fact a dealer I know has the duplicate of this pitcher on his shelves marked Wistarburg, and the last quoted price was thirty-eight dollars. Before you whistle for the police let me say that the dealer's pitcher may well be real Wistarburg, made at Wistarburg in the 1700's by Caspar Wistar. Why not? Much the same sort of glass was made in Germany at the same time that Wistar was making his glass in New Jersey.

In a little shop in Switzerland I could have bought as sweet a collection of early American glass as you'd care to steal. I could have bought it, but I didn't, and I could have easily made 1000 per cent profit on it.

Now, I have no doubt that the above-mentioned Swiss collection was old glass; old glass made in Germany, Switzerland and France; and no different in appearance from thousands of pieces I've heard ballyhooed as true early American glass in this my native land.

Except in the hands of some frank and open-minded collectors, I have seen little or no old glass that was not denominated early American, and the denominator—the lowest common denominator, if you will—stands upon unassailable ground. Really, now, who can say him nay except in the most obvious cases? Very little early American glass was marked. Occasionally you will find names blown in early bottles and flasks and some Sandwich glass is marked Sandwich. If, however, collectors would restrict their collections to plainly marked glass, the only fairly sure method, there would be precious few collections and these would be of glass made, for the very large part, after 1800, and most of that after 1825.

So far in this paean of gladness and joy we have shown two reasonably good reasons for doubting the authenticity and positive identification of early American glass. A third reason is that some of it, a fast increasing quantity of it, is modern faking, genuine deception, pure bunk; no less. Some of it is sold frankly as reproductions and some of it is sold as genuine. Some of it is good fake; some of it is so bald, that it wouldn't fool even an expert.

(Continued on Page 142)

The Flip Glass is Early American, Supposedly Stiegel; the Little Pitcher Came from Germany Two Years Ago. The Colors are Identical

PONTIAC SIX

Body by Fisher

Outselling— because it is built to outlast

$825

SEDAN OR COUPE

Largely because it offers qualities of stamina, endurance, comfort and performance entirely new in the field of low cost sixes, the Pontiac Six is scoring a success unequalled in automotive history. From its big, powerful six-cylinder engine to its rugged rear axle, the Pontiac Six is engineered and constructed to pile up the miles in multiples of many thousands. And simply because it is built to *outlast*, the Pontiac Six continues to *outsell* at a pace that, *months ago*, sent Pontiac popularity to a point never before attained by any new make of car *during its first full year.*

Pontiac Six Landau Sedan, $895. Oakland Six, companion to Pontiac Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

THE PARIAH OF THE MOON

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

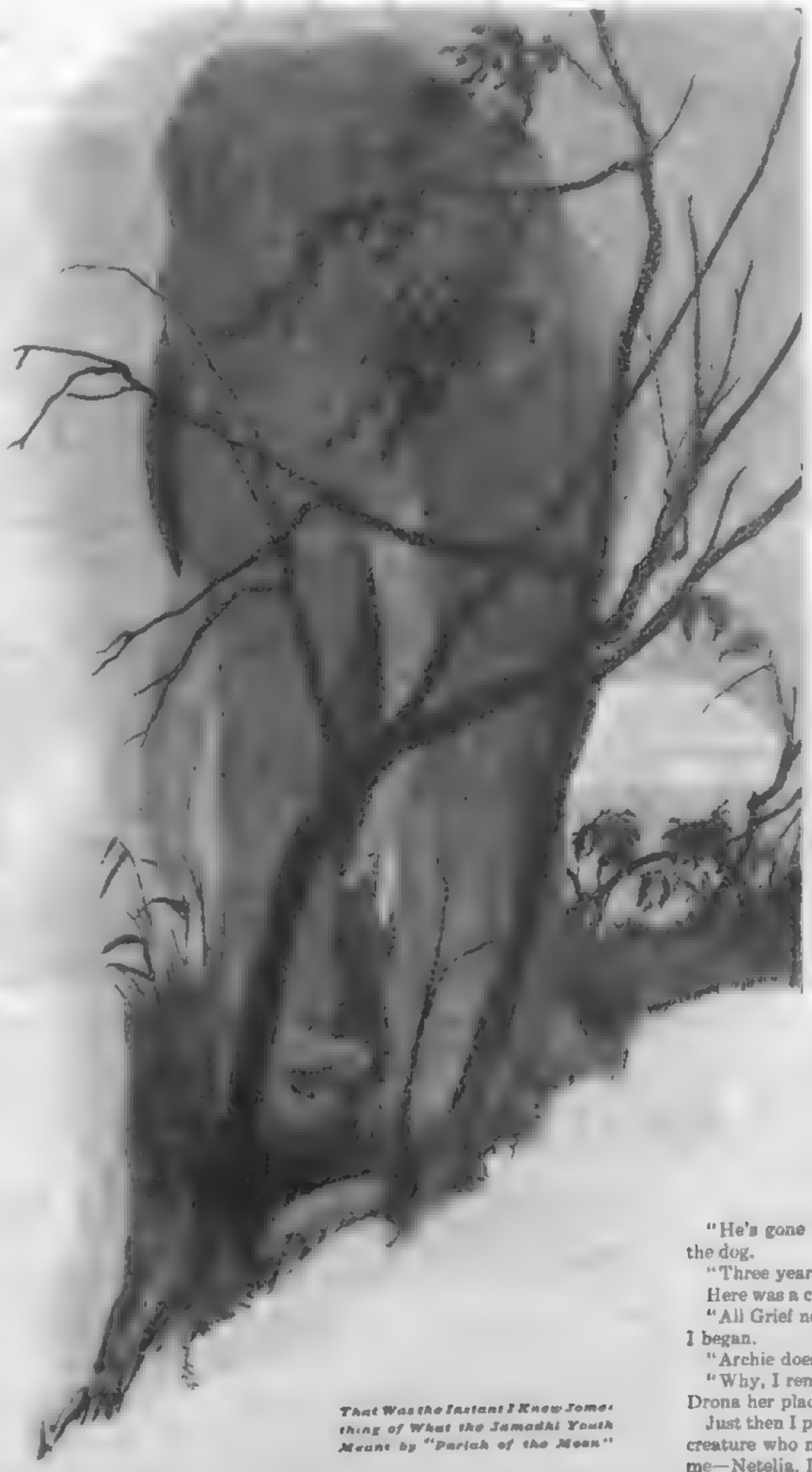
REACHING India, I found a message from Merlin marked Allahabad, and crossed over to the Bombay side instead of going straight to Delhi. A copy of the Pioneer, some days old, fell into my hands en route. The word ELEPHANTS appeared at the head of one of the broad inner columns, and the capped names—Drona, Bhishma, Bhima, Gudakesha, Bond-Finley—stood out from the text below, a thrilling greeting in print for one who had met them in life on terms of a personally memorable adventure. To be exact, I had not seen Bhishma, his tender-hearted majesty being already a memory in the Bond-Finley hunting herd when Merlin and I traveled with it for a while three years ago. The news point of the Pioneer story was the recent disappearance of the priceless female called Drona.

"—— the third of the great Shushumna elephants to break for freedom from the Darhana stockades within ten years," the Saubala correspondent reported. "The first was Bhishma, one of the lordliest of his type, remembered throughout all India, returning to the wild state after full twenty years in the British service. Seven years later, and somewhat over three years ago from this writing, Bhima, his blood brother, also in the splendor of his maturity, walked out into the night. On that occasion Drona, the keystone of the herd, left with him, but on the morning of the third day thereafter she was found to have returned, appearing in her own place, though half a hundred natives were still broadcast in search. Not so on her recent forthgoing ——"

My eyes could no longer hold the print. The fact that the vanished Drona had been extraordinarily attached to the man I was crossing India to rejoin; that he called her Judy, short for Judith Iscariot, instead of using her Indian name, on account of her record of having lured into the stockades more wild simpletons to pile timber and carry guns for the British than any other in the service; that I had been a bystander, so to speak, to the dramatic episode of their relationship—made the Bombay Express as slow as a wagon train.

Moreover, I was burning with facts outside of the Saubala correspondent's report, not in regard to the latest disappearance of Drona, but covering that excursion of hers with Bhima three years ago. Merlin and I were in Samadhi at the time. I could not believe that Drona had been gone only three days, for Merlin had unquestionably photographed her, and Bhima as well, a hundred and fifty kilometers at least from Darhana, and I had seen the pictures.

Incidentally, my good friend would have photographed no further, neither wild men nor animals, if she had not appeared at the right moment on the slopes of Samadhi that day.



That Was the Instant I Knew Something of What the Samadhi Youth Meant by "Pariah of the Moon"

Though the Bond-Finley outfit was in Darhana expressly for the capture of wild elephants, Merlin had followed my lead to Samadhi on the chance of reaching a more virgin habitat. The choice was certainly lucky for a man willing to risk his life to photograph a battle of wild bulls.

I was down in Samadhi village one noontime when sound of titanic struggle reached me from above on the mountainside, where I had left Merlin hours before. Hurrying up, I found an open gravelly space where a big male of the Shushumna type lay dying. The fact of his being sprawled in uncouth fashion prevented me from recognizing Bhima positively at once. Four other carcasses, still warm, were settling to the earth. Merlin's camera and tripod had been tossed into a clump of thorn bushes, but not a sign or vestige of the man.

A month afterward I reached Saubala alone and placed Merlin's camera in proper hands to be opened. It was then that Drona's part was revealed; also an unparalleled stretch of action film—the entire battle royal of which I had seen but a few fallen units. The black male, unquestionably Bhima, when seen in action, had been gored to defeat by a great mottled bull that fought with the savagery of a ten-ton boar. With Bhima unable to rise at last, this spotted monster had located the camera and made for it. It was like Merlin to keep on winding until the film blurred. The charge of the killer was there for the world to see; also, in the last fraction of a second, the intervention of a familiar scarred head—Drona to the rescue. Merlin turned up in Saubala later from Darhana, with no memory of how he got there from the slopes of Samadhi, leaving the few of us concerned to stretch imagination to the utmost.

The Saubala correspondent's report rambled on, as one might hear the story round the night fire of a halted caravan. I looked for details of Drona's final get-away and read:

"The work of rounding out a new catch in the Darhana country was well begun when the morning came that Drona was not in her place as usual. And this time Gudakesha, Drona's mahout, made no promise regarding her return, though a peculiar point to relate is that the aged Hindu confidently expected her back at the time of her outbreak with Bhima three years before." The article ended with eulogy to Drona—"most wise and exemplary of all the elephants from the English standpoint as well as the Indian, and absolute autocrat, as well, in the midst of her own kind."

I felt it getting into my blood.

Unquestionably a moment to remember—that one of greeting in the midst of stirring Allahabad affairs—when Archie Merlin dropped Asia's religion, politics and destiny, everything but his camera, in fact, carrying me off to his bungalow on the river. There he turned me over to Leila—Mrs. Merlin—and left the house, announcing from the porch, "At sundown we'll have a party."

A portly terrier had come forward and was sifting me out among tragic matters of his past. He reached the point of distantly sniffing my knee.

"Why, Grief, you remember Crawford Sahib!" Leila urged.

Her voice brought vividly back the hard waiting days in Saubala when we had tried to keep a shred of hope burning between us that Archie was still alive. Ample chance there had been given me to study this quiet woman's quality. Every time I had heard the word "fortitude" since, I had thought of Leila Merlin.

"He's gone gray at the chin," said I, looking down at the dog.

"Three years are three decades to him," she said.

Here was a chance to learn if Leila had read the Pioneer.

"All Grief needs is a herd of elephants to boss around," I began.

"Archie does too," she put in.

"Why, I remember this bit of a chap showing the great Drona her place!"

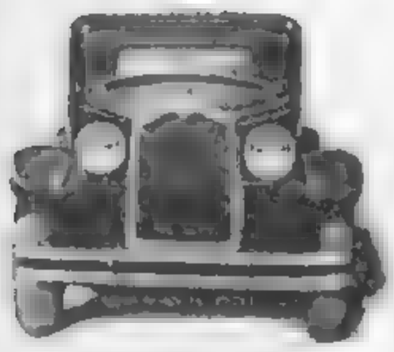
Just then I perceived another in the house—a slim blond creature who merely said "Oh, yes," when introduced to me—Netelja, Leila's sister from the States.

In the confusion I continued to talk about the terrier, recalling the night with the Bond-Finley caravan when Drona had undertaken to get to Merlin for a tête-à-tête without waiting for him to come to her after supper as usual.

"She was plowing over the supper kits when Grief brought her to a full stop," I went on socially. "Even her mahout and all the others were powerless."

No rise whatever. The younger sister and I strolled to the river bank, and I was presently embarrassed by the astonished attention the natives were giving us on account of the girl's uncovered head.

(Continued on Page 50)



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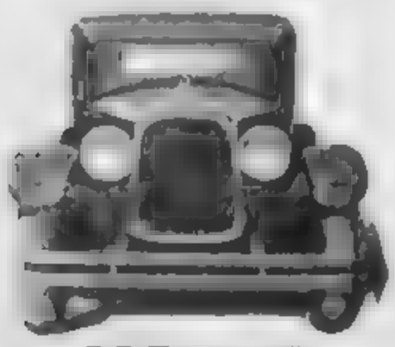
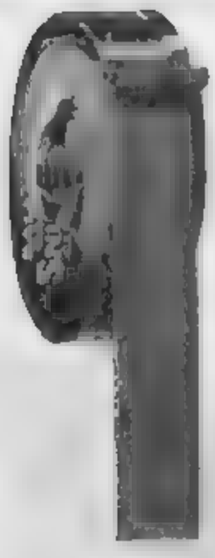


JORDAN
(*7 years*)

WILLYS-KNIGHT
(*7 years*)

KISSEL
(*9 years*)



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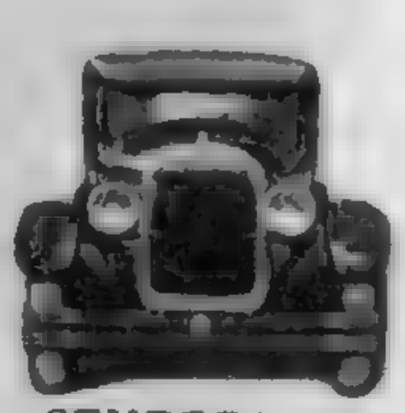

STUDEBAKER
(*9½ years*)

Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

(Continued from Page 48

"They're always ready to shut up shop to look for a new savior," she was saying as we watched the hordes of people gathered near the *ashram* of India's prospective deliverer

"The sun is dangerous to the bare head of the strongest native," I said.

"But my hair is thick as a turban, Crawford Sahib," she protested.

"Stubborn," I reflected, extricating myself from further responsibility; "lacking in right sense." Thereupon I fell back upon the fine and comfortable reflection that I didn't have to live with all the different kinds of people in the world

"Let him quite alone. He isn't often this way," Leila whispered to me as Merlin appeared at sundown and gave himself over entirely to preparation of the board. His idea of a feast, in tropical India at least, had little to do with fowls and fishes or cuts of firmer flesh, I noted—a sort of gathering to the table of little luxuries from round the world, the things the separate peoples excelled and delighted in, sparing a bit of their stores only for export In a mournful tone, Merlin began as the lamps were lighted:

"When a country has spent two hundred years of sorrow, perfecting a distillation as Ireland has done for this"—indicating a small crockery jug from which rose a glazed shamrock—"I'm against taking its edge off with even the most trusted liqueur."

"I wouldn't risk water, even," said I, drawing into the feeling of the party for the first time. Leila was sitting back with a cluster of white grapes in her hand; Netelja tasting everything and keeping quiet by exertion of force, as I could see.

"This tobacco has been passed back and forth in the Mediterranean," Merlin explained, to quicken the general appreciation. "Grown in Turkey, cured in Egypt in Nile sunlight, then carried up the Adriatic for select Austrian workmen who purveyed to Russian princes in their day."

"I'll need a bit more coffee to go with this one," said I

Merlin reached me the cognac. Netelja filled the cup and again sat down opposite. The lamplight seemed to stop at her yellow hair, and in the dense shadows behind I could fancy anything; but chiefly a herd of elephants strolling by.

Then I saw Leila put her finger across her lips, being aware through telepathy of her own that Merlin was making ready for significant utterance. This sentence he directed solely to me:

"Of course you saw the papers about Drona?"

"Yes."

"Not a doubt in the world about her having returned to her own place in Samadhi. We'd all better go this time, wouldn't you say—the four of us, taking five camels from Saubala? I begin to see that it was so ordained"

"Archie," I said on the night we crossed the Shushumna summit and breathed the balmy verdure from the southern slope, "it was just here that they took our rifles the other time."

He nodded. The people of Samadhi had proved aggressive on the one point only during our former experience—against strangers coming in with big-bored pieces. Accordingly we had come this time carrying only side arms and a pair of convertible Lutgen's

The two women were slightly apart with the blanket rolls, the string of camels feeding beyond. I happened to hear Leila say in the stillness of evening, "Why, Netelja, I never saw you act like this," and the murmur of a protesting answer. Merlin had glanced at me whimsically at sundown.

"The trouble seems to be, Crawford, that she can't drive your camel and her own too." I was anxiously considering what he meant by that, when my friend added, "I'd feel important if Netelja took such an interest in me."

A prolonged sea voyage or mountain camp experience is nothing to compare with camel company for gouging irritations. Merlin and Leila were so remarkably one from many difficult campaigns together that any other pair would feel like outsiders in trying to come up to their rhythm. In the main, Netelja hadn't proved a pest, rather a thoroughbred in her meridian hours, showing an unaffectedness that was really fine; but I have to confess her propensity for crossing my path when the strain of caravan days became too severe.

The sunlight seemed the same the next afternoon as we approached the village, but some inner light was gone from the somnolent slopes and from the eyes of the people as well. With quiet aloofness, the natives made us comfortable; but both Merlin and I noted that they were slower to open their hearts than when we came as altogether strangers three years before. Certainly the village had a shrunken look, and the songs at evening were hushed and plaintive. I felt Merlin's disappointment with my own, for I was sure he had expected to find or hear of Drona at once

There was one native youth who had made the journey to Darhana and had learned some English as well as the nomadic dialects with which we were slightly familiar. He sat on his heels before us, making it known how sorry were the days that had fallen on his people.

"Our friends have gone," he said repeatedly, until I caught that he spoke after the manner of Indian mahouts, referring to the Shushumna *kathis* on equal terms with men

"Have the common elephants taken the place of the great ones on the slopes up yonder?" I asked, forming the meaning variously before it was grasped

"There is silence only—or emptiness—up there. Our friends have been driven far," he said.

"Has not a great female elephant called Drona returned to Samadhi? And Gudakesha, her mahout?"

We had to laugh at his careful answer, which sounded like: "That is for us to know and you to find out." But I perceived that he had no meaning to be pert or unpleasant. It became clear that the evil change had begun when we were here before—from the day of the big battle, in fact.

"Is it," I persisted, "that neither the nobility among elephants nor the common ones roam the forests above?"

The lusterless face turned away from the direction I pointed, toward Darhana, in fact, and the eyes seemed to reflect the dark heart of the jungle that lay between.

"Oh, they are there," said I.

"They are there," he repeated; "but not the elephants who walk with men. One is there ——" His gaze was fixed in the sickish mist that lay low upon the dense hollows of cane in standing water. "The pariah of the moon is there."

"A whitish mottled bull?" Merlin asked, thinking of the beast that had charged his camera.

"He is of the moon," the boy went on, carried in a mannerism of his people. If anything was found evil, even in the case of an affair not fit to eat, the Samadhi folk would say it was of the moon, not of the sun.

Past all doubt, in the next few minutes it grew upon us that the boy spoke of the bull that had slain Bhima. He went on with a shockingly suggestive story of this pariah, or outcast, that had taken one of their people an old man, "from out the very mulberry leaves where the silk was drying"—and knelt upon him before the eyes of his fellow weavers. And on another day he had taken a youth and torn him apart between the hips and the armpits

"He is of the moon, like the tigers; not of the sun very dangerous to mankind." I caught the glint in Merlin's eyes, but checked a smile. "And this village is a

(Continued on Page 60

Sparring and Countering—Always That Bit of Open Between the Treacherous Tip and the Tiny Black Head—Much Noise From the Little One, Silence From the Monster

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This improved valve cap guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Women in Real Estate

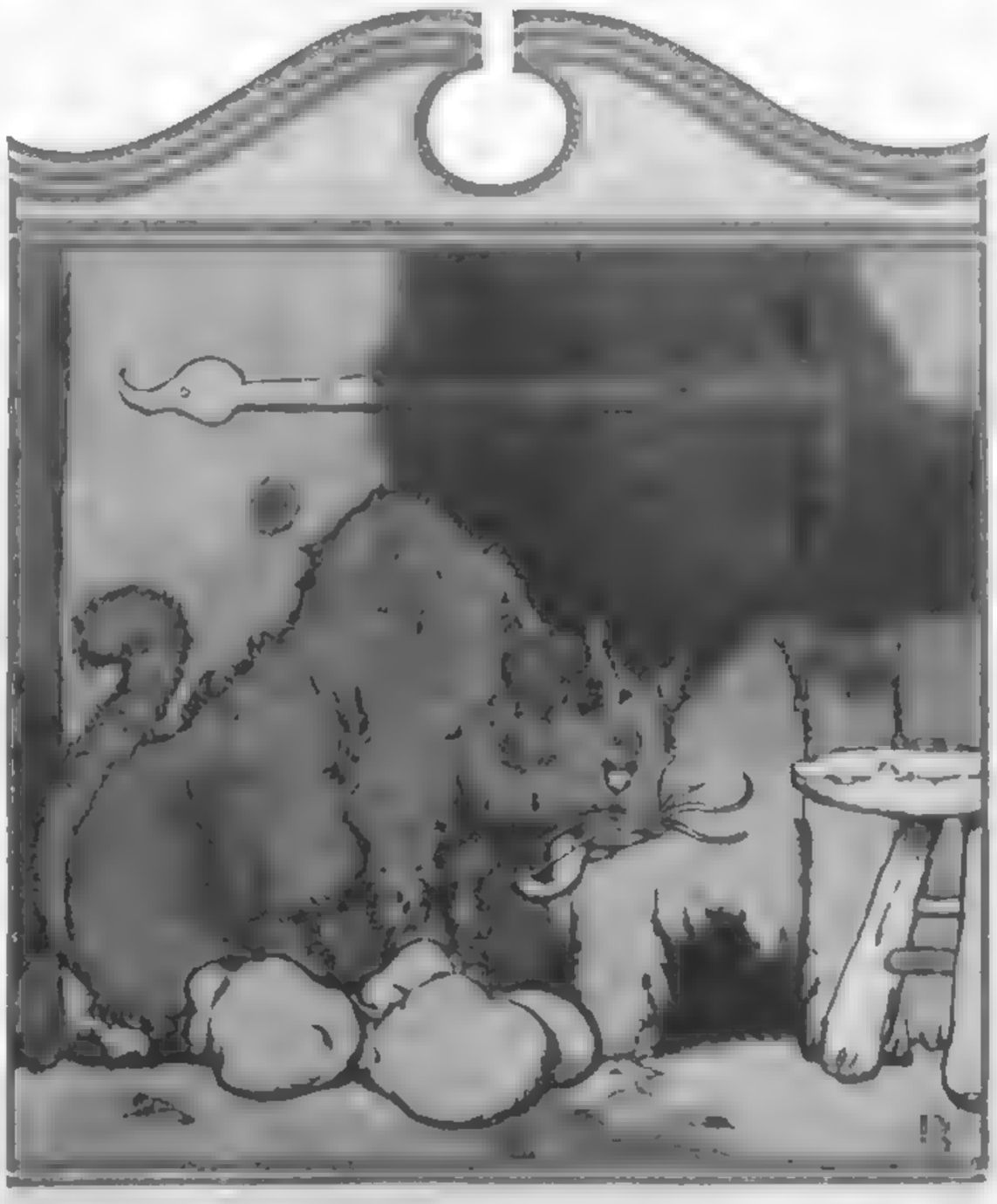
THE man sells property, but the woman sells homes. This, I think, is the principal reason why women are coming to the front more and more as real-estate dealers," said Miss R., one of the most successful of the younger real-estate women in New York. "Twenty years ago the woman real-estate dealer was a novelty in the business world and regarded somewhat as a dilettante. Today she is an established and recognized competitor in this field formerly controlled by men. I specialize in suburban houses, which include all kinds of residences, from the small bungalow and the average-size cottage to the shore-front or mountain estate. I also maintain a rental department, which is in charge of a woman who gives her entire time to that branch of the business."

We were sitting in her busy office in the Roaring Forties. "I have my headquarters here," went on Miss R., "because for personal reasons I find it necessary to live in the city and I like to have my office near my home, but I would advise any woman who wants to deal in suburban and country real estate to establish herself in the city or town where she lives. With persistent effort and unflagging enthusiasm you can be successful in either place. It requires, of course, more effort to be a real-estate operator in the city, due principally to the keener competition and the physical handicap of not being actually on the ground, especially when you are handling small suburban homes and new developments in the outlying sections."

The telephone rang. Taking off the receiver: "How do you do, Mrs. B.," she said. "I am glad that your choice has narrowed down to those two houses."

Turning to me: "A call from Long Island."

Into the mouthpiece: "Yes, I'll be very glad to. I'll meet you there at 11:30 Saturday morning. . . . That ends my hope of a delightful week-end vacation!" she exclaimed ruefully as she hung up. "Well, it's all in a day's work. I ought to be thankful," she added philosophically. "That client has kept me on the anxious seat for six months. She knew what she wanted and was willing to pay a good price. The deal is worth giving up several pleasure trips for. In fact, I'll be able to go abroad on what I make out of this sale, if I travel economically. Either of the places this woman decides to buy will cost her $75,000. The commission on suburban property in this particular locality is 5 per cent. No, indeed, we don't get those every day!"



The Cat in Gloves catches no Mice
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

A Desk, a Telephone and Good Feet

"I HAVE given considerable time and thought to this customer," she continued; "trying to keep her interested in the homes I had to offer, so that my competitors would not get ahead of me. On these larger deals we have to go here, there and everywhere, looking up the properties which might possibly meet all the requirements of the prospective purchaser; at the same time we cannot neglect our smaller clients. In this business you must be Argus-eyed and eternally vigilant, or some other real-estate dealer will get your prospect if you don't watch out.

"I often think that the quotation from Herodotus carved in stone above the great entrance to the New York post office might be paraphrased and used appropriately as a motto in the office of every woman in this profession, for it is a profession as well as a business. 'Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor night stays us from the swift completion of our appointed rounds.' It epitomizes a woman's activities when she enters this field.

"But the work is intensely interesting. I taught school for a while after leaving college, and I have found the financial rewards much larger in real estate than in several other lines of work into which you have to put the same amount of time and energy. I would not discourage any woman from going into real estate, if she has the necessary qualifications of good health, a genuine interest in people of all classes, and the will to work in season and out of season undaunted by the disappointments that everyone is bound to encounter during the first stages of developing any profession or business.

"Real estate is a possible occupation for the woman who has little or no capital to invest in a business venture, or for the woman who does not care to work under anyone and wants to be her own boss. Obviously, it attracts the woman who likes to be of the world as well as in it; who enjoys meeting strangers and listening sympathetically to their problems, their woes as well as their joys.

"After securing your license, if you live in a state where the law requires one, all you need is a desk, a telephone and good feet." She smiled. "For, like the mail carrier, the real-estate saleswoman goes out in all kinds of weather, day or evening.

"There are several ways of starting in real estate. If you have the qualifications I have mentioned and carry on for six or eight months, you'll succeed. Once established even in a small way, you'll find that though you still have to go after business, it will also begin to come to you unsolicited, mainly through the good will of friends and the business contacts you have made even in so short a time. This applies especially to the real-estate dealer in the suburban districts and smaller cities, where the field is almost unlimited for women. In such places it is easier to get acquainted with people and gain their confidence and to familiarize yourself with the conditions that control property interests. To operate in a small field and know it minutely is productive of better results than to attempt to work in a large city, where the big real-estate firms frequently control the situation and conditions are too complex for the individual or small organization to cope with. But either in the city or the suburbs you must study your neighborhoods. Know the history of every piece of property in the locality in which you operate, whether you go in for rentals only or deal in high-priced properties or the average family dwelling.

"I know several women," she continued, "who now have their own offices, either alone or in partnership with another woman, who prepared themselves for this work by taking clerical jobs in the real-estate offices of their home towns. After serving what might be termed their apprenticeships, meanwhile building up their own clientele, they have set up for themselves. All of them are moderately prosperous."

Know Your Territory

"PERHAPS the most successful rental specialist among the women in this city is a woman who came from Kansas. She got her training in a boom town in her native state. She was employed by a successful real-estate dealer out there—a man—as a renting agent. She learned the business thoroughly, remaining a year with him; saved her share of commissions on rentals and came to New York. She rented office space no larger than a hole in the wall. That was five years ago. Today she carries on the most successful real-estate business in the two square miles of the city in which she operates. She knows literally every foot of her territory. Other brokers, both men and women, pay her for information regarding properties in this district rather than hire lawyers to investigate holdings and search titles.

"Women like details. We like to know all about any subject we're interested in. We like to dig out facts, and take infinite pains to follow things to a conclusion. This is one of the outstanding qualities of the women who succeed in this business.

"Speaking of licenses," she said, "it is interesting to note that only twenty-one states require a realty broker to operate under a license, that no state in New England has a law of this kind and only two Eastern states—New York and New Jersey. In New York a license to carry on a real-estate business costs twenty-five dollars. It is even less in other states. The license does not have to be renewed, but it is not transferable. Rates and commissions are standardized by the real-estate boards and commissions of the state, county or city, and vary greatly throughout the country. In New York the commission on the sale of property up to $40,000 is 2.5 per cent; more than $40,000, 1.5 per cent. On the rental of unfurnished apartments, 3.75 per cent of the year's rental; furnished apartments, 5 per cent of the rental.

"A woman worker should have a general knowledge of plumbing, heating apparatus, fixtures and the conveniences needed in a home. Most women have to do a lot of thinking about these things anyway, so perhaps this is superfluous advice," added Miss R. in an amused tone. "But the woman who sells real estate must be able to talk about these subjects intelligently.

"In order, also, to develop her business successfully she should be able to help people finance their real estate, advise them in the matter of loans, mortgages, and so on, and understand how to negotiate with the local banks. In fact, the successful broker has to be a guide, philosopher and friend, very frequently, to her clients.

"Every woman is a potential home maker. A woman knows what other women want. Even when dealing with

(Continued on Page 158)

Chrysler Standardized Quality Makes Motoring Comfort Take on a New Meaning

There is a growing conviction among those who are accustomed to the utmost in motoring that not even the finest product of older manufacturing methods is comparable to the Chrysler Imperial "80". It is not to be expected . . . .

For Chrysler builds the Imperial "80" for those who are sated with the performance of conventional cars.

Chrysler is not dealing in traditions—no matter how glorious those traditions may be. Chrysler is in the enviable position of emancipation from traditions, conventions and declining theories.

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And this it is—this Chrysler *Standardized Quality*—which makes your fingers literally tingle to get at the wheel of the Imperial "80" and experience for yourself the things you instinctively feel and see, if you please, when you look at the Imperial "80".

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Haystacks Above the Clouds

SEVERAL years ago, while riding across the Front Range of the Rockies over the old Arapahoe Trail, our party was attracted to a spot where a remarkable exhibition of animal cunning was taking place.

A coney was constructing a haystack—alone!

And as we swung from the tiny swath of bare earth in the rich above-timber-line meadows, we saw the coney—a species of ground squirrel—carrying the sweet and nutritious high-altitude grass to a small hay mound which he was building under a heavy clump of Norway willows. The clouds were a thousand feet below. The little fellow stopped frequently to glimpse our horses, then raced to the spot where he was actually curing the grass he had mowed and laid out for the hot summer sun to sun-dry according to his liking. The stack was some distance from the field.

COPYRIGHT BY SCHLECHTER FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Great Herd of Cattle on a Big Ranch Near Bozeman, Montana, Grazing on the Early Spring Grass Which is Sprouting Up Through the Remains of Last Year's Stubble

And during all his painstaking trips—and these were as many as six to the minute by actual watch count—he never passed my position without lifting his head and saluting me with a shrill and not unpleasant whistle.

As his pile of hay enlarged, I was interested to see what he would do with it. And to keep from confusing him or interfering with his labor I brought out my glasses and watched him from a distance of about sixty feet.

He placed his hay in straight layers on the bottom of the stack and crisscrossed these with several thicknesses of specially chosen grass. On top of this he diagonally built a stratum of other selected forage. He seemed to work without hesitation, and went through all the actions of one who knew his trade.

What struck me as immensely peculiar and even amazing was that while the grass he used was sometimes crinkly, bent or uneven, when placed on the stack it was as straight as a lead pencil. He corrected the faults with his teeth somehow.

My glasses were ten-power binoculars, and yet it took me almost half an hour to catch the tiny harvest hand ironing out the kinks of each stem as he laid it in place. This action was consummated so unbelievably accurately and fast that the slightest motion of my glasses confused my sight so that I missed it.

I remained near that chap for almost an hour, and at the end of that time the stack was about nine inches in diameter and perhaps a quarter of an inch high. I tied the location on two distant ledges where their line intersected the trail, and passed on.

In two days I was back—this time alone—and my pocket held a bag of raw peanuts. The emotions of an explorer were mine. That stack had now grown to a height of five inches and a diameter of over two feet. And the layers were now visibly shortened. Mr. Coney was beginning to build to a sugar loaf. I made a sucking sound with my lips and caught the little fellow's ear and attention, and when I had him exactly where I wanted him I tossed some shelled peanuts directly at his feet. Instantly he was alert, and I stopped that stack.

With the nuts I located his home, which was snugly hidden in a well-selected rock crevice beneath that Norway willow. My glasses revealed the covert to be ideally placed and free from water seepage and wind. No eagle or hawk could pounce down here.

Those peanuts made a friend for me, and before the time came for my return Mr. Coney was taking the peanuts from my hand; likewise bits of my sandwich bread and all of my lettuce leaf.

I made six excursions to that mountain-top farm and watched the stack grow until it was twenty inches high and thirty-three inches in diameter.

I had first seen the starting of the work on the twenty-ninth day of August, and it was completed on the eighteenth day of September. In riding to and from the spot I often passed other stacks, and each was remarkable both as to location and construction. Old-timers forecast a hard and prolonged winter.

Early snows came that year and heavy September frosts. On my last cold and dreary pilgrimage there was no coney. I left my peanuts at his door, called and called him, but he did not come.

In November I was up on that rim on my snowshoes. I found the willow clump; saw tiny traceries in the snow, and a small black hole which led down to the crevice; and as I peered into this, beady sparkles of light winked at me. I lipped a sound to these, but the summer had passed, Mr. Coney had forgotten ——

But on that trip I laid back the mat of willows, discerned the earth almost bare beneath, and caught a glimpse of the stack. It had been cut away on one corner very much as farmers in winter cut a stack with a hay knife.

In early May, when the snow was heavy on the range, Mr. Coney's food supply was almost gone. In June he was chirping about, and when I tossed him some peanuts I thought, for all the world, that the little chap remembered me.

Before the summer I was permitted to tickle one of his ears as I made him nibble and paw to get the pinched peanut I held. And once I lifted him from the earth.

This little animal lives only above the timber or at the timber line, though once I saw one nearly at the top of Long's Peak, which is 14,271 feet above the sea. Guides have told me that they have frequently seen coneys on the exact summit of this mountain. It is strictly a vegetarian, exceedingly easy to tame, and its cries are distinctly translatable. When it is glad, the note is glad; when the fear cry is given, the very air is filled with a suggestion of fear; and when it calls its mate there are both persuasion and command in the tone.

Its play is grotesque and comical. The game of chase is the favorite, though the act of surprise and ambush is popular. Tumbling is also practiced.

Wherever one sees a coney haystack one knows that sweet grasses grow here; and if one is cautious and watches the wind, one may see mountain sheep, elk or deer—unless one is so unlucky as to be in a region where big game is destroyed at so much license fee the head. I live in a game refuge. The marvelous thing about the haystacks of the coney, which are truly built in the region above the clouds, is that these resist, very successfully, the assaults of wind. And the mechanics employed are far more intricate than those of a human haystack builder. And better hay is cured.

Try gently to take a coney's stack apart and you will see what I mean. There is sagacity and skill evidenced in every feature of the construction. The laws of stress and strain are obeyed.

The coney is one of the reasons why dogs are not allowed in any national park. And this little fellow can be seen by the thousands from autos that pass over the roads of the high Rocky Mountains.

CLEM YORE.

Game Hunting in the Adirondacks

MANY big-game enthusiasts believe the Colorado Rockies are still the premier big-game country of the United States. Alaska is conceded to be superior, but that is not in the United States proper. To have unemotional figures, stern facts, presented to show that the Rockies of our Western states are no longer our best big-game country will disappoint many who have cherished somewhere in their hearts the hope that some day they would treat themselves to a big-game hunt in the Western mountains.

The pendulum has swung from the West toward the East. Game and fish departments of the several states give statistics to prove this. Most hunters know that some Eastern states have accomplished remarkable things in the way of game propagation and conservation of this resource, but that these Eastern states, although smaller, actually bag more big game each year than such states as Colorado is not generally known.

New York is one-half as large as Colorado. There may be slightly better game cover in the Eastern state, but the density of population is far greater. New York has an annual deer kill of nine thousand. In Colorado the annual deer kill is eight hundred.

Prior to twenty years ago, big-game hunters of the whole country traveled into the Western mountains for hunting. The Eastern game areas were depleted to a point where hunting in them was no longer sport but hard work or

(Continued on Page 157)

A Custom Victory in a Custom Victoria

Another triumph of One-Profit facilities

THIS Studebaker Custom Victoria accommodates four people with comfort and is full of room even when it is full of passengers. There is a handy package compartment behind the driver and liberal space under the rear deck for necessities of travel.

The custom grace of its low-swung, full-vision steel body is accentuated by the lustrous duotone lacquers. Its interior, in fine Chase mohair with broadlace trim and Butler finish hardware, offers every exclusive custom appointment.

Equipped with four-wheel brakes, two-beam acorn headlights, and a ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) which insures fresh air without drafts or moisture. Powered with the mighty Studebaker L-head motor, most powerful in any car of its size and weight—noted for its smooth, vibrationless performance which others are now striving to emulate. Poised on its radiator is the silvered figure of Aralanta—the symbol of speed's salutation and adieu!

Equipment No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; bumper and bumperettes, engine heat indicator and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror, rear traffic signal light, 4-wheel brakes, full size balloon tires, and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel

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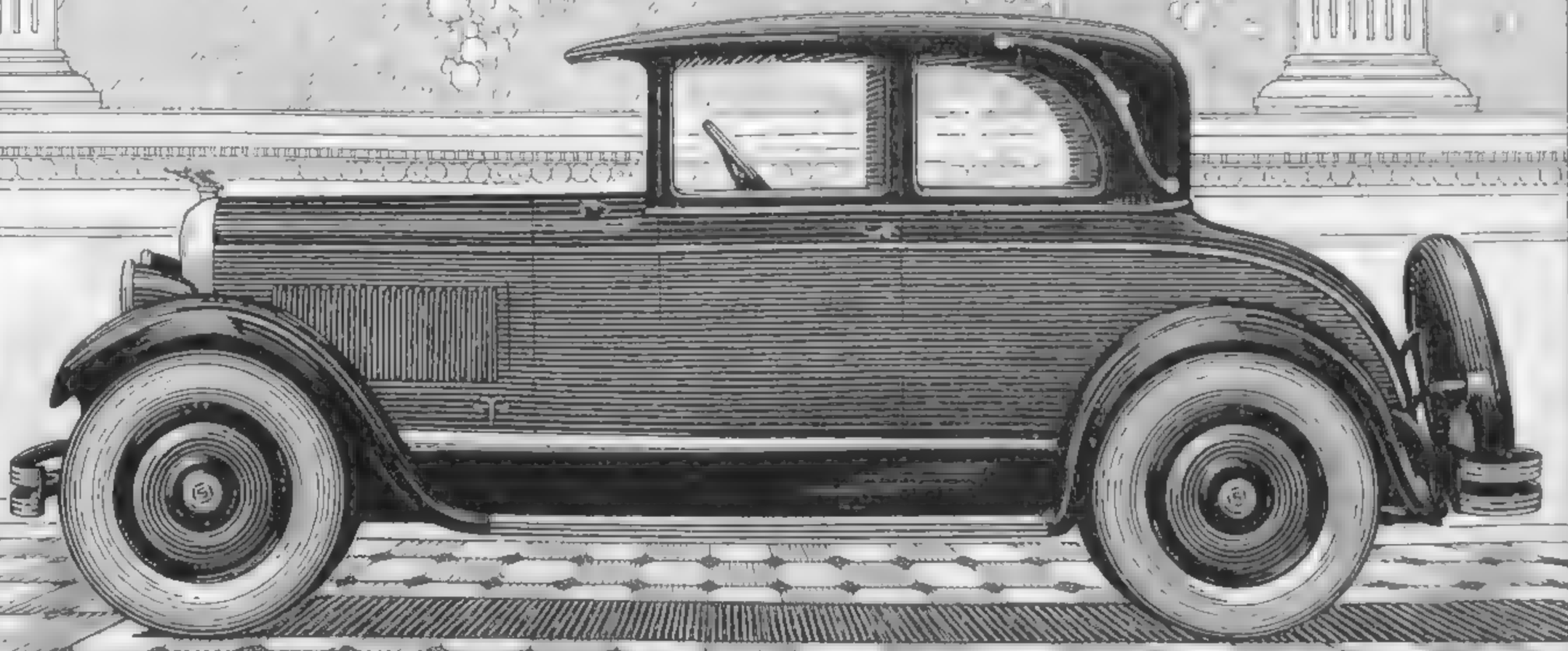

STUDEBAKER

Watch This Column

JEAN HERSHOLT in "THE OLD SOAK"

If you want to see a masterly bit of character acting which will linger long in your memory, see JEAN HERSHOLT in UNIVERSAL'S splendid picture, *"THE OLD SOAK,"* an Edward Sloman production, from the story and play of the same title, written by DON MARQUIS, one of America's most delightful humorists.

JEAN HERSHOLT has appeared in many notable productions, but in none of them has he shown to greater advantage than in this one. He is one of the great geniuses of characterization, and has the uncanny faculty of utterly sinking his identity so that JEAN HERSHOLT disappears and the character lives in his place.

"THE OLD SOAK" as a stage-play was one of the successes of Broadway, and it seems to me that anything which is acclaimed by Broadway and the stern critics who frequent the theatres there, simply must be mighty good. I know you will love this picture and I ask you to see it and write to me about it.

The story involves a lovable old father whose one aim in life seems to be the absorbing of all the liquor he can find. He is a thorn in the side of wife, son and daughter. The son, in love with a chorus girl, is stealing money to send her costly presents. He is endangering his mother's heritage and of course everybody naturally blames the old soak, who assumes the guilt to save the boy. In the end it is the old soak and the chorus girl who save the day and right all wrongs.

UNIVERSAL has so many wonderful plays to offer this year on its Greater Movie List that the only safe thing for you to do is to see all the UNIVERSALS. Particularly see *"The Midnight Sun,"* *"The Flaming Frontier,"* and Jules Verne's *"Michael Strogoff."* They are master-spectacles, wonderfully cast and wonderful in presentation. Will you not write me about them—give me your opinion?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Jean Hersholt and June Marlowe

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

The Perfect Picture, or What Never Happened

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CHARACTERS

SHAKSPERE, *an author.* REMBRANDT, *an artist.* MICHAEL ANGELO, *a sculptor.* SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, *an architect.* SIR HENRY M. STANLEY, *a location hunter.* CRŒSUS, *a financial backer.* NAPOLEON, *a soldier.* WILL H HAYS, *a dictator.* ANGELIC VISITORS, *to be revealed in the plot. Nearly all the residents of* SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *in costume.* $197,432,621.04 *worth of actors. And* ARCHIE DE SMITH, *motion-picture director and the greatest man on earth.*

SCENE

A glacier on Mt. Rainier. The location has nothing to do with the story, but MR. DE SMITH *loves to photograph mountains; he is getting ready to produce a motion-picture version of Candida, formerly by George Bernard Shaw.*

In the foreground the inhabitants of Southern California in fancy dress are reading New Thought literature or playing poker, according to personal tastes; they have been waiting a month, on salary, for something to happen.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS *(pianissimo):*

We know not what he's after
Or why he lingers now.
Let not unseemly laughter
Disturb that marble brow.
(Basso run) That marble brow.
In yonder gold pavilions
Ingeniously he sinks
Another flock of millions—
He thinks! Our Leader thinks!
(Sobbing close harmony) He thinks!
Ow-ow—our Leader thinks!

ANGELIC VISITORS *(heard in mid-air):*

We're watching this rehearsal;
Be careful what you do,
Or else our heavy curse'll
Fall suddenly on you.

(General nervousness. Several Spanish señoritas wrap their shawls around their décolletage. Enter SIR HENRY M. STANLEY. *He removes his pith helmet to gaze aloft.)*

SIR HENRY *to a* SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN:

Sir, in my day vast jungles I have crossed.
But as location hunter I am lost.
Tell me, what are those vocal joy dispensers
Chanting on high?

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN:

Dunno. I guess they're censors.

ALL *(frightened):*

Oh, can it be? Oh, can it be the censors?

(Enter SHAKSPERE *and* REMBRANDT, *arm in arm.)*

SHAKSPERE *(depressed):*

Now is the winter of our discontent.
No more, methinks, I'll be a monument,
But one like Hector on his chariot wheel
By money chained to make a movie reel.

REMBRANDT:

You've said a mouthful, bard. And look at me!
They call me art director here, pardie.
Yet here I stand, so far below the brute
I have to climb a ladder to salute
An angleworm.

(Enter CRŒSUS *in a golden chariot with a cashier's window in front.)*

CRŒSUS:

Good morning, famous pair!
Kicking already? Well, that's only fair.
In this here movie game to which I'm sticking
The high-priced talent's nearly always kicking.

Duet (SHAKSPERE *and* REMBRANDT):

Why are we here, buddy?
Just to stand 'round?
Give us a steer, buddy—
You're on the ground.
Sketch us out a diagram—
What's the ideer?
Why are we, why are we,
Why are we here?

(Salvo of trumpets. Heralds, boy scouts, electricians, cameramen, animal trainers, knife throwers, sheriffs, laundrymen, rajahs and cafeteria managers approach in solemn procession.)

FIRST HERALD:

Oyez! Oyez!
Stop all this noyez!
The champion thinker of the earth,
From out his brain of granite,
Has just this instant given birth
To quite a handsome planet!

(Continued on Page 58)

I've Read Your Script and Think It's Rotten—What is Your Name, Please? I've Forgotten

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Incomparably Greater Power-Smoothness

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Today the outstanding ultra modern six-cylinder motor for extreme power-smoothness and quietness is the 7-bearing crankshaft type.

Engineered by Nash to achieve the fullest expression of this basically correct design, the newly-refined Advanced Six "Enclosed Car" motor now offers a power-ability and roadability that are literally a revelation.

With 25% greater power and 23% faster pick-up the new Advanced Six provides performance of phenomenal brilliance.

Further to accentuate operative quietness and vibrationless action Nash continues in the new Advanced Six series its standard practice for some time past of insulating the motor from the frame with heavy rubber insulators at the motor supports.

World's Smoothest Type

And Nash has developed and adopted a new scientific preventive for crankcase dilution in the form of a new-type crankcase breather.

Also included among the compelling new attractions is a new-type motor muffler; a new instrument board indirectly illuminated, with all instruments, including a hydrostatic gas gauge, in a single panel under glass; new double filament headlights; motor heat control by new thermostatic water regulation; a new oil screen "agitator" preventing oil coagulation in coldest weather; and an electric clock.

In addition, standard equipment embraces Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet seat upholstery, air cleaner, oil purifier, gasoline filter, full force-feed lubrication, 4-wheel brakes and five disc wheels, at no extra charge.

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Music Master

the horn that makes any set better

(Continued from Page 56)

(The flap of a golden tent opens and MR. DE SMITH *deep in thought, strides forth. A golden chair bearing his name precedes him. Diplomatists follow with office supplies.)*

MR. DE SMITH *(glaring at Mt. Rainier):*

This scene offends our august sight.
Yon mountain's too much to the right—
Who put it there?
(No answer.)
Dolts, are ye dead?
I think I said,
Who put it there?

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY *(apologetically):*

The Indians say their own Great Spirit
Tumbled it there and planted near it ——

DE SMITH

Bunk! Now to our scenario.
Where's that new English writer? Ho!
*(*SHAKSPERE *bows bashfully.)*
I've read your script and think it's rotten—
What is your name, please? I've forgotten.

SHAKSPERE:

As Shakspere I am known to fame.

DE SMITH.

You hate yourself, and who's to blame?
So you're the man I gave the script
Of Candida, and asked it whipped
Into some shape to suit the screen.
(Pointing to SHAKSPERE'S *version)*
The darndest hash I've ever seen!
You've made it read, in spite of me,
Just like a parlor comedy.

SHAKSPERE *(blushing):*

But, good my lord, it looked that way,
And thus the playwright wrote the play.

DE SMITH

You poor Elizabethan pote,
What care I what the playwright wrote?
Know you not that De Smith—that's me—
Deals only in Sublimity,
In cyclones, battles, Cain and Abel,
Creation and the Tower of Babel?
Go back to Avon, fly your kite;
And if you can, please, learn to write.

(Stammering, SHAKSPERE *totters to the cashier's window where* CRŒSUS *writes him a check for $1,000,000.)*

CRŒSUS *(with a worried look at* DE SMITH):

Don't you suppose we'd better start?

DE SMITH.

Where is Napoleon Bonaparte?

NAPOLEON *(saluting):*

I'm here to serve, sir.

DE SMITH

What you deserve, sir,
Is a kick in the pants.
(NAPOLEON *cringes.)*
Now gimme a chance
To tell what you're here for, you fella from France.
This Bernard Shaw comedy's lacking in punch;
So now we'll begin
Putting it in
With a big battle scene which we'll shoot before lunch.
I've got you an army on yonder high bluff.
Go put them in action at once. Do your stuff.

NAPOLEON:

Thanks, very kindly, your highness, but it ——

DE SMITH:

Do as I tell you, you insect, or quit.
(NAPOLEON *shuffles away, hat in hand.)*
I'll have trouble yet with that mean little like.
(Claps hands. Slave appears.)
Where's that Italian the sculptors call Mike?

SLAVE.

You mean Michael Angelo, highness? He's here.

MICHAEL ANGELO *(kneeling):*

By contract, I think, I am booked to appear.

DE SMITH.

Well, don't brag about it or play to the gallery.
I'm fully aware
Of the honor you bear
In playing with me. It will double your salary.
Now I'm looking for statues, and out for the best.
Have you got any samples that you can suggest?

MICHAEL ANGELO:

If you'll pardon my gloom,
Might I venture to say
That my Medici Tomb
Isn't bad in its way?

DE SMITH:

What, may I ask, does the thing represent?

MICHAEL ANGELO·

Not very much. Just a lady and gent.
They are wearing—ahem ——
(Blushes) Oh, I really can't say.

ANGELIC VISITORS *(heard distantly):*

Beware the temptation now forninst you!
All that you say will be used aginst you!

DE SMITH *(annoyed at interruption):*

Go on, Mr. Michael. Speak candidly, pray.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Well, an ounce or two less than a light negligee.

DE SMITH *(pleased):*

We'll try it!
(To CRŒSUS.)
We'll buy it!

(CRŒSUS. *with automatic melancholy, dashes off another $1,000,000 check.)*

MICHAEL ANGELO:

But, sir, I'm afraid that it isn't for sale.

DE SMITH·

Don't bore me with trifles like that.
Here's the kale.
The statues you mention will photograph well
For the big murder scene. We can work it up swell.

(Sudden clamor in the air. Innumerable STATE CENSORS *with white wings flapping, come swooping down.)*

Hymn of the CENSORS:

Though temptation's voice be sweet,
Think of what you mustn't do!
Photographic sin's defeat
Comes in Statutes One and Two.
All suggestive scenes avoid—
Think of some we have escaped!
Truth can only be enjoyed
When her limbs are thickly draped.

(Consternation. Hoof beats without. Enter WILL H. HAYS, *riding furiously on a snow-white charger. He throws himself at the feet of the* DIRECTOR *and presents a petition or something tied with a pink ribbon.)*

WILL H. HAYS:

Oh, mercy! Oh, goodness! Oh, sugar! Oh, scat!
Whatever your plans are, please, do not do that!
I ask in the name of my Presidencee
Of Producers and Distributors of Amerikee.

How often and often I've had a close shave
With naughty directors who will not behave.
But I scold 'em and hold 'em to shame if they won't—
For the censors will get them, by jing, if I don't.

By nature I'm simply a kind-hearted man;
I strive to be gentle and sweet when I can,
And teach my producers, by methods so smooth,
To cut out the rough stuff and keep in the smooth.

You must not forget how in me you invest
The power not to order, but merely suggest;
But if you don't listen, I fear you will get
The ax where they tickled Marie Antoinette.

(At this point SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, *who has been hired as consulting architect and has had nothing to do since the show commenced, leads away* MR. HAYS *weeping bitterly.)*

DE SMITH *(annoyed):*

My mood is changed. My day is spoiled.
For several hours in vain I've toiled.
I do not care for this location.
I have another inspiration.

(With a sweeping gesture of the hand he wipes out Mt. Rainier and everybody on it. Nobody survives, save SHAKSPERE, NAPOLEON, REMBRANDT *and the other illustrious employes who, being immortal, cannot be junked, even by a great producer).*

This mountain lacks in pep and passion—
I want volcanoes spouting lava.
De Smith will set another fashion—
Come on. Let's shoot a scene in Java.

(Led by SIR HENRY STANLEY, *the little expedition starts south, leaving* CRŒSUS *behind. He has spent his last million paying off* NAPOLEON'S *army and has lost interest in the production):*

Duet (SHAKSPERE *and* NAPOLEON):

The movie's a wondrous invention;
We wonder just how it is made.
With wonderful magic, both comic and tragic,
It puts the black arts in the shade.
In the wonderful progress of science,
Such wonderful pictures it shows,
With armies in motion and storms on the ocean
And airships cavorting like crows.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful wonder!
We wonder such wonders exist.
We out-of-date sages of rather dark ages
Repine for the things we have missed.
And after we've watched a rehearsal,
With its wonderful energy tall,
We wonder a scene ever gets on the screen—
For that's the big wonder of all!

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"I WAS TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION so badly that I had to take a laxative every other night. I only ate because I had to and felt tired and cross all the time. I tried taking Fleischmann's Yeast night and morning broken up in a little warm water. Now my system works regularly and I feel like eating and working. I also sleep well."

WM. E. SIMPSON, Pasadena, Calif.

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CATHERINE CLAY, Newark, N. J.

"MY FACE BECAME COVERED WITH ERUPTIONS, even my arms and body began to break out. I was discouraged. Then one day a friend invited me to dinner and induced me to eat a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast. Since then I have been taking Fleischmann's Yeast twice daily. My face and my body are clear—free from all blemishes."

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The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

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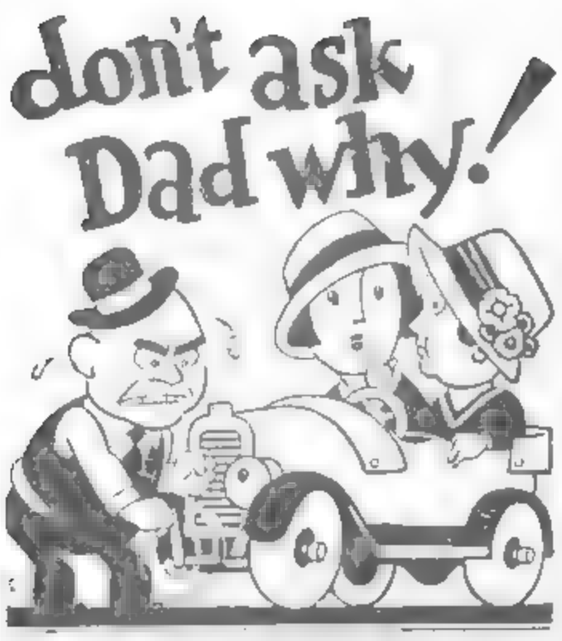
MRS. ROB MCMAHON, Albany, N. Y.



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Overland 90	requires Type No	3
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THE PARIAH OF THE MOON

(Continued from Page 50)

place of labor only," the youth ended—"the place of the finishing of a task."

"He probably means something to do with the silk harvest," I said.

Within a few days we came to understand that this which we had reached was merely a cast-off shell of the old Samadhi; that the true village had moved farther eastward, not toward the jungle, and that the Shushumna elephants had apparently gone the same way.

"I'd better go in-country for a look-see," Merlin decided. "Would it be asking too much, Crawford ——"

"No, I'll stay," said I.

"And keep old Grief, too, will you? I'm afraid he hasn't changed his way of thinking that he's an elephant cow dog. He might make it harder for me to come up with the big soft pads. I'll be back within three days—possibly less."

The second day after he had gone Netelja and I walked up the slopes from the village, following the incessant stony talk of the stream. Presently we neared the two great rocks which formed the chair of the waterfall. Almost abruptly, half a hundred feet at least, they rose, with the white cascade between them and at their base the big pool. Above the falls the two great rocks almost closed together, so that the stream went through the narrow portal with a gush.

Netelja was staring up at the rift now and spied a ledge at the top of the falls to the right. She began to make her way toward it, climbing hands and feet among the wet rocks in the very spray of the lacy pouring waters.

"Not a little gay today in her hunting clothes," I thought, the leather of her boots and habit softened from wear like a well-used glove. "You can reach that ledge a lot easier by going around the slope and coming down through the rift," I called above the din of the falls, but she made her objective and there was nothing left for me but to follow, gaining the little rocky shelf beside her—inaccessible from below save to a goat or lizard—very fit.

"Have you been here before?" Netelja inquired, drawing back from the spray.

"Yes," I panted, "but Archie and I came down through the rift instead of climbing up. When we first looked over from here, an elephant mother and her calf were bathing down below in the pool," I added in the tone of a guide of tourists. "There were lilies blooming at the edge of the water and a lot of butterflies in the air that day."

She stretched out on the ledge, face turned downward, as if to picture what I described.

"It's quite wonderful enough now," she called, "but I always hear voices where water is falling like this."

We climbed up through the narrow aperture between the great rocks and emerged to the easy slopes again, finally nearing the open gravelly place where the battle of the elephants had occurred.

"It hardly seems that death could come to a place like this," Netelja said. "The great trees so sunny and still."

"You'd have thought death could come—five mammoths laid out when I got here that day. It was in that clump of thorn bush that I found the camera."

"And then you didn't see Archie again until weeks afterward in Saubala?"

"I didn't expect to see him ever again."

Netelja bent nearer. "I've always wanted to ask you, Crawford Sahib, if you ever doubted about Drona carrying him back all that distance to Darhana."

"No other way to explain ——"

"But Archie couldn't have known—he wasn't conscious," she went on. "Wouldn't you like to know just what happened after he pitched the camera from him? Do you actually think Drona kept off that hideous fighter? How could she without any tusks?"

"Being female, she probably just glowered at him."

Clearly, no sagacity of mine would penetrate Netelja's present high mental activity.

"And do you suppose she picked him up at once and started off toward the jungle and Darhana?"

I had thought over these things a hundred times, but still wasn't prepared for probing questions.

"She was gone only three days altogether," I reminded.

A thin veil of gray cloud stole across the sun. Its faint whitish haze was in the air. Sensing the chill, I realized we were actually in a faint streamer of the cloud itself. Netelja's features showed whiter and different, to a degree that I marked the contrast from the roundish face of a sheltered younger sister—an impression made upon me the night of the bungalow party in Allahabad. Altogether since then she hadn't done so badly, I reflected. Certain moments, in fact, she had risen to fearless and unaffected ——

Just then over her shoulder a movement registered against the dark dusty green of the deodars. I must have looked shot for a second or two while getting the thing straight—a gray movement, just a stir and the sense of sudden need to keep this matter to myself—a study of gray against the dusty green of the deodars, the flapping of two great ears.

"We'd better go back," I said.

She was in no hurry. It was hardly resistance that she offered—more like inattention.

"It's really a great mystery, isn't it?" she added.

"Come on, please."

"Let's not hurry."

I caught her wrist and she let her arm come, but the rest of her didn't move; her eyes were still lost in the thorns where the camera had lain. The figure of a great gray bull was nearer in the whitish air. He had stirred out from the background of the trees, trunk and head lifted startlingly like the one in Merlin's pictures at the moment of locating the camera.

"Why, what's the matter, Crawford Sahib?" Netelja said, starting up. Then her head jerked about, following my eyes. "An elephant!"

"Our best chance is to get back into the ravine—that ledge above the falls—if we can."

"Do you think he may ——"

"He may not be one of the friendlies," I finished. She was running beside me like a boy. "I wouldn't—so fast," I whispered. "It might start him hurrying too."

"Oh, I see." Her head bowed queerly. "He isn't really after us yet."

It was true, the mottled one was merely stalking, his dignity unbroken so far. My eyes fixed ahead, threading the growths on the rolling slopes to find the shortest cut to the ravine at the point just above the rift of the two great rocks at the head of the waterfall. We had about seventy yards to go, and the bull was about the same distance behind.

"Oh, if we could only run!" I heard.

"Not while he merely keeps pace."

We had started to scramble up slope now. I didn't turn just then, but a rumbling scatter of gravel reached us as the beast crossed the open space where we had recently halted.

"Keep going!" I panted.

"But you come too!"

Plainly, any attempt of mine to cover Netelja's flight was only holding her back. It wasn't the fierce exertion of the up slope only, but a kind of nightmare—the effect of that great monster strolling after us from behind.

The ripping up of the undergrowths jerked me around. Right then I had a chance to know what Merlin must have felt when he kept on winding that day; also to know how woefully I lacked the unique daring and skill in a pinch that was my friend's graceful art. The big maniac's trot had settled and stretched out, his trunk flowing forward toward us.

It was mainly a slide for us down the steep bank, Netelja rolling over below me, her wide-stretched fingers reaching out to the roots and rocks. For a second she lay as if stunned, one arm and shoulder in the water, but was up without help, and I pushed her forward through the narrow portal between the big rocks. A last look upward and I saw the lone bull appear in broadside above, the thick blunted tusks, one canny, cunning eye that left me wonder-struck.

"He can't get through this narrow place! Oh, I'm sure he can't!" she gasped. "But do you suppose he can climb up from the pool where we did?"

"That fellow?" I remarked with little breath and less sense. "How do I know what he'll do?"

Her arm was bleeding, but just now it seemed connected with a bloody gleam I had caught in that single haunting eye. It was still before me, like a wick of red violence burning, and the oil that it burned in was patience.

We moved back out of the spray. The ledge faced the west, overlooking the village far below. The whitish cloud had dissipated. We were still panting. I reached for Netelja's arm to bind a handkerchief round the wound. She was hard to do anything for, looking down toward the village, not even trying to hold her arm still. There were yet two or three hours before sunset. Neither of us spoke the thought, but Leila would shortly be expecting our return.

That one look of the beast's eye had changed everything. The more I thought of it, the more I felt an unreliability on my part to cope with its thirsty destructiveness and the calm hasteless certainty it suggested.

"Why, he really seemed ——"

Netelja stopped, but I knew she had entered a struggle with herself like mine. I kept my eyes turned away, for what they held was doubtless more honest than my words: "We're all right for the present."

"You think he is really—the one?" she said huskily.

"You saw Archie's pictures ——"

I was thinking also of the stories the youth had told of the jungle monster kneeling upon the old man and tearing another apart—that there could not be two outcasts.

Netelja was very brave just then, and I could sense something of the fine force she used in making her lips form the words: "Archie always said that wild animals hardly ever attack men—that only once in a long time a tiger or an elephant, when crazed or starving ——"

"One of those times," I thought. Yet this one was neither crazed nor starving; he was busy about his own devilish underworld business. The face of the girl, turned toward the sun, gradually took on the look of one confronting a black immovable force.

I became aware of the slow passing of time. The sun seemed stationary; a fanning breath brought the touch of spray to our faces—delicious another time in the strong afternoon light, but I already felt a bone-deep chill within. There was a ripping in the brush above. He must have uprooted a young tree for the sound to reach us through the drum of the falls.

"I'm going to look again through the rift," Netelja said. I moved after her and peered over her shoulder—no sign of him anywhere among the rock and tree shadows.

"But I can feel him near," she said suddenly. "Why, Crawford Sahib, he seems to be getting like all I was ever afraid of made into one!"

We were back on the ledge when the click of a falling rock sounded below, its splash curiously isolated from the steady

(Continued on Page 65)

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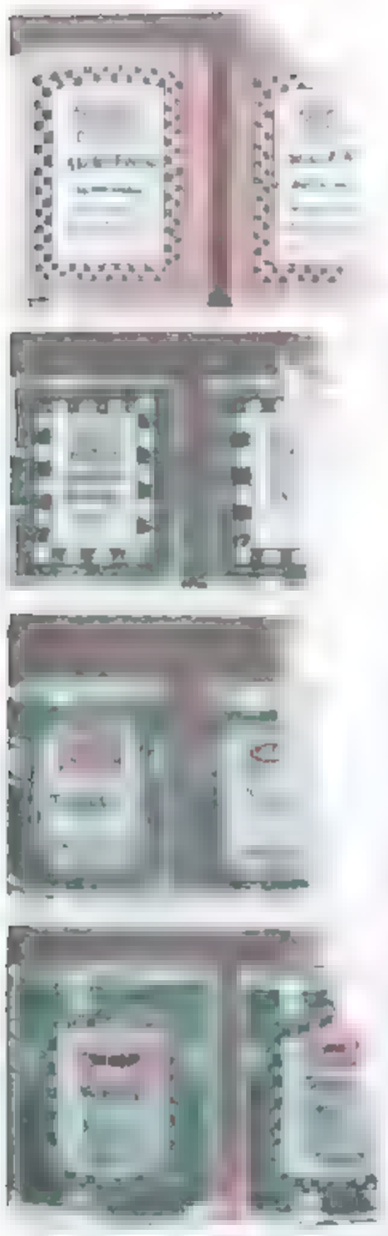

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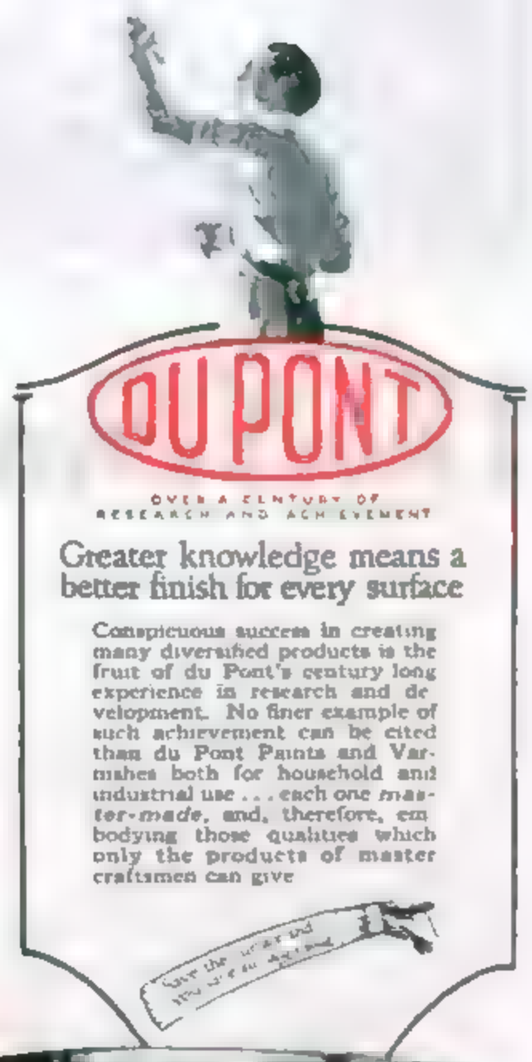
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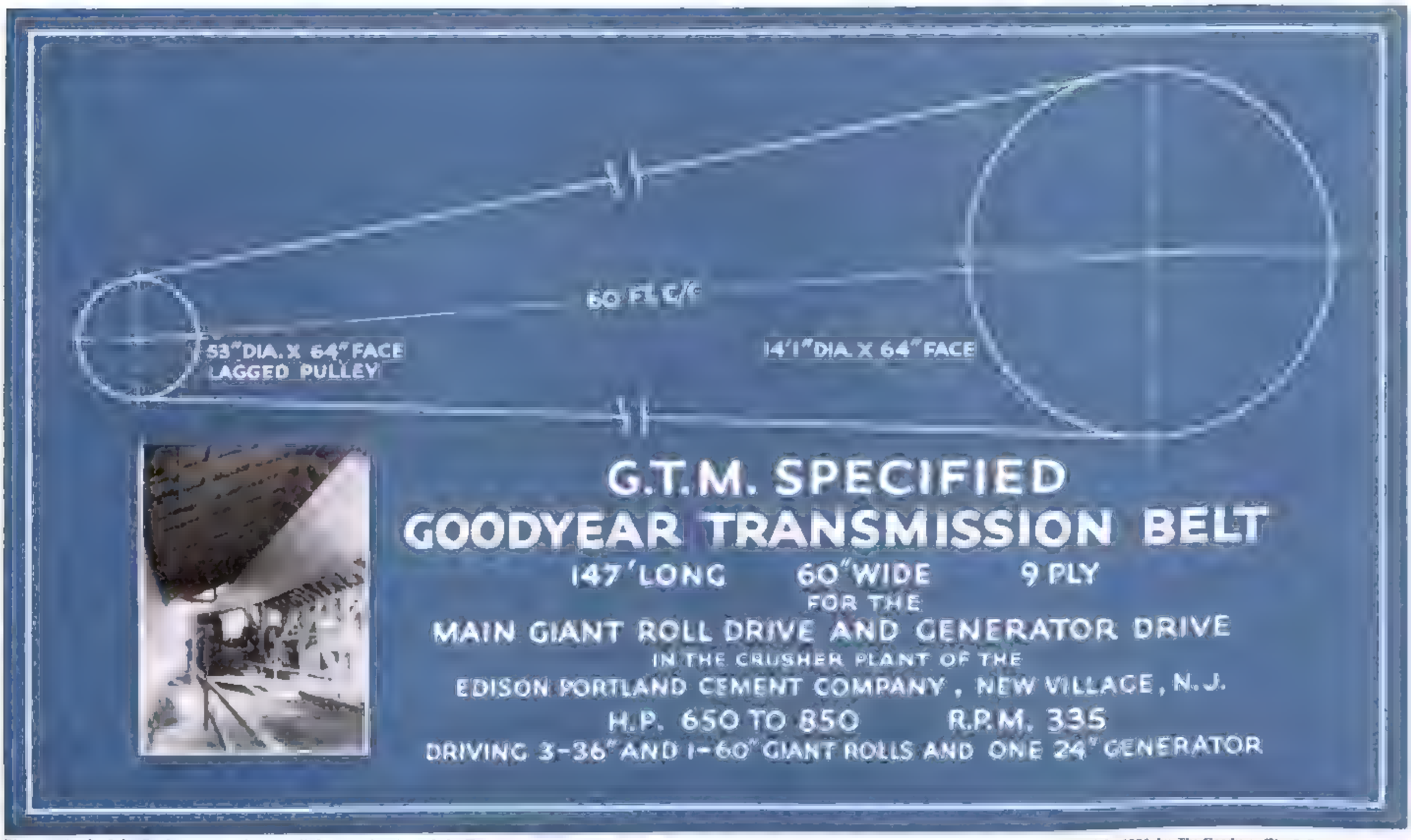

Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear-equipped main roll drive in the plant of the Edison Portland Cement Company, New Village, N. J.; with inset photograph of the installation

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The Giant Roll Drive—and the G. T. M.

You take a limestone boulder, weighing anywhere from three to ten tons, and it is a pretty tough nut to crack. The crushers that bite into it require a lot of power, and the belt that drives the rolls has to be big and husky and equal to the shock.

These are the primary facts about cement manufacture that led the Edison Portland Cement Company, of New Village, N. J., to design their new crusher installation five years ago as a complete unit—rolls, shafting, pulleys and motor all carefully calculated to work together—and then for advice on what belt should be used, they called in the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

The G. T. M. and the Plant Belt Engineer worked together on an expert and practical survey of all the main crusher drive requirements. They made careful measurements of the driving and driven pulleys; the center-to-center distance; the starting, normal and peak loads that would have to be carried; the speed per minute that would need to be maintained. They also figured in an ample margin of belt strength to provide for the terrific shock of that contact between the rolls and a ten-ton lump of solid rock.

The belt the G. T. M. recommended for that drive was installed on April 22, 1922, and now, after more than four years of day-in and day-out handling of 650 to 850 horsepower loads in that wracking duty, it looks good for an indefinite time to come. "It shows no sign whatever of being worn," writes the Assistant Purchasing Agent for the Company. "Considering the hard shocks this belt has been subjected to, the performance to date is really remarkable."

This is a Goodyear Belt, one of the largest transmission belts Goodyear has manufactured. It is 147 feet long, 60 inches wide, 9 ply. It is 60 feet center-to-center, drives at an angle of 12 degrees, and uses no idler. In its long service it naturally has required cutting for stretch, but, as the Plant Belt Engineer says, "it has never given a minute's trouble—it does nothing but work."

Here the Goodyear Analysis Plan clearly demonstrates its value. Confronted by an entirely new installation, the G. T. M. had to make his recommendations from mechanical factors, his own expert knowledge of belting, and his practical experience in this industry. The result of his analysis was that *the right belt* was specified and built for that particular job.

It stands to reason that belts so specified and built will give more efficient, economical and trouble-free service than just any belt you happen to apply. The proof of that reasoning is in the performance of Goodyear Belts, like this one on the main drive of the Edison Portland Cement Company, and like thousands of others in transmission, conveyor and elevator duty all over the country.

If you have a new installation, or a belt problem on an old one, you may find it very profitable to call in the G. T. M. He will base his findings solely on a careful study of your needs, and you may depend on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods that he recommends—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you the maximum of good service and long wear at low cost. For further information about the Goodyear Plant Analysis Method, G. T. M. service, or Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods in your line of industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 60)

cascade. We craned down, to see the outcast stretching himself up from the ravine bottom over the glassy rim of the big pool. Then we had him in the hideously intimate, as if peering through a perfectly focused lens, his spine a knotted ridgepole over which the vast mottled bulk sagged like a shapeless tent. It was apparent now what had given him the dirty look in the motion pictures—vague brownish spots, the color of weak coffee and milk.

The little eyes in that bowed, contriving head quite ignored us as he began sluicing himself with water. Netelja lay upon the rocks, looking down, while I figured what chances he had of reaching us from below; certainly no footing for a climb for huge pads like his. His lifted trunk, as I saw it, even if stretched upward would not reach within six feet of our ledge.

"It can't be done," I muttered; yet there was growing upon me from the nearness of the beast that which made me doubt any mere calculation of the eyes.

Netelja shivered. "Oh, smell him!" she said, more helplessly than at any time so far. Taint was unmistakable in the freshness of altitude and mist-washed air. "It's like something I hated as a child -the smell of a room when the paper hangers are there!"

I caught it definitely now—the smell of size and glue. She sat up, her hand reaching toward me, a forlorn fighting look in her eyes -the faltering of something very brave indeed. "Why, he seems to be made of everything that I loathe and fear!"

Now we saw the warty wrinkles under the fore dome as the trunk stretched up toward us. The tip quivered searchingly, always higher, trailing sentiency with every touch. The lips had been torn and healed white—ugly leechlike dilation and indrawal as they played silkily along the rocks. Netelja had gripped my wrist, and I sensed in her something like the temptation one feels to jump from a high place.

"Don't—don't let me, Crawford Sahib!"

She meant for me to keep her from reaching down as to a hand. As we looked into it, the dilating tip vanished, as a nozzle vanishes when its stream spurts, and a slugging blast of tepid water struck our faces—a brothy, filthy smell. We had jerked back—no words for that insult.

Quite as if unaware, the monster went on sluicing himself without a dart of his eye upward that we could detect. Finally the hoglike back stretched out as he let himself down into the ravine again; then, leisurely, he circled the base of the great rock to the left, passing from sight.

Netelja broke the silence: "He isn't gone—oh, I can't feel he's given up and gone away!"

She was right; there wasn't the stuff in the outcast to quit. He might even want to quit, but couldn't, I thought, burdened by the feeling that his sort of timeless patience could bring solution to any problem.

"It isn't that I'm so afraid of him," Netelja said.

"I'm afraid of him," I reflected—"damned scared, in fact."

She added, after a moment, "It's that he has made me afraid of something in myself!"

One of her things I didn't try to make sense to. The sun was lower. I saw the distant hazy notch where it would go down in an hour more. I wished for Merlin—not to get him into this, of course, but for something he had that I needed now. He could always laugh when I got serious; the more the danger, the cooler and steadier his handling of himself. I had been brought up in the idea that life is real, earnest—an infliction he seemed to have missed. Netelja was staring toward the slope at the point where the evil one had vanished, with the same concentration that she had poured upon the clump of thorn bushes a while back.

"Can they see in the night—elephants?" she asked.

"Yes; I understand they sleep little and do a lot of feeding in the dark."

"I wonder if we really could hear anything with the water sounding so," she went on presently; "but I've been hearing Leila calling."

I had heard nothing of the kind; but a minute later, quite a way down on a slope among the long shadows, I saw Grief, head down, nosing about for our trail. When I turned, Netelja had left the ledge and was standing at the rift, her back to me. The necessity which loomed in my mind made that moment very grim. I spoke her name, but her hand lifted for silence, and over her shoulder, just visible through the leafage at the upper rim of the ravine, I saw the slowly swaying trunk. He was certainly having fun with us in his abysmal fashion.

"He means to make us more and more afraid—back and forth like that!" Netelja whispered.

"Leila's on her way up toward us," I told her hastily. "I've got to go down and send her back."

"You mean to leave the ledge?"

"No other way. If he hangs round up there back of the rock I may go and come without his noticing."

"I'll stay here in the opening. It may help to keep him up there, but, Crawford Sahib ——"

Her low words trailed after me. Unexpectedly then I met a look in her eyes that I can think of only as like the rift in the rocks back of her—a sudden opening to heights and blue sky.

"You won't remember how I've acted, will you?"

"I won't be long," was all I could say.

A subtle cowardice was clearly alive in me, but I was more afraid of staying on the rock and letting Leila come up into the zone of the monster than of what might happen. Letting myself down the narrow oozy footings to the pool, I felt exposed to all fears of the world and underworld; then hugged the shadows of the ravine bottom. The stream widened and became less noisy, the slopes more gradual. What I dreaded most was that Grief would sense my approach and begin barking, attracting the enemy's attention. Leila was coming. I gained higher ground and waved her back. She halted, her lips formed to speak.

"Please go back quickly!" I called, hurrying toward her. "Netelja is safe on a ledge above the falls."

I saw her question—why I had come to tell her this—then her eyes widened to a strained look directed beyond me. Before turning I knew. Against the sky line, up toward the big rocks of the cataract, stood the outcast, and began at once to ease down. That was the instant Grief's barking first reached me. A second later I saw the terrier braced, barking uphill before the great bull, as if to hold off a soiled iceberg that was beginning to slip.

"Go down to the village and wait, please," I said quickly to Leila. "He can't reach Netelja. I'll make my way back to her—as soon as he gets out of the way."

"But what about Grief?"

"Don't wait for him. You go quickly."

I had reason to know Leila Merlin's quality, but never like that moment as she turned without a single word.

The one hope now was that Grief might hold the elephant's attention until Leila was safe, possibly even until I could reach the ledge. Concealed among the rocks of the ravine, I watched the drama of the mite and the monster—something so villainous in the curved lure of the outstretched trunk that I forgot myself for some seconds in the terrier's bristling nerve. Not more than two feet of daylight showed between Grief's nose and the tip of that devilish scimitar, held out to pet and crush, before the dog gave his first inch, backing down into the ravine, holding the peril from his mistress, but blocking my path of return to the ledge.

Sparring and countering—always that bit of open between the treacherous tip and the tiny black head—much noise from the little one, silence from the monster—until both passed out of my range among the bigger rocks at the foot of the falls. It occurred to me then that what I now missed was spread out for Netelja on the ledge.

Abruptly the barking stopped. It didn't die out—stopped in full cry. Then more minutes of creeping chill and settling dark. If night fell, there would be no way to know if the monster left the ravine, leaving me a clear passage to the ledge. Finally I ventured a bit farther upstream, the din of the waters louder. Then I knew what Netelja meant by hearing voices in the torrent, being continually distracted by fancied callings from her, whimperings from the dog, the soft thudding of elephant pads—in those moments of strained listening and watching—before the evil one emerged from the rocks, making his way up toward the ridge.

Her figure crouched above—the white of her face showing in the last daylight from the west by the time I reached the rim of the basin at the foot of the falls. Her huddled posture showed no change. I couldn't be sure that her hand lifted—that climb among the slippery rocks had been hard enough in full daylight—until her hand reached down, a lifeless chill from the touch.

"Did he get Grief?" I panted, kneeling before her. "Can't you speak, please?"

"He played with him, coaxed him—to a corner!" Her hand left mine to point down toward the big stones.

"But Leila is safe."

"No one is safe—ever again!"

A faint pricking of lights far below in the village, hazy points of western stars; always the chill of the rocks deepening, the icy breath of the spray reaching us at the farthest corner of the ledge.

Finally a pallor filled in the night spaces. I remembered the moon as if it were something learned about for the first time yesterday, and moved back to the rift for a look.

It was rising nearly full in the east. Its bulge seemed uncouth, the icy deadness of it apparent as never before. I had stepped a little way up the bank, feeling for roots and twigs, before discovering the solitary one standing motionless farther above. He seemed basking in his own dubious element. That was the instant I knew something of what the Samadhi youth meant by "pariah of the moon." No other name fitted like that; certainly a ghostly look standing there; less inexplicable now what the natives meant by his belonging to the moon, not the sun.

"Anyway, he can't get to us now any more than in daylight," I said, still convincing myself.

Netelja opened her jacket and began drying leaves one by one against her waist, when I came back with an armful of branches. Moments afterward, just as I was about to risk another precious match, she began:

"Crawford Sahib, I don't know if you can ever forgive me, but I'm going to be better now; more of a ——"

"What, Netelja?"

"I mean it could never be with me again—quite as it was." I waited. "It wasn't fear of death, you know, nor Grief's death," she went on. "It was the smell of him, first of all, and then the way he moved. Then while you were gone I thought I'd die when I couldn't hold him up there. I talked, pleaded. He seemed amused. He seemed to say, 'I'll come back, and you can do it some more.' He showed me up to myself. Why, he was like the Dweller on the Threshold to me!"

I had heard the last phrase before and drew a subtle effect from it without understanding exactly. She went on talking in her strange way, but that cold apathy so hard to stand from her was gone. Under my hand a sick little flame was fighting for its life; I scarcely breathed.

"One can never be the same again—after that," she went on. "And you've been with me through it all."

"Yes."

"It all counts, you know."

"Quick—a few more of the dryest leaves."

"Crawford Sahib, did he make you see yourself too?"

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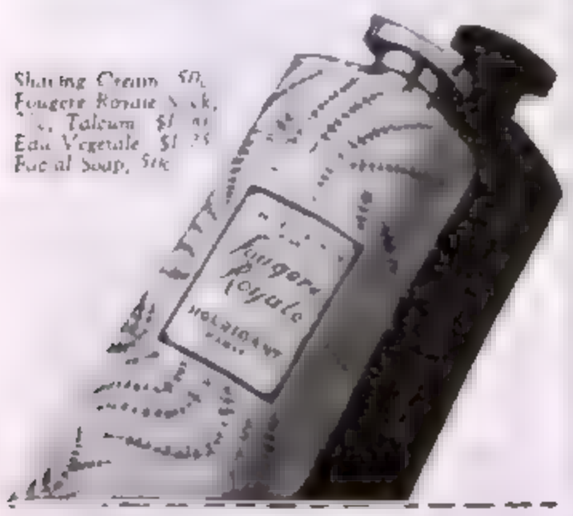

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"I had elephantiasis—bad case—if that's what you mean."

"It isn't," she answered.

The wood sizzled and fried: I had to cut into the heart of the larger pieces to get slivers dry enough to keep on with; the damp branches we piled around to dry mainly kept off such little heat as there was from ourselves. Yet a kind of courage had come to our ledge.

The fire was going. I chanced another foray to the upper ravine, like Crusoe to the ship. We had to move back from the blaze after that.

"It was wonderful, the way you went to warn Leila."

"Nothing else to do."

"But I was frozen here like a limpet, though I'll never be proud and puffy again."

Long afterward, sitting up against the rock, I noted her fingers relaxing on a stick she held. That was the first of her series of dozes. Hours later still, I dropped off unintentionally and came to, congealed throughout, in the icy gray of dawn.

"Hello!" I called, alone on the ledge.

"Yes"—from the rift. "I didn't want to wake you by stirring the fire. The sun will rise in a few minutes. Come here and look you can see the golden streamers already." She was actually animated from the prospect of daybreak. "Why, think, we have water and fire! Today we can gather plenty of wood." Could she be coolly figuring on another night? "Why, think, many people fast for days just for their health!"

I dug under the ashes and found a bit of red to light a cigarette. This was a sort of ceremony to take the place of toast and tea and an egg or two, which almost any part of the world had supplied heretofore at this hour. To fast is one thing; to be forced to starve another. A while afterward, absorbed in a rich thought form having to do with a Virginia ham we had unjacketed yesterday, the possibility grew of risking a dash to the village to fetch it back; but just then the pariah came wending upward along the edge of the stream, our first glimpse of him since his moonlight exposure.

The same insinuating patience chilled me as he sprawled up through the overflow into the basin—patience to paralyze any contender. It was well on into forenoon, but still the sun wasn't high enough to reach the pool over the great rocks. He wasn't cold; the icy waters were relishable to that great bulk in shadow as well as sunlight. A start from Netelja made me glance down at last. A change, sudden and extraordinary, had come over the outcast. His trunk had lifted and seemed to freeze. Some doom had sounded for him which we didn't as yet understand.

"Do you hear anything?" I asked.

Netelja didn't answer but hastened back to the rift. Standing there, she cupped her hands behind her ears to shut off the sound of the waters from behind.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, and I had already caught the far trumpeting. Not high-pitched, but bell-like—a peculiar floating quality that registered delicately above the din of the falls. Once before only—from Bhima, one night with the Bond-Finley herd—I had heard a call like that.

"It's from the open place of the battle, where we were yesterday," Netelja said.

Then we were thrust back against the rocks by the ear-splitting storm from below—the wild forlorn answer of the pariah to that far challenge from the battleground. A summons for him—no two ways. He let himself down from the pool, his pace increasing as he reached the slope, taking the grade at a trot—inexplicable ease in his stride, as if rolling the earth under him like a great ball on easy bearings. He rounded the rock; we sat in silence, no hope of explanation from each other. We were two who waited outside a locked room where a battle to the death was taking place. The issue had all to do with us—quite as if we awaited the opening door for friend or enemy to emerge.

"If he doesn't come back soon we can make a run for it to the village," I said.

"Not too soon," she whispered.

The sun was straight up like a burning glass, fully an hour later, when a big stone came flinging down the slope toward the bed of the stream. We could not yet see what had started it going. An elephant rarely loosens a stone like that in his travels.

Seconds of unparalleled tension before the issue—the pariah coming back, altered, stricken, his legs looping under him with a lying-down movement with each step. The side to us was a blind smear, the wagging ear but partly curtaining the frightful wounds between his jaw and shoulder.

"He wants water—he's trying to get to the water"—from Netelja.

He had reached the big stones at the edge of the stream, trunk groping forward, when his footing gave way and the maimed tonnage sprawled among the rocks, the crunch of one broken tusk reaching us intimately as if the rock under our feet had splintered.

Then he lay drinking like a poisoned thing—never to stop, it seemed—the single question drumming in our brains—could he rise again? A hail from above—Merlin standing in the rift. He came down swiftly to the ledge and I knew one of those moments that follow an ordeal—the grip of a man's hand, fine as any romance.

"Sorry you had to miss the battle, but I've got the pictures," he said. I didn't care to see even the pictures right then. Merlin's eyes fixed upon the fallen hulk. "So he reached water," he muttered. "Looks done for, doesn't he? Quit cold, with enough left in him to reach water. A Shushumna elephant would have died thirsty. You're safe to leave now. Come with me."

We climbed the steep side of the ravine after him. Leila was hurrying toward us. That white tired smile of hers brought back a swift memory of the hard days in Saubala. Netelja ran toward her; then I saw the two women standing together on high ground.

"Who—what finished the brute, Archie?" I asked.

"Come and see."

"But how did you get here so early?" I persisted as we hastened forward toward the battleground.

"Leila brought the news."

"To you—where?"

"Fifteen miles back yonder in-country. Yes, she made it alone in the night. Couldn't do anything with the Samadhi folks. No one in the village could stir with the outcast abroad, so she circled back around the falls here last evening—reached me at daybreak. . . . How's the little sister?"

I had to extricate myself from a kind of interwoven destiny before answering: "Why, she's been—all that you could ask of one of the same family."

He was quiet for a moment, smiling in his game way.

"I see—that is, you don't need to tell me, Crawford, about the little chap. Leila was afraid it was so ——"

"She wouldn't even have got back to the village last evening—nor I back to the ledge—if it hadn't been for Grief."

"I'll be glad to think of it that way," he said.

Now in the open, not far from the place where Bhima had fallen, I saw a great Shushumna male sitting on his knees. What was so strange about the little old Hindu working at the mammoth head was that he was turbanless. It was Gudakesha, stanching the neck wounds of his beloved with the folds of his own head cloth. The old mahout salaamed as I approached.

"Bhishma," I said, though looking upon the brow of the majestic one for the first time.

"It could be no other, sahib, and still live," Gudakesha said in his stately way.

"But where's Drona?"

The queerest low laugh sounded from Merlin at my side.

"She couldn't come, but sent her lord."

I didn't know if he referred to Bhishma or her mahout.

"We will go to her presently and you'll see why," he added.

Leila and Netelja had joined us. The mournful tones of Gudakesha carried on: "It is not that my lord is in danger of death, but that he suffers so greatly. Go quickly now to the village and tell them to bring back clean cloths and precious oils."

As we left him and the wounded champion, I glanced toward the summit of the Shushumna ridge for the coming of the carrion birds as on that other day after the battle of elephants. Not a speck in the sky so far, and this amounted to a curious forewarning—that the pariah had not been destroyed. Netelja, hurrying ahead as we neared the rim of the ravine, turned with blanched look. I pushed past her to find the great beast gone from the stream. A red-flecked trail forked away from our path down to the village.

"Made straight for cover in the jungle," Merlin said. "Queer, I thought of putting him out as he drank, but all we have is popguns for his sort ——"

The youth who had interpreted ran toward us as we approached the village. "Is it Bhishma?" he cried. "Is it Bhishma who has come?"

We made haste to assure him, and he called exultantly to a group of his people hurrying up; then we heard the lifting of native voices: "Bhishma has come! Bhishma who walks with men! Bhishma, the great king!"

The youth raised his arms as if to inaugurate a new era: "It was even so—that we were at work at our looms—when we heard from the heights the trumpeting of our deliverer!"

Netelja's eyes took him in with cold strangeness—turned wearily to the jungle—then settled on me. "Oh, Crawford Sahib, do you think it is all for us to do again?"

A further baffling second. Of course it was the revulsion of nerves after the rescue, her hands outstretching for something to grasp. Leila softly intervened, I stepping aside, but the moaning tones trailed after me:

"He couldn't die because we're not finished—I mean, I'm not. Oh, yes, Crawford Sahib was quite perfect—but I didn't do my part ——"

At this point I began to doubt if I was present.

"Please, Leila, you tell him!"

"What, Netelja?"

"That I won't act cross and unreasonable to him again'"

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THE FAT NUN'S BLUE PARROT

(Continued from Page 4

each hour of it were torment. Her father had gone some errand, her mother to a cupboard in the next room.

"If only those men would kill the tiger," she complained to herself. "We're all in prison. I can't bear it."

The street lay empty but for a guard squatting half awake under the huge pistachio tree, and for a man who came lazily, with head bent sidewise, fanning his throat.

"You are sad, little one?" The man halted and smiled. A stranger, he appeared amiable. "It is wrong to be sad, when so young and beautiful."

He praised the weather, folded and tucked away his fan, cast an approving glance into the room behind her, then smiled again. Well built, neatly dressed, he had a bland face, very winning eyes and a gentle turn of speech.

"Here," said he, "is what may sweeten the affair." He gave her a thick lump of candied melon rind, fresh and crisp. "I know your father well, my dear. What is your grief?"

"Nothing, thank you, uncle. You are most kind, your melon is heavenly. A stupid girl was fretting because the tiger keeps us penned in."

The man laughed. "That famous tiger? Dear child, set your mind at ease. The tiger's gone long and far away. They saw him nine days ago on the west mountain beyond the other valley and are chasing him. So fear no more, and run about."

She jumped up, to duck him a little bow of gratitude.

"You remind me," said her charmer, her bringer of glad tidings. "Do you know the bird's nest, under your house here, that has five baby birds hugging one another? They open their mouths to beg food and let you look right down their throats, which are redder than strawberries bitten in two. Young palpitating mites they are, not fledged. Great fun. Come see them gape red and hug in a bunch."

She followed him to the corner of the house. Between it and the neighbor's a path, or narrow chute of broken rock, dived among oak and chestnut that slanted billowy, top under green top, forest leaves cascading down the ravine.

"My mother?"

"Oh, true." He lowered her gently into the path. "Wait. I'll go back and ask whether you may or not."

Up round the corner he climbed. If he and mother were talking by the front door, she could not hear them. But in a moment he returned, broadly cheerful, slid past and beckoned her downward.

"All right. Mother said yes. Come on."

It was pleasant to be free again, to climb below the houses and to go plunging deeper and deeper down a cool green shade. Their rocky stairway dropped into a path, more or less well-beaten, which descended toward the left, and on which her companion began striding briskly. After him she trotted, asking a hundred questions.

"Not so loud," he warned her. "Sink your voice."

"We must not frighten our birds?"

"That is it." He smiled back at her. "You are clever, little one."

The path went winding down through leaves, branches, rocks, led them zigzag through a steep grove of pines, and then among old camphor trees dense with lighter foliage. Threading a lonely hollow, they waded in blue salvia. The flowers, the profusion of color, gave her great joy, but almost as much alarm. She had never seen this fairy place before.

"Are we going right?"

"Only a dozen steps more now." The man gave her another crinkled slab of melon candy. "By the time you have eaten that, we shall find the nest."

Halfway down a glen smothered in bamboo, where the green trunks made bewildering pointed arches that opened every way to close and tangle, she grew frightened.

"Let us go back. It is too empty, uncle. You said our birds were just below the house."

Her guide halted and turning, cast down at her an odd look. There was mirth in it, but nothing friendly.

"True. Well below the house."

"Where are we?" she cried. "I must go home!"

"Must you?"

The child shrank away and screamed. He caught her fiercely in his arms, choked her throat, and at top speed ran with her down the ravine. Kicking, biting, scratching, she felt the man's power grip her like nightmare. Bamboo switched their faces, then camphor leaves, then brush, undergrowth, flowers and brambles, while the runner went crashing down, jumping from rock to rock. Gravel slid and clattered away. Light blazed through her tears.

"Got one," he grunted. "Wake up there, be alive!"

They stood in full sunlight by water, a narrow clear green water that reflected the branches and vines drooping into it, the iron-red cliffs impending like fantastic ruined walls. Underfoot lay a small open boat, old, greasy, dark-brown, from the gunwale of which a dark-brown man, naked to his loin cloth, sat upright with a jerk and grinned. He had an ugly pock-pitted countenance.

"A good catch," he grunted. "Luck this time. A pretty one."

"Ai-yah!" Her captor jumped on board. "She is stronger than a devil."

When they had pushed into mid-river, he let go her throat.

"Yell now, brat, if you dare."

She sank before him, kneeling. "I will not go! I will not! My father, my mother! Take me home!"

How could she have thought this liar's broad pale face to be kindly or the smile in his eyes anything but fraud? He tilted his fan for a sunshade and mocked her.

"Help me, help me!"

"Oh, yes, help you."

He struck her across the mouth so hard that she fell flat. Upstream hurried the boat, quivering to the sweep of the paddle. Cowed by the blow, the first ever dealt her, faint with heat which the gunwales confined like an oven, she lay sobbing and wiped off blood from her lips.

"A handsome one." The boatman laughed as he paddled. "A beauty. Trade is looking up. The master who bites the clouds at Wind-Weary Notch will be pleased."

All afternoon their journey continued on still green water, through gorges of hanging forest and rock. The two men chatted in a private undertone, with many words of slang or of doubtful sense, though there was nothing on the river but now and then wild ducks that scuttered from view.

At sunset the boat rounded a sharp woodland promontory and, gliding to the opposite bend among alders, grated its bow on shore.

"Up with you!"

Her enemy snatched the girl, jumped out, and half carrying, half dragging her under branches, came headlong into an open place, a nook between river and mountain. The tumble-down specter of a house gaped here among wild shrubbery. This hovel he entered and dumped her on the weeds of the floor.

"Stay there," he ordered, "and be quiet, or I kill you."

An afterglow of sunset pierced the ruin with orange fire. It was a habitation, the girl knew, for cannibals and ghouls and unholy ones of the night who make medicine from babies' eyes.

"Let me go!"

She bounded up, screaming, and when this ghoul drove her back from the doorway, ran screaming round the room. He gave chase, knocked her down with blow on blow, pummeled her into a corner and began kicking her head against the wall. Pain and terror were the last things to swim away.

"What child?"

In a dullness of the same pain and terror, she woke—or had a feverish dream that she woke—to hear a loud voice and behold the room darkening, the orange fire gone.

"What child is that who suffers?"

The broken doorway contained a figure, black on early twilight; a squat, broad figure, with great sleeves hanging loose, and a puckered skullcap on its head, which bent inward as though to peer and hearken.

"My own," replied the voice of that man, the ghoul. He stood near and sounded gruff. "My own child, a bad girl whom I had to reprove. Be off with you, sir. It is fulfilled so of evil, our part of the woods here, that strangers who have circumspection walk by nimbly toward their own affairs."

The figure at the door laughed and walked right in.

"I am no sir, but a woman," it said. "All our world, wise elder brother, so abounds with multifarious gewgaws of evil that I fear nothing any more except to grow like them, or to acquiesce. Therefore let a weakling of the Ni Ku, if she may, correct for you this wanton child who lolls her head on the downy magnificence of your floor."

The man strode forward. "Bah!" said he. "One of the Three Aunts. A fat nun, crammed with the food of the poor. . . . Come, enough gabble. On your way!"

The bulky woman did not stir. "After I examine the child."

Their adversary bristled in a rage. "You East-West!" he cried. "Outdoors, and leg it, you mountain cow!"

"A petty error," sighed the nun; "yet error it is, to speak like those whose grandparents have neglected the strain in breeding."

The fellow hit, with all his might, at her face. Though hardly appearing to move, it was not there, but elsewhere, and beamed as placid as ever. Out from her gulf of sleeve shot an arm larger and darker than a smoked ham, which made one reply, with a crack. The kidnaper's chin flew round to his shoulder as on a pivot; he stood wavering, mouth open, eyes glazed; then joint by joint he limbered himself down like a folding rule and lay on the indoor weeds.

"Well," sighed the nun, "so far so good. Any more?"

Two more leaped in, shouting—the boatman and a lanky giant with a cudgel. As they came, they struck. She put out one finger, blunt as the butt end of a yam, and lunging twice, pegged first the boatman, then his mate, plumb between the eyes. With a howl, each rascal clapped his hands over the spot, and turned and ran staggering into the twilight. Long afterward they swore that an ogress drove an iron bolt clean through their brains, leaving a hole which, though invisible, ached for many a day.

"And so good evening," chuckled the sister. "Now, pet bird — Why, it's my little Blue Girl! The pattern of our life is woven together. I thought so when we met and you ran toward me in the rain. Ah, poor battered head!"

If this were not all dream in sickness, the Blue Girl felt herself raised, comforted and borne away. Mighty arms carried her as on a floating bed; whispers, kindly nonsense, inveigled her to think no more, to cease from wonder and fear, to let pain grow dim like every shadow of earth, like this rapid, easy motion where black leaves went winging by and a thousand stars melted into sleep.

II

DAYLIGHT woke her. It was the early sun, inclining through an open door and across a bare white room. She lay in bed. Her first waking breath came cool with the fragrance of water lilies. Remote, confined, mellow, a gong boomed one stroke that passed throbbing on still air. The girl sat up.

"Father, mother?"

Her head was not giddy now, but sore to the touch, even through bandage wound like a turban.

"They are both well. Sleep again."

Squatting on the ground by the door, a black bundle of cloth made this reply and lifted a human face, a wide, calm face that beamed in the sun. It was the fat woman of last night's dream who spoke. Her hands moved quickly, threading or plaiting golden bamboo fiber across a round frame, a sieve or tray for the winnowing of tea.

"Go on," she advised, "with your nap."

The girl watched her for a time. "Noble aunt, where are we?"

"Where?" The nun bit off a thread of bamboo as if her teeth were wire nippers. "Lotus Pond Abbey."

"How came I here?"

"My arms brought you," grunted the weaver. "All night, at a quick trot. And you are solid, bluebird."

"May one go home?" The busy brown hands kept on working. Out of bed jumped the girl, to cross a floor which became tottery and sit on the ground. "May we go home, aunt?"

"Hush, dear. Lean your back against my wall and enjoy morning."

High jagged hills, pinnacles of cypress and tallow tree, bosoms of clearing dotted vineyardlike with tea shrub, drew a ring close round a little green valley or basin, brimful with sunshine. Here at the bottom of it, huddling as if to warm their aged stone, a gray dwarfish temple and low gray buildings formed three sides of a quadrangle. Water lay on the fourth side—an oblong pond where scallops of mirrored light shone among lily pads.

"You cannot doze here?" From her winnowing tray the sister looked up, now and again, watchful. "You cannot absorb the quiet?"

There was no sound unless a rumor of the temple gong, humming like a brazen bee in a cavern. Bright with sun among flower beds, dark with massive trees, the quadrangle held not a human figure, not a movement except the wavering of butterflies. Nun and girl sat alone by their door, the door of a stone hut which lay somewhat removed, near the pond. Lilies, rose-pink or white as clotted snow adrift on water, gave out a cool purity sweetening all, withdrawing, on some unfelt breath of air.

"It is peace. But it is not home."

The stout woman laughed. "Aha, my tiny blue parrot," she said, "you would rather chatter than sleep? Well, have your way. But lean back and listen. My name is Ching Wun, and I speak the truth to you. The Lotus Pond Abbey is not my home, either, but one of many places where I sojourn by the way. A tea buyer who left here at dawn to cross the mountains will tell your father and mother where we are. I could not send you with him, for he's a five-pronged rascal. The country is disturbed, unsafe, darkened. As a poor follower of the light in all darkness, I have certain steps to fumble after, to grope toward, and then to take with extreme care. These must come first, before anything else. In time I can bring you happily home. Not now, perhaps not for many days." The nun dropped work to bend on her hearer a long, penetrating stare, which went through and beyond the nearness of their eyes. "Do you think, little soul—do you think you can believe an old wandering creature who fought over you last night?"

Without thinking, the girl knew once for all. "I stay. Keep me, enlightened one, for your daughter a while."

Ching Wun's face, broad, leather-brown, writhed for a moment like a hard man's face weakening to cry. Then it smiled briefly and grew composed.

(Continued on Page 73)

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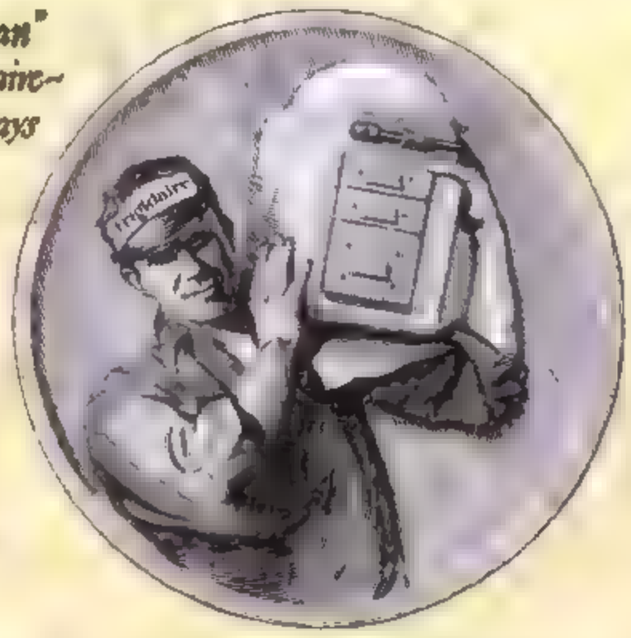

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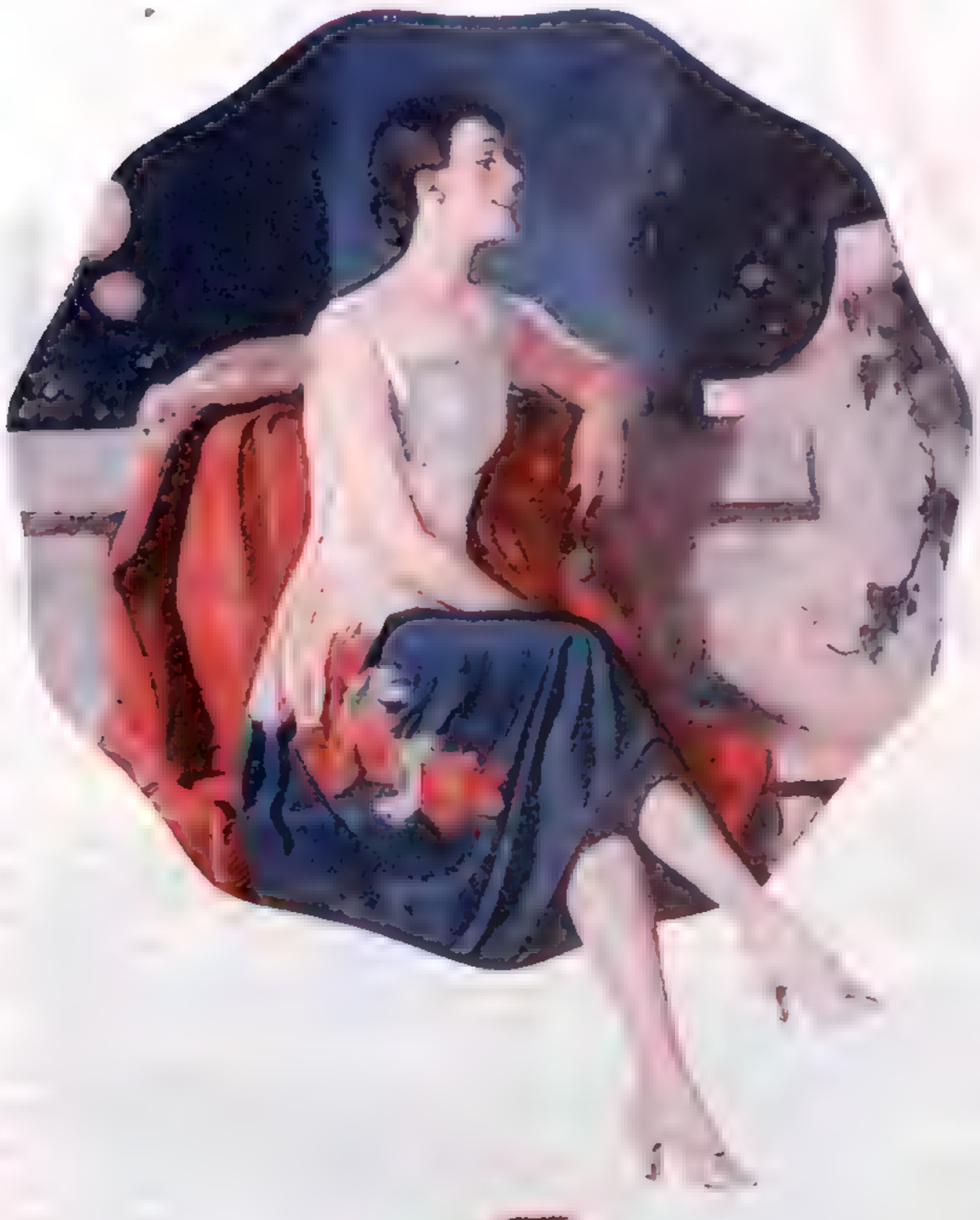

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(Continued from Page 68)

"Enough, daughter. Come, tell me how the sons of darkness trapped you."

Weaving, nipping off bamboo threads with her teeth, nodding, she heard all the tale of that liar and his melon candy.

"What?" she inquired. "His boatman talked of the master doing what, where?"

"'The master who bites the clouds at Wind-Weary Notch will be pleased.' The boatman talked so. I could not understand him."

"But you remember it?" said Ching Wun. "You are sure, word for word? Then glory be where due forever, but you own a good head, and you keep it even when clouted. Go on."

At the end of the narrative, she made a comment:

"One step begins to grow clearer. With your help we shall take it. . . . Ah, me, selfish old sinning woman, when you are not fed. I go cook." She jumped up, flung away her sieve and ran indoors.

With this talk, a plain breakfast, a course of quiet healing—for the nun, it seemed, was both fighter and medicine woman, who could not only crack heads but mend them—began very smoothly the career of the Blue Parrot. So everyone, from abbess down, called her. They were many, these long-coated shaven sisters; many, and in a tranquil way, busy, and not unkind to the girl.

She seldom found the quadrangle bare of them again, except when rising at daylight she went with her novice's broom to sweep the temple stair and the ground beneath a venerable tree. Without hurry, under no compulsion, she became a good weaver, a good seamstress, and a better cook of vegetables than her mother had been, or any woman at home. On the steep hillside, high up that funnel at bottom of which the abbey lay like a toy village, she and the nuns climbed among dark evergreen shrubbery, from bush to bush of the well-ordered rows, picking tea, laughing, singing. Afterward an old woman taught her how to fire and roll and winnow the fragrant leaves.

Meantime Ching Wun came and went, vanished, reappeared at uncanny hours, yet had always great leisure for the instructing of her handmaid.

"Come, Blue Parrot." She beckoned the way one morning to a level ground, hidden between blank wall and forest. "We take a lesson of our own."

It was an odd lesson. The fat vagabond raised her hand, balancing a pair of chopsticks rather high, as if about to eat an imaginary morsel.

"Attend."

Overhead sailed one of the many butterflies. After it she ran, sprang like a bounding bear, plucked once, and came to earth lightly. It was an absurd gambol, yet a wonder; for there she had the butterfly, caught between her chopsticks.

"Unharmed. Never hurt them, dear."

On her palm she let the butterfly rest with wings folded, then threw it in air, to go deviating at liberty, none the worse.

"Can you do that?"

She handed the girl her chopsticks. They were not of black wood, but of iron, two heavy little wands.

"Oh, no, aunt! It is magic!"

"It is control," replied Ching Wun. "A true eye, a strong, quick, delicate hand; these you are to have, and you shall. The body is but a horse, an idle sulking brute, which the spirit rides. You must learn to ride, to control. . . . No, no, wait; you do not begin by mashing our butterflies. There will be hard practice before you can toss a green leaf up and catch it without bruising."

Hard practice, indeed, was this game of iron chopsticks daily, hour after hour, as, aching in all her bones, Blue Parrot worked for a trainer whom she could not satisfy, who drove her to repeat the first and dullest movement with fingers or toes, and who caviled at a hairbreadth of misplay. She had not even caught a falling leaf, or been allowed to try, when suddenly came reward.

"You have the gift, little daughter," said the nun, as they drank tea beside their door one evening, "and you have patience. The time is near when an old fool may show you why we drudge at our foolery. But now go in, to sleep. I will wash the bowls. Quick, pop into bed as you are."

Hardly a breathing time afterward, so the girl thought, she woke and felt a hand withdraw from her forehead. The room was dark.

"Up!" said a whisper. "Come!"

It moved away. She rose, followed, and outdoors by starlight overtook the great shadow of Ching Wun, waiting with hamper on back and staff in hand. A chill and a forlorn sense of late hours haunted the air. Fog reared ghostly above the pool. Shadows together, woman and child hurried across the courtyard; avoided the temple, where a solitary night lamp stirred a haze of gilding and darkness within; avoided the skeleton barricade where driers of tea had left their bamboo trellises; and so on higher ground entered a ravine like a pit yawning. Up this the nun clambered without a word, a pause for breath or so much as a click of her staff. Blue Parrot kept at heel by eyesight only, by watching a gross blur that now melted into rock or tree, now heaved unshapen toward the stars.

By hilltop, connecting ridge, abrupt descent to the foot of harder and rougher climbing again, their journey continued for what may have been half a night. Dawn overtook them in a grove of oil firs.

"Here." Ching Wun left the path and dodged into a hollow, a den among rock and brush where the firs grew thickest. "We go to bed." Unbinding her hamper, she drew from it a wadded quilt. "We sleep on evergreen."

They did so, bundled together. When Blue Parrot woke, noon sunlight and a warm savor of balsam filled the grove.

"Mark now," advised her companion, as they ate from a wallet. "Remember. Night marching while other folk dream has great virtue; they whom you leave behind cannot tell where you go; they whom you seek cannot tell whence you come. A great and twofold blessing in my work."

"What may be your heaven-directed work sometimes, Reverend Lady of Peace?"

"Oho!" cried the sister. "Wait a bit, sugar tongue. You'll know quick enough this evening."

All afternoon their path wound along mountainside. The day was clear and hot. They found the cover of walnut or of lance-leaved pine to be grateful, but more often toiled against a bare height of crag, their breath turning dizzy, their feet scorching, as if they walked on a brick oven. The peaks above, the narrow interfluent gorges choked by tree tops below, had no sign that anything unquiet remained on earth but the rush of some stream like a sunken breeze. When the path began to drop, however, to lean far down, with shadows pouring athwart and rays of green-gold mist deepening and dissolving the woods, fragment after fragment of habitation caught the eye—a road that hooked round granite, a sagging bridge, claw marks hoed on a wild farm and tatters of thatch among foliage.

"Now," grunted Ching Wun, "it is near. We rest before battle."

They halted, sat and fed in a thicket of azalea, overlooking roofs, nine or ten huts dribbled where a pass like the cut of an ax nicked the mountains. Beyond this nick, sunset glorified a country descending in waves to a remote level green as meadow; sunset painted with airy color an old town cocking on a hill not far below in the vista.

"Wind-Weary Notch. For a long, long time I never could find it, because the name is not a true name, but thieves' jabbering."

"And the master? What is he?"

"One whom we shall reason with tonight. Are you afraid?"

"No," said Blue Parrot; then, to be truthful, added, "Not with you."

The nun, taking from a soapstone vial a pinch of herb snuff, doubled her brawny legs to sit cushioned on them like a graven image. Her face wore its oddest look, a wide benignance covering hard humor.

"He may find our mode of reason too strict."

The azaleas began to darken with twilight.

"This will do," murmured Ching Wun, and rose. "Late enough."

Down a bank of brier and fern they crept into the village. It was altogether silent, every hut as though asleep or dead or long abandoned. The Wind-Weary Notch contained in its gloom neither voice nor footstep, only a hollow sigh of warm air drawing through. Ching Wun led the way, bobbed round the corner of a house, and at a door beneath which glimmered a faint strip of light, caught the girl's hand and waited there stock-still.

After a time they heard a rustle and a change within; a clink of brass, dull strokes which might have been a cracked bell failing to ring, and at which, as at a happy omen, Ching Wun gave a nod and a squeeze of the hand; then, after more silence, a languid voice droning words that remained inarticulate.

"Very well," came an answer. "Tomorrow."

The door opened. A man stepped out and closed it behind him. Moving away, he encountered that broad obstacle, the nun.

"Who are you?" His growl was both angry and alarmed. "What do you want here?"

"To congratulate the master. I've brought him a good catch—this young prize in blue, as lovely as Kuei-fei."

The man, who was tall, bent and peered and peered at them.

"You're not of us. An old wife? No, a shave-head, meddling here. You won't meddle twice!"

His hand flew toward the hilt of a knife which it never got. Ching Wun's hand, flat open, dealt him a terrific blow near the base of the neck. He leaned backward all of a piece against the wall, upright, his chin aloft.

"The first paralyzes, you now observe. The second kills." Ching Wun threw his knife over the house, away up the fern bank. "Tell me, sir, what you have reported to the master this evening. No? Shall I strike again? The second kills."

He whimpered, with long-drawn croupy noises.

"Wait till you can swallow," advised the nun. "So. Now report."

Her hand rose in air like a hatchet ready to chop.

"Only one boy." He gabbled, hoarse and sick. "One boy. We left him—in the hole of Black Mountain—seven li from here—outside the notch on your right—just before the salt smugglers' way goes through Brook Tunnel. One boy is all. . . . My throat, my throat! Let me go, great champion!"

Taking him by an ear, she removed him from the wall as one peels off a placard.

"Away then, sir. The next time you meet a child, run for your life."

Somewhere down the darkness of the notch, her victim cleared his windpipe enough to go railing:

"You mud worm, you sow, let our trade alone! You Lu Fung, you ugly ancient evil odor!"

"Thank you very much," called the nun. "Gentle stranger, your lightest word is a command."

She patted the girl's hair, and for a moment stood shaking with jollity. Then, quiet and active, she waddled nearer the door to give it a push.

"Tight. But no matter."

A dark oblong of window patched the house front overhead. Ching Wun sprang from tiptoe, caught the ledge, went up like a spider and butted with her head. Two leaves of wooden shutter flew apart. Through the lighted opening her body stuffed itself, her head and arms hung down.

"Reach and take my hands."

Blue Parrot, obeying, soared over the window ledge. Except for that bump of head on wood, their entrance made no sound. They were in a doleful room where a lamp guttered beside a bed and soft sweetish fumes wreathed like miasma. On the bed lay a man who crooned and muttered, either not knowing that anyone had broken in or not caring. By and by he rolled on his pillow, thrust forward one hand with an opium pipe and knocked ashes into a brass bowl, which gave the same flat ringing note as before.

"Ai-yah!" he yawned. "Fill, and fill, and fill another."

Ching Wun walked straight to the foot of his bed. "You bite the clouds this evening, master?"

He twirled a shaking bead of opium to roast and sputter above the lamp.

"I nibble," he mused, as if alone. "I nibble them, I nibble. Eh, heh, very good. Yes, I nibble the clouds of glory."

His answer made him recall, perhaps, that there had been a question. He drooped again on the bed, to stare vaguely round—a dry little old creature with taut skin glazed over the bones of his face. When that roving look discovered her, a black phantom square across the bed foot, he came to life. It was a shocking resurrection, the cold, keen, wicked blaze of intelligence in this mummy's eyes.

"You appear late," said he. "Robbers? If you come to carry off my goods, I have none."

"To carry off you," replied the fat nun cheerily. "And you know why, Master Baby-Snatch."

The smoker whirled out of bed and launched his pipe at her face like a dart. She moved hardly at all, yet enough. As it flew by, an awful hand gave him the very chop which had stunned his fellow.

"Undo the door, my child. Run out, please, and fetch the back hamper."

With joy, Blue Parrot skipped on this errand, wondering what her magnificent companion would do next, hoping it might be to cram the old man double down their basket. When she returned, however, Ching Wun had him bound with cord from heel to shoulder and was laying him, a long stiff parcel, on the bed.

"Thank you, dear. Shame to hit such a runt; but though puny, he is king of the vile. Now fasten door and window for me. That's very nice."

Ransacking her hamper while she talked, the nun dragged from it a cheap account book, a worn-out crumb or nubble of ink slab and a frowzy brush. Near the lamp on the table she arranged all these, then drew a chair and planted herself, waggling to make proof the chair could maintain her.

"Here comes the hard lug," she groaned. "I do hate writing."

She sucked the brush to a point, frowned like a goblin, scratched her head through the puckering hole of her cap and began work.

"To His Honor the magistrate in the town below. . . . Damn this ink and this fool robber's lamp. Oh, pardon, Lord of Light, an ignorant old woman cursing what she cannot do. Forget your ears, little maid."

Muscular toil, with many a grimace and puff, did the deed. She rose from it weary. The written page, torn out, she folded into a narrow ribbon and tucked it under the cords down her prisoner's back, while he made no motion but that of breathing.

"Our worst job's ended." Ching Wun repacked her hamper, then shouldered it. "My arms are full." She picked up the smoker, dandled him like a baby, and grinning, blew out his lamp. "Therefore you will carry my staff, won't you? It leans round the corner. Good girl. Shut the door."

After clinging sweetness of opium, air and starlight revived them with cool mountain purity. Downhill they trudged through the gap, and so beneath a wider firmament.

"He weighs less than you. How small a thing can be how evil!"

(Continued on Page 75)

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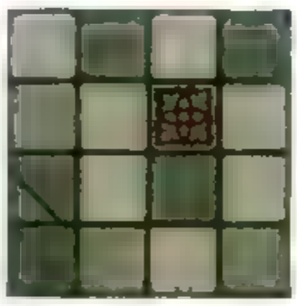

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PLAIN INLAID JASPE PRINTED

for every floor in the house

Continued from Page 73

Without another word spoken, they came at last into a town, a riddle of dark and stinking ways. There somebody, faint-hearted watchman or beggar, drew toward them and hailed:

"Who so late?"

The sister went marching by. "A widow," she moaned, "with her poor son Look out, he has the falling sickness, my friend, and may tear his own body or yours. Pray you, keep clear."

In the dirtiest lane of any, under a wall with tiled coping, she set her burden to ground.

"This, my sweetheart, is the jail. . . . Here, take off our basket. Hold the loose end of his cord; be ready; throw it up when I tell you. Now to bite a piece out of the roof."

So saying, Ching Wun gathered low, ran and fluttered to the high eaves like a bat. On the jail roof there sounded, presently, a hint of tiles clinking.

"Throw up my cord, brave one."

Blue Parrot swung and let it fly toward the whisper.

"Well aimed. . . . The hole's big enough for two of him. Back away now. I hoist."

From the mud up the wall, over the coping, obscurely, jerked in a tight package the master who bit the clouds.

Alone with starlight and a fearful odor, Blue Parrot hugged herself, waiting.

"Oho!" The nun dropped at her side. "He's in, lowered away. Their roof won't even drip, next rain. But what a surprise for the ungodly tomorrow morning!"

III

WHEN the morrow morning broke, two dialogues far apart in space went on at the same time. A worthy prefect, bored by the routine of a highland station, crawled from bed wrong foot foremost. He had been playing chess late with a companion and a jar of wine. Could not these barbarians let a man sleep?

"Urgent, Your Honor," his major-domo persisted. "Urgent, horrid. An outbreak of devils."

The water lamp still burned. By its light the prefect huddled on his robe, then swept angrily to his office.

"What outbreak?"

Cringing, twittering, an old man with a vermilion hat bowed before him.

"Not quite, Excellency. Forgive me, but rather, to be precise, inbreak."

His Excellency took the chair so hard that a pair of candle flames bent down blue.

"It is an extraordinary hour, my dear sir: but if we are now both beginning the day, perhaps not too early to talk sense. You keep the town jail, do you not?"

"To the fag end of a mean ability, I do, sir."

"Proceed."

The jailer bowed, coughed, stammered and could not begin. Fear shook him like a palsy.

"How—how careful I am," he at last groaned, "your omniscience is aware. My books also prove it. Fidelity, sleepless fidelity — —"

"No doubt," barked the prefect, "you have a hundred eyes without an eyelid. Be brief."

"Excellence, hear me! What can the Five Unalterable Virtues do when a law of Nature is broken? Last night we counted every prisoner, made the jail more secure than a rock. The key hung at my side. This morning in the corridor we find a strange man lashed with cord, on the floor. One too many. Laid like an egg. Can a man dissolve through stone and mortar? Can a man bound helpless as a pig in a porter's basket?"

"True, indeed. Very acute and searching. What did this miracle of yours offer in reply?"

"Nothing"

"What does he want?"

"To be let out again."

"My ingenious brother," said the magistrate grimly, "if you are diverting me with a winter's tale ——"

"No, no!" The warden wrung his hands. "In my distress I had forgotten. Down the man's back was this label, or ticket, which bears your venerable name."

A narrow fold of paper, when undone, showed by candlelight as nothing more than a flimsy page torn from an account book, with writing down the pink-ruled columns.

"Illiterate."

So affirmed the judge, with a smile; but he had not read far when the smile departed:

I hear too many boys and girls are being lost: you never do anything. Either you know that the robbers of children flourish, or you do not. If you do know, then you are a dishonored person, taking money from them. This beast in your jail is their head chief. I am not your dog to catch them all, but this much I do out of love and sorrow for little children.

Further proof: A boy, stolen, is kept in the hole of Black Mountain, seven li from the Notch, near Brook Tunnel. Go get him. To work, sir. Capture, punish, end them. If not, look out, you lose your head.

THE NIGHTWALKER WHO PASSES THROUGH WALLS.

From a silent reading the prefect leaned backward. Where one had shaken with fear of death, there now were two. The warden saw the eyes of greatness turn more haggard than his own.

"What did you with your—our new prisoner?"

"Chained him, sir."

"Good! Well done!" The paper, lighted at a candle, vanished in fire. The prefect's hand was tremulous. "Keep him so, my friend. I will put him to the question. And hark, friend."

"Excellence?"

"Being a prompt, loyal officer, you must have care of your health. We can't afford to lose you. Have a tender care of your health. Do not tax the vocal organs. You follow me?"

"Your most obsequious mute."

"Black art and statecraft—I say no more. Will you call my clerk? Time presses, and there are many orders to give. I must have runners out on that mountain by sunrise."

Thus began an era long remembered in town and country; it brought ruin to a thriving trade, some woebegone children home, various heads to earth in Execution Yard, and to a prefect whose energy all men had undervalued, great renown.

Over the hills and far away, at the same hour, another dialogue went on, but without fear and with much hilarity.

"What in the world makes you laugh so, my Parrot?"

"You, Aunt Mother. You are so great and comical. Greater than those who live in the story of old time."

"Fie, honey-tongue!"

Like a black bear in a cotton robe, the nun sat on her haunches and waved her paw. She was fanning a heap of live coals. Dark-blue dawn penetrated with mystery the fir wood, the hollow among balsam and rock, their former camp on high. "Still flattering, when you have seen my job?"

"Oh, it was wonderful!"

"Not bad." The little fire shone ruby on a moon face and thick lips pouting to blow. "Not bad for night work. . . . When you make tea, dear, boil the water only so, to this moment when pearls weave up and joggle at you. Never spoil by overdoing."

Ching Wun set the pot away to draw, then diced a cake of bean curd in a skillet. The hiss and the hungry odor of good frying accompanied her talk.

"Wonder, you think? No, plain performance. Or to me, a fighting woman bred, an old vagrant rough-and-tumble, half outlaw, the wonder appears moderate. Our art has only a threefold root—purpose or clear conscience; training; and knowledge of the weak part, where to strike, how easily, for what hard effect. A wicker nose ring leads a buffalo. That's all. As with tea, never spoil by overdoing. . . . Ho, ho, sweetheart, the cook babbles!"

"And I," cried Blue Parrot, "do love to hear her! Your wisdom opens a door into the world. Tell me, tell me, can you take a weakling through it, oh, subtle champion, to go with you forever?"

"H'm," said the cook. "It smells done. Let's eat."

Their fire shrank, an ember; the strange blue darkness among the firs waned into common dusk; and before they drank the hot brew flavored with ginger, and ate their bean-cake dice, all round them a stir, a change, a solemnity of difference came wakening the mountains.

"Forever? No, I cannot take you so far," replied Ching Wun at last. "But part way, I can. We shall not clip off this pretty hair, to make you a dismal old thing like me, everybody's aunt, nobody's. Will you come with me to Lotus Pond, and when you have caught your butterfly with the iron chopsticks, learn all our ancient method—or go home with me to your own father and mother? Choose now."

For a time Blue Parrot remained still; then she began to sway back and forth, crying, "Woe on this hour! A bitter choice!"

The nun laughed. "There spoke your true heart," she answered. "Little maid, father and mother have given me word. You may stay if you like."

Uncovering her head, the girl sat in a kind of glory, a nimbus, all rapture and tears.

"Ah?" Ching Wun's leathery face betrayed nothing. "The right ones never choose; they are chosen."

In the fir boughs a peephole showed morning vapor welling milk-white from a chasm, rising thin and luminous toward a western peak that floated bright above sunrise.

"To have got our small boy in his cave—bah, no! Can't do everything. He's all right by now." Sister Ching Wun admired the mountaintop. "Well, novice, loving this great bag of misery, the world, you may do for it—what not, who knows? Come; under my wing, chicken."

They rolled their quilt round them, and with it, like a charm, the sleep of tired hunters.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

health wins again!

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JAPANESE HUMOR

By Yusuke Tsurumi

WHEN Jiggs and Maggie began to appear on the front page of the evening edition of the Tokio Asahi with over half a million circulation, about three years ago, wise men of the town shook their heads and said, "They are going too far." It did not take two weeks to find out, however, that the wise men were wrong and the editors of the paper were right. The weird American humor, as it seemed to the wise men, carried the whole nation before it. The curious expressions of these two Americans, with still more curious mentality and idiosyncrasies, took the whole nation by storm. People vied with one another in picking up the paper every afternoon to see what these two great Americans had done that day. It became so popular that it was dramatized and put on the stage with success. Then another daily came out with Bringing Up Father with the same amount of success. Side by side with Japanese creations, American cartoons began to be a distinctive feature of Japanese dailies. The shrewd publishers knew the temper of people better than the wise men.

But it did not take a shrewd publisher to discover that Japanese people would welcome American cartoons with their fresh and original note of cheerfulness. It was manifest in the tremendous popularity of Charlie Chaplin on the screen. The younger generation of Japan had been rolling on their sides with glee over the strangely appealing humor of this American screen star. The ground had been well paved for Jiggs and Maggie by Charlie Chaplin. It was the call of new blood. America was the young nation of the West, and Japan was the rejuvenated country of the East. While the wise old men of Tokio were frowning over the growing spell of America, the young generation of the country swept forward and responded. The pent-up desire to burst forth in wholesome laughter at last found expression in the new note of Japanese humor. The innate craving for sunshine, joyousness, romance and adventure that had been suppressed for centuries under rigid feudalism and later under nationalism was bursting forth in a new environment and began to sweep all the barriers before it.

The Philosophy of Feudalism

Even as under the Renaissance the Italian mind underwent a change, and long afterward by the new adventure along the banks of the Mississippi the Anglo-Saxon mind, so was the Japanese mind taking on a new note after its contact with the West. They were sunshiny, risk-loving forefathers who came in dugouts and spread all over Japan thousands of years ago. The blood that surged in their arteries called for achievements and wholesome laughter. And they lived responding to that call. Then from China came Confucianism in the third century, with its rigid discipline of order and decorum. Later came Buddhism in the sixth century, with its sublime promise of Nirvana beyond our mortal life. Again in the twelfth century a strong political system of feudalism based on individual discipline and restraint supplanted the glorious era of Heian—794–1183—when the literary genius of the nation had found its freest expression. The philosophy of feudalism culminated in the teaching of Bushido, or code of morals for knights, as expounded by Soko Yamaga late in the seventeenth century. Thus the child of Nature was tamed and broken in. The teachings of Confucianism, Buddhism and Bushido gradually toned down the joyous and spontaneous nature of the Japanese, and the quiet dignity of reserve became the order of life. Yet the simple tenet of Shintoism, the indigenous teaching of the land, had enough vitality to come back later with renewed vigor for laughter and sunshine. Proofs are not lacking that in the early days when we had no influx of teachings from the Asiatic continent, and the simple teaching of original Shintoism was the only philosophy in existence, the life of the Japanese was devoid of formality and pensiveness.

For instance, if you are told that the Japanese Empire was built on laughter, you would think it a big joke in more senses than one. But it is a fact, at least as I know it. The story is like this: The Sun Goddess, who created the world and who specially favored Japan and adopted it as her pet country, got tired of her younger brother, Susanoo-no-Mikoto, who cut her silk looms and broke the roofs of her houses, and she retired into the heavenly cave, closing the gate behind her with a huge stone door. It was thousands and thousands of years ago, of course. The whole world became suddenly dark. The people were very unhappy. They could not till or hunt. So the eight million gods and goddesses who inhabited the country assembled in front of the heavenly cave and held a conference.

Taking Their Politics Lightly

A fair goddess by the name of Usume-no-Mikoto volunteered herself to give a dance in order to appease the anger of the Sun Goddess. They brought out a wooden tub in their midst, and on it the fair goddess danced merrily. It was a funny dance. Yes, it was funny! The eight million gods and goddesses burst out in hearty laughter. The peals of their laughter shook the mountains and echoed and reëchoed over the woods and dales. They reached the ears of the Sun Goddess. Seized by curiosity, she slightly opened the heavy door and peeped out to see what it was all about. Cheering rays flickered on the crests of hills and tops of trees. Just slightly, you know. It was then that the strong god, Tajikarao-no-Mikoto, the Japanese Samson, sprang up and, seizing the slightly opened door, pushed it wide open. Hah! The flood of sunshine! And the whole world was bright and happy again. If the fair goddess hadn't danced and all the eight million gods and goddesses hadn't laughed, the Sun Goddess would never have come out and the world would still have been dark. So there you are.

Gradually, however, this spirit of freedom and joyousness was supplanted by stolidity and reserve. Yet after sixteen hundred years of Confucian discipline and thirteen hundred of Buddhism, in the basic stratum of the Japanese mind the ancient carefree boyishness was lurking. And it began to come forward with a new lease of life after Japan's entrance into the world of Western civilization.

Election for political office is a new thing in Japan. But with what glee the people are going into it! Political meetings of all kinds supply an immense amount of merriment for country folks who cannot go to movies very often. They jeer and heckle the speakers to their hearts' content. In a fall election during the war a smart politician from town was trying to impress the agrarian audience with the importance of the moment in the history of the world, and commenced with all the gravity in the world, "Gentlemen, do you know what a crucial time it is now?" "Harvesting time!" came a voice from the gallery, and the whole house rose in uproar.

Another time a candidate for Parliament was speaking on the diplomatic crisis of the empire, emphasizing his remarks by tremendous gestures. At the top of his voice he shouted, "We must not shirk, countrymen; we must make a bold forward step," and, walking one step forward, he slipped into the audience amidst great laughter. He was elected!

During the last campaign, in 1924, a governor of a certain prefecture ran for a seat in the Parliament in his native town, from which the late Premier Hara had been returned for over twenty years. The announcement of his candidacy was made by a long telegram addressed to the tombstone of the late premier in a temple ground of that town. The old abbot of the temple to whom the wire was delivered by a postman had an awful time about how to transmit the message to the addressee. The sender came to the abbot's rescue, however, and solved the difficulty by publishing the text in all the newspapers.

I also was in the last campaign on an independent ticket. My opponent, who represented the Government Party, was a teacher in an agricultural school in that district. It was an agrarian district. He and his friends held a meeting in a small village. The audience was all composed of peasants.

His friend was speaking. He said: "Gentlemen, there are two things that our opponents are saying as the best reasons that Tsurumi should be sent to Parliament. One is that he has been abroad very often. All right; if that is the best qualification for an M. P., why not elect a captain of one of the European liners of the Japan Mail Steamship Company? (Laughter.) The other reason is that he knows the English language. All right; if that is the best qualification for a Japanese M. P., why not elect one of those guides in Yokohama?" A great applause encouraged the speaker, so he went on: "Gentlemen, the reason we support our candidate, who will speak presently, is neither because he squandered the Japanese nation's money in going abroad nor because he wasted his brains in such a useless endeavor as acquiring English, but simply because since his graduation from college he has been working on the field as an ordinary farmer." Thereupon one of the oldest peasants in the audience cried, "Is that the requirement to be an M.P.? Why, if so, we are all better qualified than your man. We have been working in the field since boyhood and haven't been to college either!" That brought down the whole house.

Kato's Practical Humor

Some Japanese public men use humor as their weapon very often. The late Admiral Kato, the chief Japanese delegate to the Washington Conference, had a curious sense of humor. While premier he was one day under a severe fire of questions from a very able member of the House of Peers. After the premier had answered him from the tribune, he said, "I have a few more questions, which, with the permission of the speaker, I am going to put from my own seat." He was trying to cross-examine the premier. Premier Kato stood up and, in his casual way, said, "You see, I am a little bit deaf. I can hear you better if you could kindly speak from the tribune." The questioner's seat was way back. Angrily the questioner began to make his long trips back and forth between the seat and the tribune. The premier's seat was very near the tribune, and he could make very easy trips with his slim figure. By the time the questioner made two long trips, his silk shirt rustling about his stout body and his face red with irritation, the whole house was so amused by the humorous situation and laughed so hard that the intensity of the atmosphere was all broken. The man gave up questioning.

Sometimes the Japanese sense of humor crops up in a curious and inconvenient way. An Englishman once was walking on a bank

—straight talk

I want to ask what you know about the clothes you wear. It's a sad fact that the average man knows little about inherent quality. Now, a woman...

A man sees a suit or overcoat he likes and buys it. Just assure him it's "all-wool" and he's satisfied. However, that term "all-wool" may cover a multitude of sins.

Now virgin wool is another thing. It's wool right from the sheep's back. New wool that has never before been woven into cloth—not like re-worked wool for instance, which more often than not gets into the "all-wool" category. Virgin wool retains all of its original warmth and life and luster.

Here, in Oregon City, we weave woolens from virgin wool—been doing it for sixty-two years. These woolens are tailored into Jacobs Oregon City suits and overcoats, in our own tailor shops.

Naturally, virgin wool gives long, satisfactory service. It stands up through thick and thin. You may ask, "What about style?"

Well, our designers have been drafted from eastern style centers. They turn out models that are as correct on Fifth Avenue as they are in Hollywood. Today style knows no boundaries.

I'll say that when you can get stylish, good looking, extra service clothes at moderate prices, you have a combination that's hard to beat.

If you would like to know more about virgin wool—how it is converted into fine woolens and stylish, serviceable suits and overcoats—just drop me a line

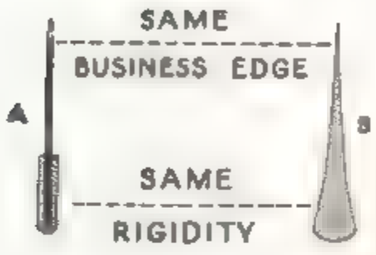
A. R. Jacobs

P. S. If you're fond of fishing I shall be glad to send you a little folder telling about those 30 and 40-pound Royal Chinook salmon we land right below the Falls, not 100 yards from the mills. Address me personally, A. R. Jacobs, President—

OREGON CITY WOOLEN MILLS
Founded in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Oregon City, Oregon

Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

Tempered to diamond hardness— Blade built like an old fashioned razor!



YOU can compare Ever-Ready shaves only to the shaves you've always wished were possible.

For Ever-Ready has the same business edge as the old-fashioned razor.

The blade is sturdy, staunch, substantial. It has the body and the "temper" to take and hold a microscopically keen edge. Rigidly reinforced with a solid steel backbone, it doesn't bend or wobble—it makes a clean sweep the first time over!

Beards Bow
to Ever-Ready Razors!

Perfectly balanced, splendidly machined, the Ever-Ready Razor brings out your smiles as it takes off your beard. It's the finest razor you ever used. If your old Ever-Ready isn't giving you 100% satisfaction, our service department will replace it because you bought it with a 10-year guarantee. Send it to

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
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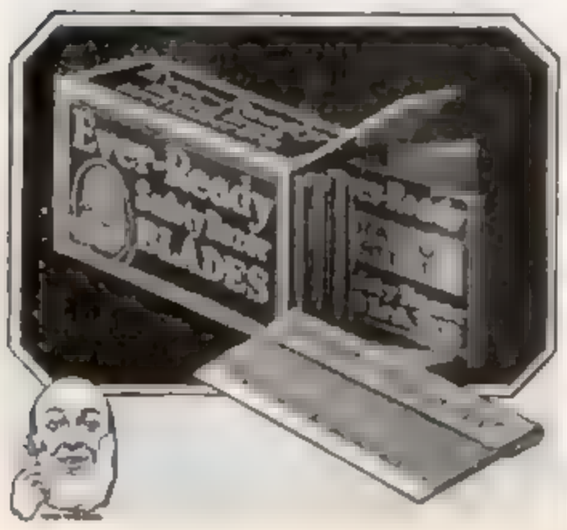


of a river with his Japanese friend. He was absorbed in his talk. All his attention was concentrated in his tongue. Some river banks are slippery, as you know. It happened to be so in this particular case. The Englishman lost his step on the smooth grass and before he could say —— he was fast shooting down toward the bottom of the bank, that is to say, into the water. While he was sliding downward, fuming and flushed, the Japanese on the bank, instead of coming to his help, exploded in laughter, holding his sides. When the Englishman reached the water he was red with anger.

A friend laughing at another's misfortune! By George! What a barbarous race! He raged. That was the end of the two men's friendship. The Japanese was sorry but could not help laughing. A Japanese friend would never have been so angry at him, he thought. He would have laughed back from the water. It was really a comical situation, anyhow, to see a dignified gentleman in shining shoes and pressed trousers slipping into water. On such occasions our thin veneer of reserve drops off and our real jovial self crops out.

The jovial sunshiny nature of the people which brought the Sun Goddess out of her cave thousands of years ago, and which again increased the sale of the Evening Asahi with Jiggs and Maggie recently, has had to undergo a strong discipline for many centuries owing to the introduction of sublime yet somber teachings from the Asiatic continent, as I said before. I always wonder what would have resulted if we had come under the influence of the Greeks instead of the Chinese and Hindus in an early period of our cultural development. The comedies of Aristophanes and Greek mythology with nymphs and Pan would have gone very far in encouraging the spontaneous and joyous side of our nature. But it is a significant fact that even the great teachings of Confucius and Buddha took on different colors the moment they were transplanted into Japan. Buddhism and Confucianism function in Japan in a manner different from that on the Asiatic continent. After all, the climate of an island is different from that of a continent. The colors of trees and mountains are softer and the sun shines more cheerfully. And surrounded by waters of soothing blue, life is not so harsh and competitive as on the mainland. There was thus more room for us to keep our sense of humor, and we did.

When Peasants Learned to Laugh

It was all right that samurai—knights—should keep their dignified appearance, but there was no reason why the peasant should not have a good laugh over a nice joke. The sense of humor inherent in the people cropped up once and again in art and literature. As early as the twelfth century, the priest Toba was painting fearfully funny cartoons on paper and silk. The priest Ikkyu was bold enough to dare to tell funny stories in the face of the mighty shogun, Yoshimitsu, himself in the fourteenth century. Did not the whole town of Kioto laugh over the well-put jokes of Ikkyu? Lacking newspapers to voice public sentiment, the Japanese of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries wrote funny limericks on the walls of busy streets of Kioto criticizing the deeds of the ruling class. The nation had to wait, however, until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the sense of humor of the common people to find an open expression in literature. Great writers appeared in these periods and gave expression to the long pent-up sense of humor. It first was appreciated and enjoyed by the merchants of Yedo—present Tokio—and permeated through all classes, both upward and downward. Long stories of undoubted merit began to appear in great numbers, and through the somber air of Bushido-ridden Yedo rang the peals of honest laughter of the common people of Japan. It was the revolt of the awakening democracy against the stagnant aristocracy which held to the serene tenets of silence and stolidity. It deepened the color of the so-called Yedo temper.

Most of the humorous literature of Japan finds its origin in these periods. The forms of expression were story, poem of seventeen syllables, comedy, joke and cartoon. Particularly limericks—*senryu*—and jokes were in vogue. Gradually there developed a peculiar trade of reciting stories. These professional story-tellers constitute a peculiar feature of Japanese enjoyment of humor. As Americans retell the good stories from their magazines, the Japanese imitated the stories of these story-tellers. The humor of the story-teller permeates the Japanese life. Some of them are real geniuses and can entertain people for hours.

Jokes and good stories in any country depend on the twist of words. Puns are particularly in vogue in Japan, and a Japanese never loses a chance to play upon words in ordinary conversation among friends. These are not, of course, considered a high type of humor. Real humor has become pretty subtle and involved, owing particularly to the existence of professional story-tellers. Sometimes it takes an unsophisticated person a day or two to discover the point.

Teetotally Drunk

Understatement is more frequent than exaggeration. Perversion of a situation is very often used. To make a light touch or a hint without trying to provoke laughter artificially was considered good taste. "'See the rooster yawning,' said a deaf man," is a famous limerick, and shows the taste of Yedo people in the eighteenth century. Another example of this kind is:

Yielding twice
In the game of chess,
The fellow went home
With money borrowed.

The era of Genroku—1688–1703—was a great period of artistic revival, and humorists were not slow to appear. In the era of Bunka—1804–1817—and that of Bunsei—1818–1829—greater writers appeared and enriched the Japanese literature with humor. It is quite interesting to note that these last were the years that preceded by seventeen years the arrival of the American battleships under Commodore Biddle to Japan in 1846. They were the years when, by the pressure from outside, the people's minds were beginning to stir up. Let me give a few examples of the jokes of those days.

A man once saw a lobster being boiled in a kettle. He was deeply impressed by that and thought everything must be boiled in a kettle to get a red color. A few days later he met a procession of a *daimio*—a feudal lord—coming down the street. Seeing the servants carrying long spears with red-painted handles, he exclaimed, "My, what a lord! He must have an awfully large kettle."

Drunkards have always been good subjects for jokes. Here is one that needs some knowledge of arithmetic. A woman was much worried about her husband's habit of heavy drinking. She begged and pleaded, and at last persuaded him to give up drink. So she took him to the Shrine of Sanno-san—patron saint of Yedo—and made him swear to the deity that he would not drink sake—Japanese alcoholic drink—for three years. On the way back he parted with his wife and went to see a friend of his. He ran into a sake party.

"Glad you came," said the beaming host. "Have a drink."

"No. I can't drink," said the man sadly.

"Why! What's the matter with you today?" everybody in the party shouted.

"Well, you see, I have just been to the Sanno-san"—san means Mr. or Mrs. or Miss—"and taken an oath not to drink a single drop of sake for three years." Everybody was dazed and was silent a while.

Suddenly a man broke the silence and said, brightening up with a great idea, "That's all right. Make it six years and drink every other day. Then you are not breaking the pledge at all, are you?"

That was quite clear. So he joined the party and drank heavily. The next morning he went to see another friend of his and found him also having a sake party.

"Have a drink," the host urged.

He explained the situation and declined.

Then there was another clever man who got an idea and said, "That's all right. Make it twelve years and drink every day. That amounts to practically the same thing, doesn't it?"

True! It was so. So he drank heartily and kept on drinking every day for twelve years.

A miser has been the subject of many jokes. There was a miser who thought it an absolute waste to use two eyes when you could see with one eye just as well. So he kept one of the eyes well wrapped up with a bandage. One day he injured the eye he always used.

"Here's the chance!" he cried, and untied the other eye. Behold, everybody was a stranger to him!

A vain person was very often used as an object of joke. A vain man was in the habit of concealing the fact that his left eye was blind. He used to hold his left hand on his blind eye, pretending that the eye was paining him slightly. One evening at a sake party, a mischievous person came quietly to his left side and gave him suddenly a cup of sake. In confusion he reached out his left hand and took the cup. Realizing the mistake he rushed his right hand to the wrong eye and cried, "Why another trick to put out the light?"

People had an awfully good time with thieves, physicians, deaf men, maid servants, priests and beggars. Doctors in feudal days had their heads shaved and used thousands of herbs, which they mixed with wooden spoons. One day a burglar came home pale and trembling.

"What's the matter with you? You look frightened," asked the wife.

"We-ell," he stammered, "I broke into a doctor's house tonight. And what do you think he did? He took out his spoon! Well, gosh, I ran for my life!"

Chasing a Thief

A man was a very proud runner. One night he was seen running fast in the street. A friend met him and called out, "What are you doing at this hour of the night?"

"Well, I am chasing a thief," replied the man, still running.

"What? A thief? I don't see any. Where is he?"

"Look, look," the man cried, pointing way behind him, "I passed him long ago."

A husband and wife had a quarrel. He said he would divorce her at once. He also said that she could take away with her anything she pleased. So the wife took out a huge *furoshiki*—a cloth wrapper—and spread it on the floor.

"Look here," she cried. "You come and sit in here."

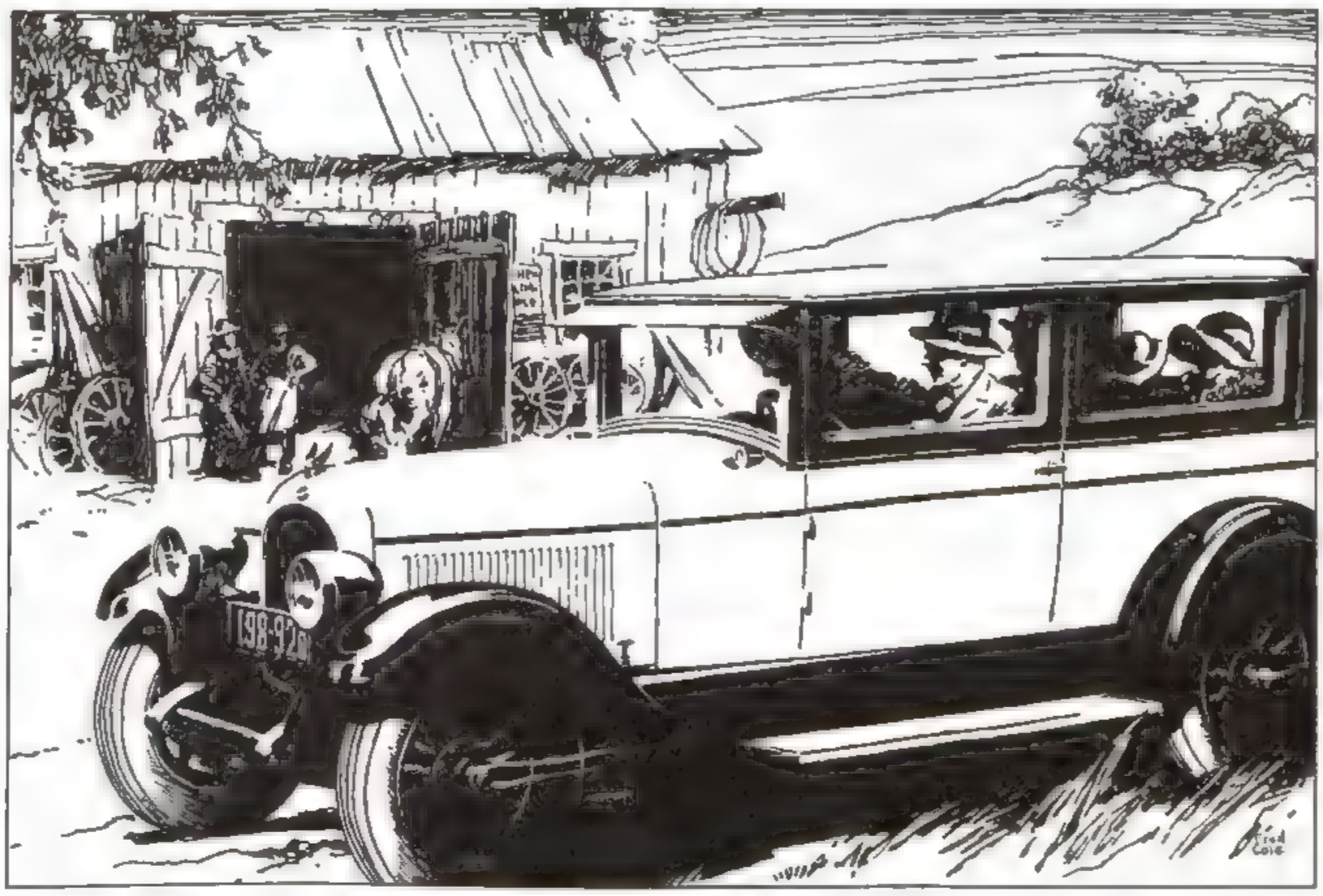
A beggar couple was preparing to sleep on a New Year's eve under a bridge in town. A shop clerk passed over the bridge, counting the money he had collected that day, according to the custom of the country.

The wife said, "To carry money around must be a worry. It is after all easier to have no money, like us. We need not worry about thieves nor about any defaulting debtors." Thereupon the husband boastingly said, "To whom do you think you owe that ease of mind?"

A thief broke into a *kura*—a place in which Japanese keep objects of value. One was waiting outside under a window to receive whatever the other would hand out of it. The bald-headed master of the house had an inkling of the business, came into the *kura* and opening the window put his head out. The thief outside asked, "Pal, are you handing me the copper kettle first tonight?"

A thief broke into a pawnbroker's house and pointed a pistol at the master, who

(Continued on Page 80)



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Chrysler "60's" Astonishing Sales Success Result of Standardized Quality

The lighter lower-priced six, Chrysler "60" is proving itself the most sensational value in the history of the motor industry as the direct result of Chrysler's plan of Quality Standardization.

Within three weeks of its introduction overwhelming demand required a production in excess of 500 cars a day. But even this has now fallen far short of supplying an insistent and enthusiastic public which has singled out the Chrysler "60" as a six of value far in advance of anything in its field or at its price.

In the lower-priced Chrysler "60" you get the same Chrysler Standardized Quality of scientific engineering and manufacturing precision comprehended in the Chrysler "70" and Imperial "80".

60 miles—and more—per hour; lightning acceleration of 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds; the economy of 22 miles to the gallon; characteristic Chrysler smartness and beauty; phenomenal riding ease; the safety of Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes; oil-filter; air-cleaner; seven-bearing crankshaft; full pressure lubrication; impulse neutralizer; road levelizers front and rear, roomy luxurious bodies; and scores of other features which bespeak dependability and long life.

There isn't a lower-priced six on the market that will begin to give you as much for your money.

See the Chrysler "60" for yourself; drive it; put it to any test. We know the Chrysler "60" will sell itself to you—that you'll be satisfied with nothing else at its price.

CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring Car, $1075; Roadster, $1145; Club Coupe, $1165; Coach, $1195; Sedan, $1295.*

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CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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CHRYSLER "60"

That well-groomed look

Professional men and successful business men—doctors, bankers, lawyers—know that a clean, fresh, well-groomed appearance is an immeasurable asset.

This unique creation, Palmolive After Shaving Talc, gives that fresh, clean look you want. It removes after-shave "shine." And yet leaves no "powdered" look

It is a powder for men, providing features unknown before.

Personal—to all Palmolive Shaving Cream users

We have prepared a new-type talc for you that ends all shine without that powdered look—Now, accept a can of this unique creation—just send coupon

GENTLEMEN:

We have developed a new-type talc for you.

A talc that takes all that after-shave shine away; yet that's invisible on the face.

A talc that meets the desires of gentlemen in providing the well-groomed appearance they want, without the "powdered" look that followed old-time talcs.

Used after shaving, all "shine" goes—yet no trace of powder shows.

Now as a favor to us, please accept a two-weeks' trial can to test. Just mail the coupon below. Let us show you what we have done.

A new-principle creation

We are experts in skin care, as you know. We make Palmolive Soap, the leading toilet soap of the world. Palmolive Shaving Cream—the most amazing success in its field—is another of our creations.

Palmolive After Shaving Talc is different from any preparation of like purpose you have ever tried. It is based on scientific findings. It is the result of long experiment in the noted Palmolive laboratories.

Before offering it to you, we spent some years in perfecting it.

We tried scores of formulas, tested scores of powder blends, tried colors without number to find one that would smooth the face, yet not show a trace of powder.

We consulted skin specialists on what was best for the skin. Then in collaboration with them, perfected this scientific creation providing two unique features unknown before, we believe, in either talc or powder.

First: It is invisible. Men don't like powder to show. Second: It is a scientific combatant of skin roughness—keeps the skin smooth and soft.

USE always before an evening at theatre, dance or wherever an appearance of fresh grooming is important.

* * *

On the market but a short while, thousands of men to whom good grooming is essential are making its use a twice-a-day habit—after shaving in the morning; before dinner in the evening.

We believe it will delight you. Send us the coupon. Do it now. We'll send you a can of this talc, also a 10-day tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Also 10-day tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream

The unique creation that's winning thousands away from old-time shaving soaps—corrects five mistakes of ordinary shaving preparations for you. Send the coupon.

3375

TRY IT—FREE

and a 10-day tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1244, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

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Please print your name and address clearly

PALMOLIVE AFTER SHAVING TALC

(Continued from Page 78)

looked at the pistol and said, "Ah, this old one. I can't take it for more than seventy sen."

A father and son were both drunkards. They concealed from each other the fact that they drank so much. Each thought that he knew about the other, but not the other about him. The son came back one night heavily drunk. The father was up and waiting for the return of the son to give him some reprimands.

"Son, you are drunk again, ignoring all my advice. Why, you are moving round and round. Leave the house; I am going to disinherit you right now."

The son said, "I am not drunk. You are drunk yourself. And I don't care to inherit such a house that moves round and round so awfully fast."

The smell of Japanese sake attracts mosquitoes and that is a curse of a drinker in summer. A man got a big idea. He climbed up to his garret with a ladder one evening and had sake to the full. All the mosquitoes of the neighborhood came around him and at him.

With a sardonic grin on his face, he said, "Boys, you are going to be licked tonight at last. See what I do!" He suddenly slipped downstairs and took the ladder away.

However, the best story of the period was told by Ikkyu about Yaji and Kita, whom he made famous by his story of "the trip along the Tokaido"—the highway between Tokio and Kioto.

Yaji and Kita were regular Yeddoko—Tokioneans—with all the idiosyncrasies of the people of that city, one of which was gullibility. They ran into amusing troubles all the time owing to this quality in their nature.

Yaji rushes into Kita's house one afternoon and shouts at the top of his voice, "Kita-san, come out quick! Quick, quick! Don't lose a second! I have seen your dead body in Asakusa"—Tokio's Coney Island.

"Really?" Kita jumps up, scared to death. The next moment the two were running in the direction of Asakusa with a breakneck speed. A huge crowd is gathered around a dead man's body. A few officers are guarding it.

Speeding the Tarrying Guest

"Make room for us, make room for us, folks!" So shouting, they both run into the crowd. Yaji points the dead man to Kita and says, "Don't you think this is really you, Kita-san?"

Looking at the face of the dead man a while, Kita admits, "Yes, you are right. It's me." So they explain the situation to the officers and get the dead man. Yaji helps the dead to Kita's back. They start to go home. Suddenly a thing flashed to Kita's mind. "Look here, Yaji-san. I know the dead man on my back is me. But who is the man that is carrying him?"

"Yaji" became such a historical figure that it is now used as a common noun meaning a heckler. "Governor of Satsuma" is another one. It means a deadhead. Seven centuries ago there was a governor of that great province whose name had the same sound as the words "free ride." So anything free is "Governor of Satsuma." Somehow a housewife is a mountain goddess and a wife's ire is "mountain storm." There are four things that Japanese have learned to dread. They are euphonically called, "*Jishin, kaminari, kaji, oyaji*," or "earthquake, thunder, fire and daddy." Of course the joke is on the last one. When we have a guest who stays too long, we put a broom upside down at the entrance of the house. It is said to have the curious effect of sending him away. Of course it must not be seen by him! Another talisman for getting rid of a bore of a guest is to burn a little piece of pith—commonly used for cure of rheumatism—on the bottom of his wooden clogs or shoes—people take off their shoes and wooden clogs at the porch when they go into a Japanese house. On taking leave we anxiously turn the clogs and examine whether any pith was burnt there!

This sense of humor, which began to find expression in literature with the increasing wealth and power of the commercial class in the early eighteenth century, was also carried into the realm of actual life. They were keen in witty repartee, which still is a feature among intelligent Japanese in their daily conversations. They devised many things to create comical situations. This tradition is still dearly cherished and people have good laughs occasionally over the success of such schemes. The following incident happened a few years ago.

An Unwitting Host

Two men lived in Tokio. They were neighbors and good friends—I mean really good friends. One was a statesman and the other a business man. The business man was very shrewd in his business, but otherwise a rather simple and even naïve sort of man, as happens once in a while, you know. He was funny. People used to make fun of him in good-natured ways. The statesman had a keen sense of humor, which made him endeared to many of his friends. And he was fond of childlike mischievousness too They both had beautiful gardens, as some people have in Tokio. The business man was fond of tea ceremonies and flowers and singing birds and music. In short, he was a man of taste. The statesman was a sport. He was fond of riding, shooting, hiking and all that. He kept a horse, two or three dogs and many chickens. The smell and noise of these animals provoked the nose and eyes and ears of the cultured business man. More than that, the neighbor's dogs chased his cat and canaries, and chickens paid occasional visits to his precious flower gardens. "It is preposterous," he often fumed to himself.

He built a dainty tea house near the boundary of his garden and surrounded it with bamboos and pines. It looked cool and refined. Moreover, the adjoining part of his neighbor's garden was covered with big trees, which added to the atmosphere. He was happy. One day the trees in the next garden began to go down. The neighbor statesman was building a small house there. That disturbed the business man's peace of mind a great deal. There was a limit. He sat one morning on the veranda of his tea house and talked to his gardener.

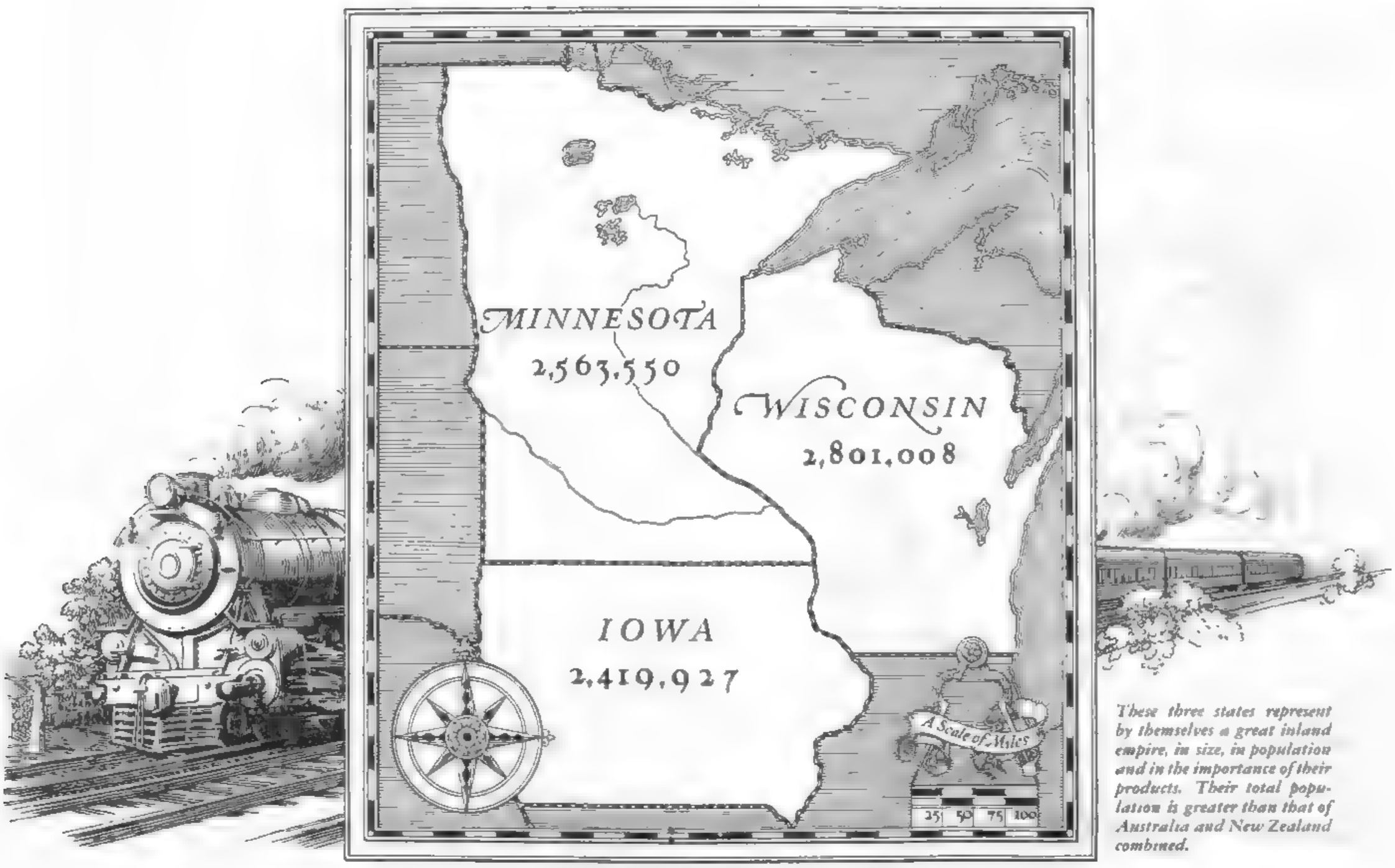
"Isn't it awful to have such a barbarian as a neighbor? Look, he picked up this particular spot opposite my tea house to build that terrible barn. I guess he is going to paint it with red paint and all that. You can't tell what he will do next. He has no sense of color, proportion or taste. Think of his chickens coming to my flower garden. I don't think he ever gives them any food, do you? They are simply living on our tulips and peonies, I guess. Preposterous!"

"Good morning, my dear neighbor! Isn't it a rather fine morning?" rang the cheerful voice of the statesman across the hedge.

"Bah!" The business man was furious. "That man was eavesdropping there all the while and not even giving a hint of his presence," he said to himself. Before he could find adequate answer, the voice said again, "I heard it all, old boy. Never mind; wasn't it funny? Ha, ha, ha!" The clear voice of the man rang out in the morning air. The business man cursed, and grunted bluntly, "Good morning," and went away. He did not know that that story got around Tokio like wildfire and everybody was tickled to death. A week later he received an invitation to a dinner party from two friends of his. He went to the Japanese restaurant a little late and found many guests already gathered. It was a good party. Two or three cabinet members, several business men like himself and a few others. There was his neighbor too.

When the business man lifted the lid from his soup bowl out flew something, jumped to his nose and, kicking off his

(Continued on Page 82)



These three states represent by themselves a great inland empire, in size, in population and in the importance of their products. Their total population is greater than that of Australia and New Zealand combined.

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involves almost as many people as live in the great states of Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin combined

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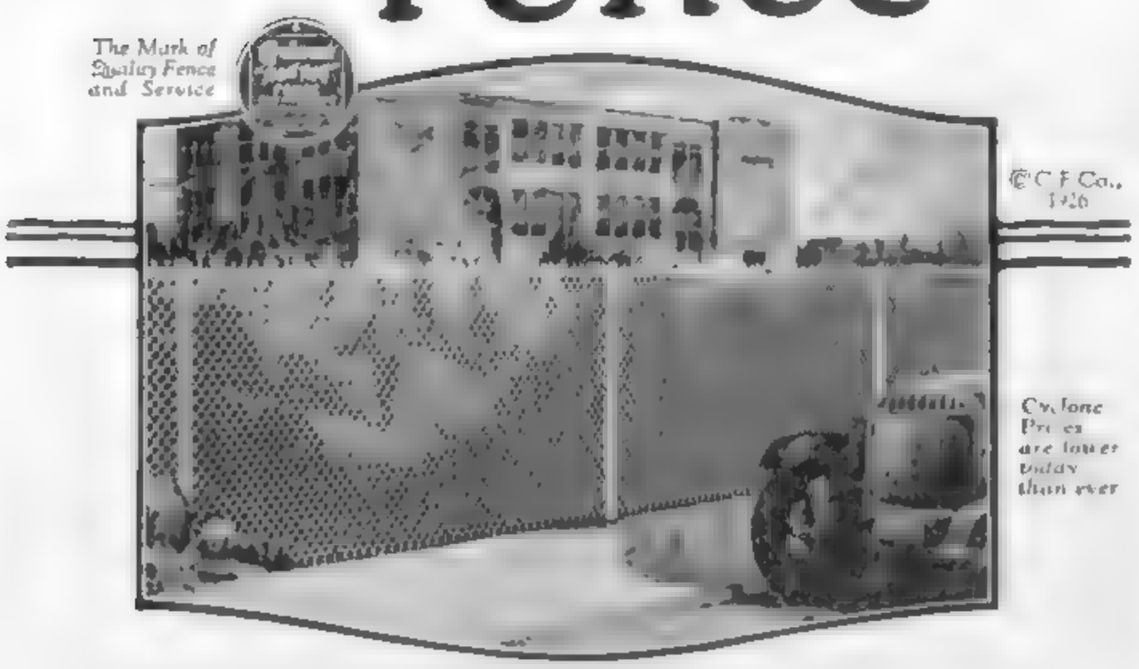

CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

(Continued from Page 80)

glasses, hovered around the room! "Ha, ha, ha!" everybody burst out.

His dazed expression brought tears of laughter to the eyes of everybody. It was a sparrow that they put into his soup bowl, and everybody had a hard time to keep his attention away from the moving lid of the bowl by engaging him in conversation. A number of other things happened that evening. A week later, when he received the bill from the restaurant for all the guests, he realized for the first time that he was the host of the evening. It was like this: When the story of the event in his garden spread, his friends got so amused that they conspired to get up a party to penalize him for his funny slip of words. So they sent out invitations to a dozen friends, including the "barbarian" statesman, in his name, and one to him was sent in the names of two other men.

These things happen very often in Tokio, and particularly among young men they go pretty far. If you do not take it as a good sport, you are an awful *Yabo* or a bore.

A man once played a trick in a crowded passenger car of a train on all the people therein and led them to believe that he was a thief. A policeman got after him when he got off, caught him and found him the governor of that prefecture! We do not play these tricks on foreigners, as we do not know in what spirit they will be received.

You are often invited to a party where the chair goes down when you sit on it and meat is glued tightly to the plate and you find a goldfish swimming in your soup bowl. By the manner in which you steer your way through these difficulties and also by the appropriate comments you make on each occasion, your reputation as a delightful guest is established.

After his death a famous humorist of the early eighteenth century was being cremated. Suddenly tremendous noises started in succession from his coffin. He had had many firecrackers concealed in his clothes. That was the last joke he had on his friends. But there he had gone too far. It was not good taste of course.

The increasing popularity of humor in stories, fiction, repartee, dramas and cartoons in the eighteenth century was the rising symptom of the challenge of democracy to aristocracy. The samurai, with the shogun at the top, were the ruling aristocracy of the land and in pursuance of their martial spirit they had ruled humor out of their life. But with the growing power of the commercial class this suppression was gradually breaking down. The humorists of those days were secretly taunting the system of thought and the institutions of the governing class. Under a despotic rule people tend to become more subtle and ironic in expression. The Japanese humor of the eighteenth century was gradually degenerating into two modalities. One was banality and frivolity and the other was sarcasm, which stings more than it amuses.

The Influence of Basho

The arrival of a great literary genius on the scene was a timely rescue for the Japanese humor. It was a great poet by the name of Basho—1644–1694. He was a profound philosopher and a devout Buddhist. He looked at life with new eyes. He traveled all over the country speculating on life and singing the beauty of Nature. He shortened the Japanese poem from thirty-one syllables to seventeen and in this new form sang about life and Nature. Through genuine pathos he reached to serene humor. At first sight we see no humor in his poems, but he taught the world to look at life with objectivity and detachment wherein the real humor could be found. Viewed from the serene height of tranquillity and spiritual peace, things around him began to take on a new tone of color—humor based on human sympathy. His famous poem—

An old moor,
A leaping frog,
The sound of water—

symbolized the profound phase of Nature, and yet there was a genuine humor underlying the laconic expression.

His school, called Hokku, gained force and spread, until it is now the form of poetical expression used by both scholars and daily laborers in Japan. It has gone so far that it permeated the whole structure of Japanese life and made the race the most poem writing of all races. It taught the nation to look at things objectively. If a Japanese slides down into a river in his best clothes, instead of fuming with anger, he will stop and look at himself objectively and will laugh at the comical situation.

Whereas the humor and jokes of the eighteenth-century humorists tended to degenerate into frivolity and sarcasm, the humor of Basho gradually rose with serenity and sympathy. Most of the best humor is traced to the followers of this school. It is in a way a trait that permeates the psychology of the whole nation. Many inscrutable Japanese expressions and actions can be explained by this habit of viewing things with an artist's objectivity, which they learned unconsciously from the Hokku training. Is not the sense of humor an escape from life? Is there not also a creative impulse to reproduce the things one has enjoyed inwardly?

Joking in Japanese

This simple form of poetry was democratic in essence and went a long way in popular education. When a new regime was established in 1868 and into Japan was ushered a new era of political emancipation, the sense of humor gradually came to the forefront of life. But it took some forty years before Japan produced a real humorist. He came from among the Hokku poets. He was Natsume Soseki, who, with the story, I Am a Cat, took the whole nation by storm in 1905. He, I think, typifies the best humor of contemporary Japan. After his story of a cat, the story of a young school-teacher entitled Botchan, or a Little Chap is exquisite. It is the story of a young man just over twenty who graduated from a college of technology and went to a small country town to teach in a high school. He is just out of school himself and is as simple as a boy. He was born and reared in Tokio. The natives of Tokio are conaidered to be naive and simple in their outlook on life. The town where he goes is a business district and the people are more sophisticated. The story is the clash of two types of mind, one a naïve, genuine and idealistic type and the other a wily, sophisticated, materialistic one. In this story Natsume tried to reveal the changing psychology of the nation, the old quiet virtues of the agrarian Japan being fast supplanted by the restless and realistic spirit of the industrial Japan. He, thus bringing in sharp contrast the two opposing tendencies of modern Japan, the old-fashioned simplicity of mind and the smart worldliness of the present generation, was taunting the latter. His humor had no smack of frivolity or cynicism. A great moral tone and deep sympathy were underlying it all. He elevated the tone of humor.

After all is said, there remains the question: If the Japanese have some sense of humor, why don't they express it more in the community of the outside world? The answer is simple: We haven't had the chance yet. It is only sixty years since we abolished our feudalism. The dead man's hand is still on us. We are diffident. And also we are very poor linguists, unlike our neighbors the Chinese and Koreans. We are always ill at ease with a foreign language. When Americans start to tell jokes, which they do pretty often, I think, it makes us nervous. We know we have to laugh sometime and yet we can't quite grasp—not the point, but the words. Reverse the case, please. I have never seen an American cracking jokes in Japanese. So likewise we cannot amuse you in English conaciously. But give us thirty years of grace and we will show you our humor in your language. . .

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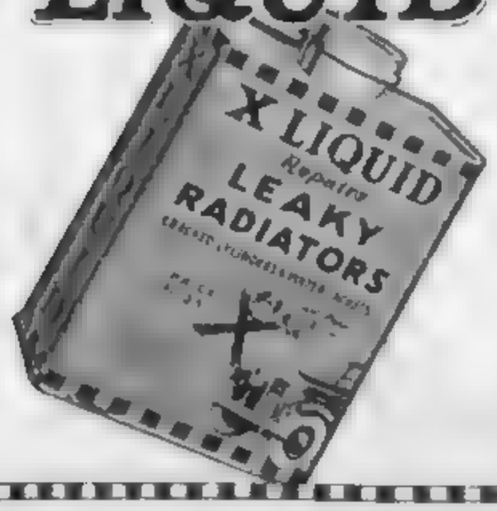

SKINNING THE PIRATE

An Adventure in River Gambling—By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

TO ROB the robber was a pious purpose. To make a stone give milk, to draw blood from an iceberg, would prove worthy the noblest traditions of his gambling trade. For these reasons Crow planned the plunder of Aristide Sabran.

Throughout many futile years every blackleg that plied the Mississippi had wasted his wits on old Steed Sabran. Elaborate schemes and cunningly constructed traps were alike sidestepped by the skinflint who never disgorged a picayune. It became a punctilio of honor among thieves that Steed Sabran must be hooked.

As a matter of sportsmanship rather than profit, this enterprise intrigued the Crow. It would satisfy his pride of caste to outwit the crafty financier for but a single bank note, which the Crow might frame and treasure like a decoration for valor on the field.

Crooks who had only a passing acquaintance with Crow might have doubted his qualifications to play so plodding a game. His ordinary methods were too dashing, too headlong. Crow's tense black eyes did not suggest a capacity for waiting; his long slim fingers seemed too nervous to bide their time. The diamonds that sparkled on his frilly shirt indicated swift action, brilliant, flashing, decisive.

Jud Brill alone—Crow's capper—realized the infinite patience with which his chief could follow a trail by long, long detours that brought him upon the victim unawares. Dozens of other gamblers had failed with Steed Sabran because they made no study of his character. The Crow delved and dug. Somewhere the invulnerable captain of affairs must have an undefended salient, and Crow searched it out.

As a starting point, Crow knew what everybody else knew: That Sabran was hard as nails, had pockets that opened only one way, a genius for acquisition, no fear, no scruples, no remorse. Further back, at the outset of his career, as Crow learned from old-time Creole gossip, young Aristide had leagued himself with Lafitte of Barataria, and grew rich by sharing the pirate's trade in blackbirds. "Negro dealer, negro stealer," his enemies yet whispered.

How a prospective sucker amassed his fortune was of no consequence; Crow considered nothing except the problem of how to get it away from him. The stench of slave-trading gains, however, still stank in the nostrils of the *beau monde*. According to an ancient byword of the sea, a ship once used for carrying blackbirds could never get rid of the smell. Odors clung to Aristide.

Creole aristocracy, whose mortgages were held by Sabran and whose houses belonged to Sabran, courteously evaded the admittance of Sabran at their front doors.

"I don't care," Steed shrugged his shoulders. "I can buy 'em and sell 'em."

To all appearance Steed cared very little—until he married.

That wife! There Crow laid his finger on the weak point. For Madame Aristide Jules Adolphe de Sabran—as the *grande dame* called herself, with a coronet on her *carte de visite*—madame was a socially ambitious woman. So Crow schemed to attack Steed's pocket through the climbing proclivities of his fat wife, forty, fussy and pretentious.

Having exhaustively investigated the Sabran habits, Crow settled down to cases. Clocks might go wrong, the zodiac might slip a cog, but, twice each year, on the first Monday of April and October, the Sabran family returned to New Orleans, traveling by the War Eagle, which departed from St. Louis at high noon. Sure as sunrise, immutable as the collection of his interest, Aristide Sabran never failed to catch that boat. And Madame Sabran would journey on no other, for Captain Launay made of

Twice Each Year, on the First Monday of April and October, the Sabran Family Returned to New Orleans, Traveling by the War Eagle

her home-coming one continuous ovation, resembling a royal progress of Queen Elizabeth.

Monday, October third. Crow himself tarried at an obscure landing in Mississippi, while Jud Brill had come north to open their campaign in St. Louis harbor. It yet lacked twenty minutes to noon, when the War Eagle would begin her southbound journey. Her courteous commander appeared on the boiler deck, followed by a distinguished-looking stranger. They had been inspecting the boat's machinery, for Captain Launay answered his passenger's comment:

"Quite true, senator. Mississippi River steamers are different from yours on the Potomac."

"Yes," the other added, "and of a much shallower draft than our Hudson River boats."

"They must be, senator," Launay stopped and explained. "The Hudson is a tidewater stream. So Fulton built his vessels by the deep-sea model, with all machinery in their hulls. That's why his first experiments failed on the Mississippi River. Our shallow waters require a lighter draft —— Pardon me, Senator Walworth, here comes Madame de Sabran."

"Thank you, captain," the senator bowed as he turned to go upstairs. "I have never seen a Mississippi steamboat, and shall talk further with you."

It seemed a long distance for Crow to send Jud Brill. But their net must be far-flung and cunningly spread to snare so wise a bird as Steed Sabran.

Things began to happen with the arrival of madame. Things always began to happen wherever madame arrived.

(Continued on Page 86)

PACKARD IN 1906

PACKARD IN 1926

Prest-O-Lite served them both

When we look at a picture of a 1906 Packard, it is a little difficult at first for us to realize that this car gave the motorists of twenty years ago the same thrill that the Packard of 1926 gives us today.

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Ask your dealer or tailor for trousers already equipped with SNUGTEX, and have him sew it into garments you have in service. For business, dress, sports and boys' school wear.

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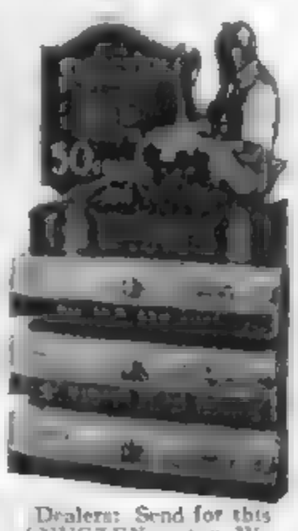

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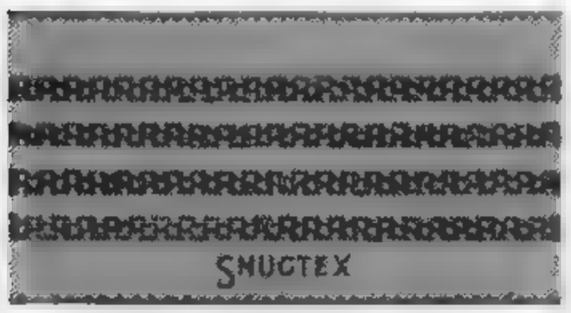

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(Continued from Page 84)

Captain Launay, hat in hand, crossed the stage plank with the air of an ambassador to meet the carriages which drew up to much jingling of chains and cracking of whips. The leading barouche—high-stepping blacks, silver-mounted, monogrammed and coroneted harness—the leading barouche bore madame herself, with the pinch-faced husband whose money paid for it all, and a gander-necked son who would inherit. Madame was a natural blonde—extremely blond, with artificial enhancements. Her ribbons fluttered, extra thin lace displayed plump arms and a bosom of exuberance. Some men wear showy diamonds, some men wear showy wives, for reflected brilliancy. Old Steed was plain. Upon madame he lavished the exterior decorations.

"Welcome, madame, welcome, monsieur; and young Monsieur Hector. My boat is honored—deeply honored." Whereupon Captain Launay personally conducted madame across his stage plank, followed by French maid and valet, by trunks and hatboxes, by jewel cases, dog baskets, bird cages, all the essential paraphernalia. Steed and the boy also followed.

The ceremony of installing madame was concluded when Captain Launay, flanked by clerks and negro porters, opened the door to the bridal chamber and closed it respectfully upon her retirement. Here endeth the first lesson on how to enter and take possession of a steamboat.

"So far so good," Jud Brill nodded to himself.

The second lesson in court etiquette was administered directly after the War Eagle backed out from St. Louis, after the poker games got under way and voyage life began. According to regular routine, madame's French maid then prepared the populace for a spectacle by arranging a divan at the rear of the ladies' cabin. To this divan madame always proceeded, past the poker tables, down the long cabin which glittered in white and gold and scintillating chandeliers, bowing even to negro servants with a gracious condescension all her own. And when Cecile had placed the footstool, patted the pillows and sceptered madame with her ostrich-feather fan, that furnished the cue for Captain Launay to lead forward and present such notables as might be worthy of her attention.

Princess Yolande

"Madame de Sabran," the Creole riverman bowed most charmingly. "Allow me to introduce Senator Walworth"—after which the smaller fry were hustled past her.

"Senator Walworth?" Madame extended a bejeweled hand and made room at her side.

"Of New York," he confessed, as if being a senator of the United States counted for nothing except as a poor excuse to appear in her presence.

In her presence Senator Walworth remained. Not a dog's chance to escape. Madame encouraged him to talk, and with nimble mind she stored away bits of Washington gossip to be retailed in New Orleans: "As the dear senator said to me ——"

Like her acquisitive husband, madame possessed the quality of going after what she wanted. She wanted this senator, most ardently desired him, or any senator, as a house guest. What prestige it would bring! What an opportunity to issue invitations that nobody would dare decline, to meet the Hon. Fawcett K. Walworth, senator from New York. "I'd like to see 'em get around that."

But madame risked no refusal by being too impetuous. Tact, finesse, success. On the night before reaching Memphis it was all arranged, with such casualness as to stagger Monsieur Aristide. The senator agreed to spend his time with them in New Orleans. Of course he must see certain people—prominent people ——

"We shall have your friends to dine," suggested madame off-handedly, as if those conspicuous personages came to dinner seven times a week—people who had never crossed her threshold.

"Angele, you're a manager," old Steed complimented his wife; and then, to work off her excess of triumph, madame strolled alone upon the guards. There she felt humiliated to detect her son and heir laughing uproariously with Jud Brill.

"Hector, come here this instant. Keep away from that fellow. He looks like a mule drover."

"He is, ma," Hector was still snickering; "and tells the funniest kind o' stories."

"Don't say 'ma' to me. Always say *ma mere*."

"Yes, ma—*mere*."

Disgustedly madame revolved and went back into her cabin, wondering where Hector got his low tastes.

The soul of madame bloomed and blossomed. To entertain in her own home a famous statesman! Ten limelight days of lionizing and advertising! Madame trod on air, although the deck creaked wherever she set her foot. It required hours to get yard broke, to assimilate so magnificent an idea, during which hours madame mentally revised her list of guests, scratching off those whom she could afford to snub.

Aristide himself also did some thinking unconnected with finance. As host to a statesman prominently mentioned for the presidency, Monsieur Sabran must be invited to certain clubs. Up went Steed's long black stogie tilted at a belligerent and cocky angle.

After annexing the Hon. Fawcett K. Walworth, madame's imagination soared no higher. Not yet, however, did she dream of attaining the apex of the apotheosis—royalty!

Royalty! Unto her dying day madame never forgot precisely how this miracle occurred: The War Eagle lay moored at a landing on the Mississippi side, halfway between Memphis and Vicksburg. No houses were visible, only a keeper's shack, a forest and a wood yard. Red-shirted negroes sang as they brought aboard their wood. Senator Walworth and madame sat together on the guards, chatting of national affairs. Under such uplifting circumstances madame paid no heed to some common persons who assembled along shore, except to frown when she noted her disobedient son and heir among them, with the mule drover. Jud had use for that boy.

Presently madame suspected that her senator was not paying strict attention. In fact, no attention at all, for Walworth rose, leaned over the rail and gazed downward upon two men and a woman, near the woodpile. He looked again, more intently, and muttered, "Curious. Thought he was still in Washington." Which madame overheard, although the remark was evidently not intended for her.

The trio—men and woman in mud-spattered hunting clothes—now came aboard the War Eagle, followed by several negroes leading dogs and carrying guns.

"Your pardon, madame," Walworth murmured, and took a position near the top of the stairway. There she caught again his low-spoken words: "I must be mistaken."

Three backwoods people in whom a senator displayed such interest might be worth a glance from madame. So she watched until they showed their heads above the stair—two men and a very young girl.

When the younger man, a youth not more than twenty-three, spied Senator Walworth, he came rushing to him with hands outstretched, calling backward to the girl with a decided French inflection, "See, Yolande! Here is our good friend, Senator Walworth. A brave meeting! Brave meeting!"

"But, my dear prince; I thought you were ——"

Walworth hushed abruptly, being warned by a gesture, as the youth led him aside and whispered something.

"Ah! I see!" The diplomatic senator turned with a smile to the girl. "Spending your honeymoon in the forest?"

"Yes." Yolande's eyes twinkled mischievously, and her boyish husband spoke aloud:

"Senator Walworth, I am honored in presenting my friend and host, Captain Saltoon, the bravest hunter of bear in all this world."

These rough-dressed newcomers were in such elated spirits that Walworth was scarcely given time to turn and excuse himself, "Pardon me, madame," when they swept him joyously into the cabin.

It was all so mystifying to madame. A senator from New York meeting with friends in these Mississippi forests? And he had addressed one of them as "My dear prince." Been hushed up. Madame tingled with curiosity, yet a more penetrating mind than hers might have failed to suspect that the dark-haired stranger introduced by "My dear prince" was a certain notorious gambler known as the Crow.

"Prince? Prince?" Madame kept repeating to herself. And while she waited for a senator to return and tell her all about a prince, it fretted madame to see young Hector absorbed in conversation with the mule man. Her son and heir stood listening to Jud Brill, with diluted blue eyes bulging like those of a startled crawfish. Madame was outraged almost to the point of yelling at the offender, when Walworth came back.

The dignified statesman seemed distrait, half puzzled, half amused. With a preoccupied smile he sat down and continued their chat concerning national affairs. Madame scarcely heard him. She had lost interest in national affairs.

"Senator," the inquisitive lady queried, "who were your friends?"

"My friends?"

"Yes. Those two men and the girl."

"Oh! That was Captain Saltoon, a planter. They have been hunting bear."

"But," she persisted, "you addressed the young man as 'My dear prince.'"

"Did I? Prince? Why certainly, everybody calls him that. He's such a prince of good fellows."

The tongue of discretion tangled, yet Walworth might have got away with his evasion if Hector hadn't deserted Jud Brill and come loping to *ma mere*.

"Oh, ma! Ma! A real live prince came up those very steps, just this minute!"

"Nonsense!"

"I say he did. That was him—that young chap in the brown coat. And that girl—she's a genuine princess!"

"Nonsense!"

"It's true. That man yonder told me. Some folks told him at the wood yard. We got it straight."

Between gasps, fighting for wind, swallowing his Adam's apple, the gawky Hector gulped out his story from Jud Brill. "French prince—king's nephew—hunting on Captain Saltoon's plantation—going to

(Continued on Page 89)

One of the most important and highly specialized parts of an automobile

IT has nothing to do with the *appearance* of your automobile but *everything* to do with its performance. That is why the electrical system is of such utmost importance and why manufacturers exercise the greatest care in selecting it. The Auto-Lite system is a better system because Auto-Lite controls its quality throughout every step of its manufacture. Auto-Lite quality is uniform, constant and always dependable. Auto-Lite owns its own copper wire mills; controls its own foundries; its source of bakelite; and has developed ingenious equipment that insures amazing accuracy and performance. Engineering, research, modernized factories and the control of the quality of materials are all for one purpose—to help car builders give the public better automobiles than ever before.

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HORSEPOWER can either be a docile beast of burden or a wild, bucking broncho. It is born in the fire-box, just plumb full of "pure cussedness." It'll go up the smoke stack if it can. It will escape from your boilers. It will desert your steam lines.

Unruly though it is, it can be held in harness, in fact it must be, in any plant that is to operate efficiently and economically.

Johns-Manville has devoted over fifty years to the production of materials, of Asbestos and its allied products, to keep horsepower under control—insulations, packings, high temperature cements, etc. A Johns-Manville Power Specialty man is ready now to go over your plant with the view of saving your horsepower and your money.

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292 MADISON AVENUE AT 41st STREET NEW YORK CITY — BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES — FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., TORONTO

Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
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PACKINGS
CEMENTS

SAVES HORSEPOWER

(Continued from Page 86)

New Orleans—don't want people to know who he is"

A deep concern overspread the features of Senator Walworth. "My son," he laid his silencing hand on Hector's shoulder, "would you mind requesting your informant to come here a moment?"

Icy shivers chased up and down madame's spine, thrills and fidgety prickles and streaks of fire, when Walworth called Jud Brill into conference for discussion of a royal secret.

"My friend," the senator extended his hand, "I am Senator Walworth ——"

"From New York," added madame, to let this mule drover know how greatly honored he should feel.

"Yes'm. I'm Jud Brill."

"I believe, Mr. Brill," the senator opened negotiations, "that you were telling Monsieur Hector something about the young hunter who came on board."

"Warn't tellin' him nothin' 'cept what one o' them hunters told me at the woodpile. He's some kind o' prince 'mongst the Frenchies."

"That's true." Walworth glanced around and dropped his voice to a tone of strictest secrecy. "He's Prince Louis de Bourbon, traveling incognito, and doesn't want people to recognize him."

"Shucks," Jud spat into the river. "Heap o' folks skips through here mighty swift, 'thout tellin' their real name. Anyway, 'tain't none o' my business. I'll shet my fly trap." Which ended his portion of the conference, and Jud withdrew.

"Now tell me all about the prince?" Madame licked her dry lips and hitched her chair forward.

"There's very little to tell," Walworth whispered. "This young couple were sent to promote more cordial relations between America and Spain. Princess Yolande is a daughter of the Spanish king. I saw much of them in Washington, where official society made a great fuss. Being a prince of the blood, legitimist heir presumptive to the throne of France, people jammed the White House to meet young Louis. Mobs stopped his carriage on the streets, and, madame," the senator smiled indulgently, "Louis and Yolande are newly married, wanted to slip away from crowds ——"

"The poor dear young people," madame cooed her sympathy.

"Yes, they desire to be alone—a lodge in some vast wilderness. That's the reason for this hunt with Captain Saltoon. Of course in New Orleans their rank requires that they show themselves at public functions. Until then, madame, I implore you - implore you, to keep their secret."

"They can trust me."

Kings, and nephews of kings, however, behave almighty queer. As the river gamblers thought of slippery Steed Sabran, so did Steed's wife come to think of this young couple who would bite at none of her bait. First madame arrayed herself to the ungodly limit, and posed on the divan for Captain Launay, who omitted his usual presentation of new passengers. Therefore madame, with a languid beckoning of her ostrich-feather fan, summoned Senator Walworth.

"My dear senator," she whispered, "you may bring those dear young people to me. I shall make them feel perfectly at home."

Then madame waited, and waited, and waited, fanning her blondness with the plumes while she struggled to control a swimming in the head. What dizzy vistas! What a whirligig of revenge! A United States senator had lifted madame to the mountain top. Now she spread her wings and soared into the azure, into the imperial purple. Royalty! Again madame revised her invitations—"to meet Their Royal Highnesses." Again she weeded undesirables from her list.

But why didn't the senator bring those young people? She had seen them emerge from their stateroom and go wandering upon the guards like boy and girl lovers. Now! Walworth was talking to them and Captain Saltoon, alias the Crow. Now the senator started toward her divan. Madame grew cold, for those dear young people made no move to follow.

A panic stampeded madame. She had committed a frightful blunder. Princes are never presented. Other folks must be presented to princes. She should have gone to them. Sweat broke out on madame's face. Sweat was not becoming. It got her cosmetics all messed up.

"Madame," the senator approached and bent over, full of suave apologies, "I thought best not to ask them directly. It's such a lark for Louis and Yolande to be alone. Impossible at her father's court. I trust you will understand?"

Understand? The sweat of terrible understanding popped out. For the sake of her peace of mind and complexion, madame must get hold of those dear young people

During a hectic day it tickled the risibles of Jud Brill to observe the dame at her stalking maneuvers. Wherever she spied the prince and princess, madame would sidle up to them, and they would ramble away. Jud nigh choked. She reminded him of a hostler in a pasture, hiding his halter behind him while he tried to sneak up on a wise old mule. Every time madame got almost near enough to open conversation the young people sauntered to some distant sanctuary.

She must capture that prince! She must. Madame abandoned her divan and all pretense at repose of manner or of mind. Frenziedly she pursued the couple, hoping that they might settle down somewhere and give her a chance. In such emergencies Steed was futile. Madame's nagging only lashed him far enough to scrape acquaintance with Captain Saltoon—otherwise known as the Crow. She saw them together at the bar. Both drank lemonade. But the captain neglected an introduction of her husband to the prince.

The War Eagle had now left Vicksburg far behind. Natchez lay only twenty miles ahead. Presently Baton Rouge. Before she knew it they would be in New Orleans. Madame waxed desperate, and her gun-shy husband considered that there should be a law against fat wives with galloping hysteria. While madame went pacing about in the ladies' cabin Steed patronized the outer guards. When madame skirmished around the front, he would sneak into the cabin and watch the poker games.

The War Eagle carried four gambling tables—two in front of her bar, two in front of the office. Prince Louis was looking on at one of these games, with Crow and the senator, close enough for Steed to touch them with his elbow. But the Atlantic Ocean might as well have rolled between. Steed felt quite helpless when he glanced up and saw madame coming. Then he vanished, dodging like a rabbit into their stateroom, where he planned to wash up for supper and escape before she began her nagging toilet.

The haggard lady posted herself near the prince and heard His Royal Highness remark:

"This is your so peculiar American sport of pokair? Our excellent senator shall teach me. Yes, yes. We play tonight, directly after supper."

"With all my heart, dear Louis," Walworth agreed.

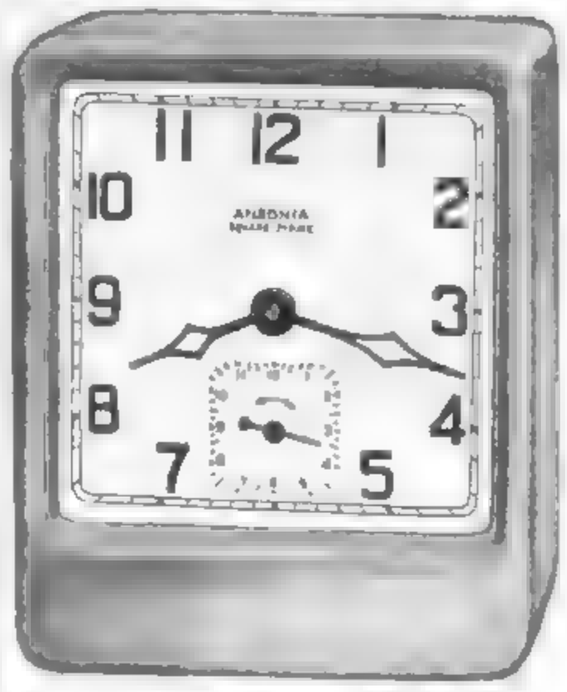
"Suits me," observed the Crow.

"Is this pokair a pastime for three persons?" the prince inquired.

(Continued on Page 93)

The Three Confederates Were Now Alone

ANSONIA



Square Pirate—$2.50

Aristocratic Alarm Clocks

One reason for the high regard in which Ansonia clocks are held is that they wear well. They have won an enviable reputation for long service and dependability

And more than that, the new alarm clocks (the SquareClox family and the Apex Junior) are so good-looking that their use is not confined to bedroom or kitchen. In living-room or dining-room they are equally at home, and so perform a double service.

SquareClox are finished in antique gold or colors, and cost from $2.50 to $6.00; radium hands and numerals $1.00 to $1.25 extra.

Apex Junior (illustrated below) is a beauty, made of Necrolian bronze with decorative design in relief. Its sunken dial, with raised bronze numerals is part of the case, and needs no protective glass. The clock looks as though carved out of a solid block of bronze, costs only $3.50, radium $4.50.

Candlesticks of Necrolian bronze to match, $3.00 the pair.

Ask to see these clocks at jeweler's, drug or department stores. You will get an entirely new idea of what Ansonia has done to give artistic value to a household necessity.

Canadian Distributors—Lymans, Montreal and Toronto
Prices in Canada are a bit higher

Apex Junior—$3.50

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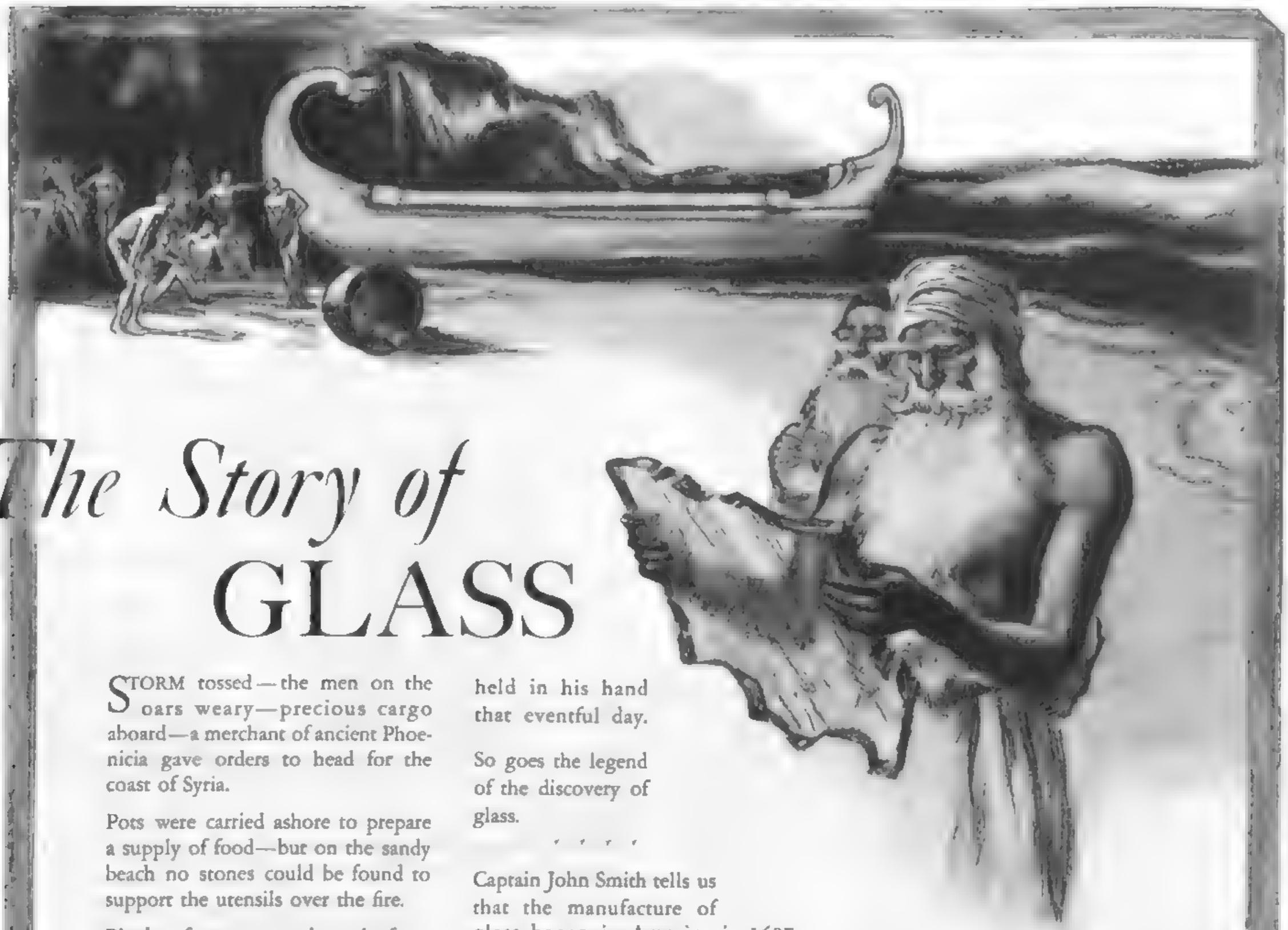
ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS



The Story of GLASS

STORM tossed—the men on the oars weary—precious cargo aboard—a merchant of ancient Phoenicia gave orders to head for the coast of Syria.

Pots were carried ashore to prepare a supply of food—but on the sandy beach no stones could be found to support the utensils over the fire.

Blocks of natron were brought from the cargo to serve this purpose, and soon the pots were boiling merrily, giving off savory promises of a feast.

But—wonder of wonders—the blocks under the pots began to melt and flow in a slow stream over the hot sand.

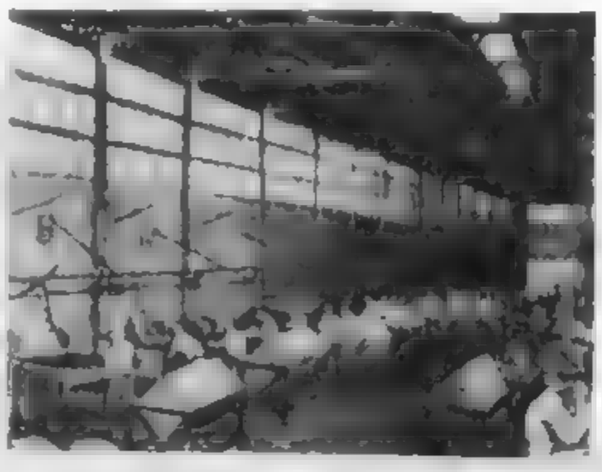
Nature's chemistry was at work—carbonate of soda from the natron fused with the sand to produce silicate of soda, a form of glass.

Richer than all his cargo, more precious than his many argosies, was the transparent "lump of mystery" which the old Phoenician merchant held in his hand that eventful day.

So goes the legend of the discovery of glass.

* * * *

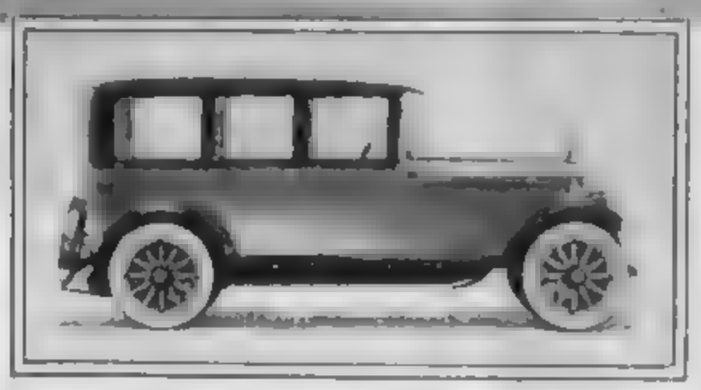
Captain John Smith tells us that the manufacture of glass began in America in 1607, shortly after the colony of Jamestown, Virginia, was founded. And by this record glass manufacture was America's first industry. Likewise the first shipload of manufactured goods exported from America contained glass.



In the glass cutting and finishing department of the Hayes-Hunt plant at Elizabeth, N. J.

America today produces in excess of two hundred fifty million dollars' worth of glass—a large part of which is plate glass used in high-grade coachwork.

Thus, because men of long ago were subjected to the perils of the weather in their principal means of transportation, they found for us a protection from the elements in our modern vehicle—the motor car.



The beauty of line of Hayes-Hunt Bodies used on STAR cars is enhanced by generous use of fine plate glass, produced by our own associate company—the American Plate Glass Co., at Kane, Pa.

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Hayes-Hunt Bodies

Beauty, Service and Comfort

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Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

Improved Four and New Six

Distinctive Appearance
and
Outstanding Dollar Value

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

Com. Chassis	$470	*Coupe*	$675
Convertible Roadster	550	*Coach*	695
Touring	550	*Sedan*	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

THE NEW STAR SIX

Chassis	$650	*Sedan*	$975
Touring	725	*Sport Coupe*	995
Coupe	820	*Landau*	995
Coach	880	*COMPOUND FLEETRUCK*	
De Luxe Sport Roadster	910	*Ton Chassis*	975

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

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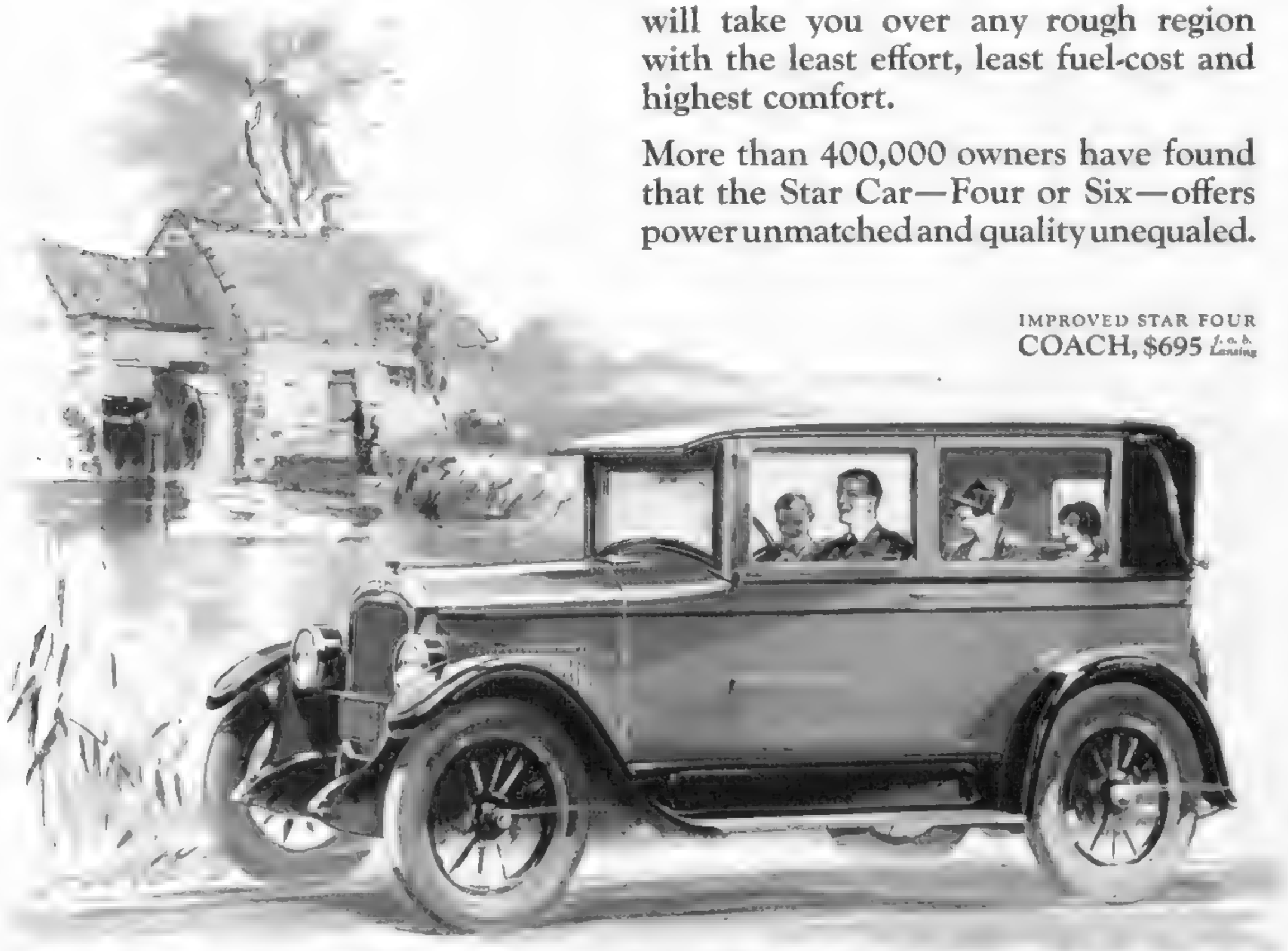
If you live in a part of the country where roads are rough, hills are steep, mud is plenty—or if there are long stretches of open roads where a sustained speed is necessary—you need a Star Car!

Because the powerful Star Car motor will take you over any rough region with the least effort, least fuel-cost and highest comfort.

More than 400,000 owners have found that the Star Car—Four or Six—offers power unmatched and quality unequaled.

IMPROVED STAR FOUR
COACH, $695 *f. o. b. Lansing*



MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

What the safety of the *New* SAFETY STUTZ means to those who drive in it

AS THOUSANDS of motorists have already discovered, the advanced design of the New Safety Stutz not only affords a more complete physical protection than has ever before been available to the motorist, but it also imparts a new pleasure to automobile riding.

The following statements are quoted from numerous letters of owners, testifying to the revelations of surpassing safety and unique riding-and-driving charm that they have experienced in their New Safety Stutz Cars:

"I am especially pleased with the way it stays on the road, its *safety features*, and hill-climbing ability."
—*E. M. Telle, El Dorado, Ark.*

◆◆

"It is wonderful the way the car hugs the road. The *sense of security* in it owing to this quality, and to the wonderful system of brakes, is very gratifying."
—*Paul J. Howard, Los Angeles, Calif*

◆◆

"Another pleasing feature of the car, and one which gives great satisfaction and *sense of security* in times of emergency, is the hydrostatic brakes."
—*C. L. Parsons, San Francisco, Calif*

◆◆

"The *sense of security* which one feels in rounding curves is like traveling on a first-class railroad where the outer rail is given the proper elevation and the curve the correct alignment for express train speed."
—*Geo. H. Cobb, Santa Barbara, Calif.*

◆◆

"—a car that inspires you with confidence in your own *safety*." —*W. R. Morehouse, Los Angeles, Calif.*

◆◆

"I have given the Hydrostatic Brakes some severe tests and they have at all times worked perfectly, with little or no adjusting; let me stress this point, that I feel *absolutely safe* with my foot on the brake pedal."
—*J. C. Clemence, Pasadena, Calif.*

◆◆

"The ease with which the car can be handled in traffic, the quick response of power when called upon, together with the added *sense of security* afforded by the lower center of gravity, are features which place it in the lead among fine cars." —*W. H. Moody, Tampa, Fla.*

◆◆

"The lower center of gravity of the car is, indeed, a real advantage. One can take the corners at a fast clip without the uncomfortable feeling of tipping. You have easy riding qualities, and you have the greater *feeling of security* which comes from compactness, low center of gravity, and great staunchness of construction."
—*John H. Lee, Chicago, Ill.*

◆◆

"A most important consideration, also, is *safety*. One should not have to experience an accident before thinking of *safety features* which may some day prevent loss of life or limb, and your company deserves credit for giving it prime consideration.

"I have really been astounded by the performance of the brakes on the New Stutz, the most important *safety* factor. Of course, I knew their principle was theoretically perfect, but in actual use they are nothing short of marvelous.

"On city streets, so slippery with snow that the rear wheels spin around when getting under way, I have purposely used the brakes as if on a dry pavement, and with the same quick stop,—not a vestige of skidding. A *feature of safety*, also, is the steering, which is so easy and quick that nothing better could be desired. The acceleration, too, is so remarkable, the response so instant, that, combined with the lowness and evident ruggedness of the car, one's *feeling of safety* is complete."
—*Roger Brooks, Chicago, Ill.*

◆◆

"There is a *sense of security* in riding in this car—at any speed—that I have never felt before, due, I think, to the lower center of gravity. My car has never skidded an inch—and I have tried to make it. The hydrostatic four-wheel brake system is the most perfect brake I have ever used." —*Frederick H. Bartlett, Chicago, Ill.*

◆◆

"Its steadiness and the *sense of security* which one feels in driving it on wet, slippery roads cannot be adequately described." ———, *Chicago, Ill.**

◆◆

"The power, flexibility and *feeling of security* while driving in heavy traffic and at speed is a source of satisfaction which I have never before realized in any car." —*Don Deal, Springfield, Ill.*

◆◆

"Above all, it is a *safe* car—*safe* at any speed; *safe* on any road." ———, *Indianapolis, Ind.**

◆◆

"It is always first in get-away and the four-wheel hydrostatic brakes are certainly positive stopping power. I *certainly feel safe* in driving my car at any speed."
———, *Indianapolis, Ind.**

◆◆

"And as to *safety*: 'Carefree days' describes it. I feel perfectly comfortable at any speed and on any road. Detours mean nothing. My wife and three-year-old daughter are more enthusiastic than I am. No more back seat driving. It's now 'Daddy, drive fast'."
—*R. V. Sowers, Muncie, Ind.*

◆◆

"An unfortunate accident resulting from a collision, whereby the running board and fenders were practically ripped off the car, resulted in no personal injury; I consider the low-hung body to be responsible for the car retaining its *upright position*."
———, *Baltimore, Md.**

◆◆

"I feel *quite safe* when driving on a wet asphalt street."
—*Dr. Arthur Gundlach, St. Louis, Mo.*

◆◆

"The new four-wheel brakes bring *almost perfect safety* and instantaneous control, and it is impossible to make the New Stutz skid at any rate of speed on any kind of road." ———, *St. Louis, Mo.**

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"I find it is less inclined to skid over wet roads than other enclosed cars which I have driven. I have tried it out a number of times where the roads have been wet and *felt safe*, for speed and hill-climbing."
—*Edward Reid, Lumberton, N. J.*

◆◆

"I notice the *greater safety* of the New Stutz, as practically all sway and skid seem to be done away with by its lowness and its length." ———, *Seaside Park, N.J.**

"I never toured at this rate for such a distance and at the same time thoroughly comfortable and with a feeling of *absolute safety*." ———, *New York, N. Y.**

◆◆

"It steers and operates with perfect ease and lends that feeling of *complete safety* so essential to comfortable travel." —*Robt. L. Brewer, Cortland, N. Y.*

◆◆

"During the past fifteen years I have driven ten different types, including one foreign type of car, but never have I felt the *security* and comfort that I now experience in this Stutz." ———, *Asheville, N. C.**

◆◆

"Many who have ridden with me have commented upon their greater pleasure due to their lack of apprehension resulting from the *feeling of safety* which the construction of the car inspires."
—*A. H. B. Jeffords, Cleveland, Ohio*

◆◆

"One has a *feeling of security* in the operation of the car that is comforting and makes driving a pleasure."
—*Carl M. Babst, Cleveland, Ohio*

◆◆

"I find one can take an original curve on a dirt road at forty to fifty miles per hour with *no suspicion of a skid*; the same is true in mud or sand if the car is given half a chance. I believe further that the direct worm drive and the *standard of safety* embodied in your car will cause all other automobiles in the United States to adopt similar construction."
—*Paul C. Raborg, Chugwater, Wyo.*

* *Name of owner furnished upon application*

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc. - - *Indianapolis*

The New Safety-Stutz is permanently protected against theft by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

An exclusive feature is Loss-of-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This also is without cost to the car owner.

The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft.

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York.

All closed bodies automatically ventilated by Hubbard Ventilating Eaves—another exclusive feature.

STUTZ

(Continued from Page 89)

"Yes Louis, three can play; but it's livelier with four."

"Then ask another." His royal command.

Listening in and clutching at her breath, Madame Sabran gasped when that darling, darling senator suggested: "Very good, Louis. With your permission I shall invite Monsieur de Sabran."

"Ah!" the prince exclaimed. "A French gentleman? Of New Orleans, perhaps? Excellent! Excellent!"

Grabbing her skirts the woman ran, raced out along the guards, searching for Steed, rushed through the cabin, then burst in at their own quarters.

"Steed! Steed! You are going to play poker tonight—with the prince."

"Sh! Speak lower, Angele. You rouse this entire boat."

"—— play poker—with the prince—be jolly—buy wine and ——"

"But Angele, I never gamble."

"—— buy wine, take drinks, and ——"

"I never drink, as you know ——"

"—— take drinks and ——"

"But," that stupid Steed continued to repeat, "I never gamble, never drink."

"Hear me, Aristide Sabran." Madame grappled his shoulders, shook him like a rat. "That's why we get nowhere. You are a machine for gathering money. You have no vices to make a gentleman. Tonight you shall gamble, you shall buy wine. Be good fellow. Let the prince win. What is a few thousand? Bah!"

"Calm yourself, Angele; calm yourself. Sit down. Tell me exactly what is what."

That most competent stage manager, the Crow, laid the scene of their four-handed game in "Texas." For business reasons he did not care to play in public. Other rooms, bearing the names of smaller states, were ranged on either side the main cabin. A bunk above a bunk, for two occupants. "Texas," much larger, was located on the upper deck and could accommodate a gaming table.

Four players and a negro boy to serve their drinks formed a gentleman's game—an exclusive game.

"My friends," observed the young prince as he shucked his coat in democratic fashion, "I desire that you call me Louis—plain Louis."

"Very good," Steed blurted out, amazed at his own audacity; "on condition that you call me Steed."

"Excellent! Excellent, Steed!" Louis tossed his head like a thoroughbred and laughed.

An auspicious beginning, calling each other Louis and Steed, even before the Crow's marked cards were shuffled or a convivial toddy mellowed them. Their beginning must have filled with courage madame, who waited below—waited breathlessly, as nations hung upon the news from Waterloo. Aristide Sabran had prided himself on being a red republican, hating those nearsighted aristocrats who never saw him, never called except when they called to borrow money.

The change that now swept over Steed was not really a change, merely an outcropping of substrata. Money to him represented power. He possessed that. Now, rubbing elbows between a Bourbon and a senator, he sensed a new brand of mastership, the kind that Angele dreamed of.

To enter New Orleans with Louis on one arm and Walworth on the other would compel many stiff necks to bow before him. It didn't take long for Sabran to think of things. He thought of this while Louis was rolling up his cuffs.

Opposite the financier's swarthy face of wrinkled leather sat the handsome, the courtly, the free-spending Saltoon, the paragon and pattern of a gentleman, celebrated in river legends as the Crow. With easy deference Crow glanced at Louis for the prince to set the pace.

Thereupon the youngster opened his waistcoat and produced a wallet, from which he placed a handful of bank notes on the table, notes of large denomination, aggregating five or six thousand dollars. No chivalric swordsman will use a blade that's longer than his adversary's, so the Crow took a like amount of stakes. So did Walworth and Sabran.

"Senator," Louis gave noble warning, "I do not fight under false colors. Your attachés in Paris have already taught me their national sport. I ask no favors and give none. This is for blood."

Their struggle began. Fortunes shifted. Money gravitated toward Sabran, then left him. Now the prince had it. Now the senator. Then Louis again.

Louis laughed gleefully when Sabran's king-full wiped away his winnings. "It is no marvel," he commented, "that you Americans love this game. So full of surprises. One moment I have all the money. Pouf! Now I have none. I beg you, Steed, accommodate me."

"Help yourself," Steed shoved his pile.

"I take—yes, take three thousand—no, no, quite sufficient. I shall win presently. Thanks. See, gentlemen, I learn American ways." And he scrawled upon a card: "I. O. U. Louis."

After a little, Captain Launay dropped in and stood behind the senator: "How goes it, my friends? Do you need anything?"

"Nothing, thank you." Crow looked up with a smile. "I don't want a darn thing except some luck."

"Very simple," Launay promised. "I shall send you some aces."

As the captain turned to go the prince halted him. "Wait, captain. Would you be so kind as to inform Madame Yolande that her bridegroom is having beautiful pleasure. If she gets lonely she may sit with Madame de Sabran, wife of my good friend, Steed."

"Yes, yes, captain," eagerly Steed spoke up. "Be sure to tell the lady."

Bank notes rustled around the table, as leaves blown by capricious winds, now eddying here, now gathering there; then an accumulated drift swept clear and bare. For Crow could place the winning cards exactly where he wanted.

Stakes climbed higher as players drank and grew more reckless. The prince broke into a boyish laugh. "I like this American sport, and shall regret to reach New Orleans, where we can have no quiet place to play. It isn't possible, of course, for me to gamble publicly."

By this time Steed Sabran had all his wits about him, and struck while the iron was hot.

"I make that right, Louis. You and madame stay at my house. Got a fine poker table."

"Excellent idea! Excellent! I think perhaps so. Then I miss a hotel and those annoying mobs. . . . Raise you two thousand, Steed. . . . We talk of that again, my friend. Yes, yes, I think so."

Which got old Steed so rattled that he called a two-thousand-dollar bet on tens and treys, while Louis showed down three nines.

"Shame, friend Steed, shame. Caught you bluffing."

The black boy kept busy mixing toddies, and presently Captain Launay appeared again at a happy moment to share the hilarity.

"Gentlemen," he suggested, "Colonel Douglas joins us at Baton Rouge. He is such a charming companion that perhaps you'd like for him to take a hand?"

"By all means." Sabran forgot that he wasn't bossing this party. He only remembered that Colonel Archibald Douglas represented the very flower of aristocracy in Louisiana. "By all means, Launay. Fetch him up. Fetch him up."

"Certainly," added the Crow.

Nobody happened to observe Prince Louis or the expression that clouded his countenance—a stark amazement, a terror. Bolting his whisky straight he steadied himself and asked, "Captain Launay, do you refer to Colonel Archibald Douglas of New Orleans and New York?"

"Yes, sir; he has a town house in New York, on Washington Square, I think. Perhaps you met him?"

"No," Louis mumbled. "Is he a tall handsome man of sixty, ruddy face, iron-gray hair?"

"Same man," said Launay.

"And a high roller, too," Steed added. "Fetch him up, Launay."

"At once," the captain promised. "We'll get to Baton Rouge within the hour, and I shall bring Colonel Douglas up here."

Shuffle, cut and deal. Shuffle, cut and deal. Mechanically the prince would stare at his cards and lay them down. Louis was thinking. Something must be done—done now. His laugh failed to ring true as he slapped Sabran on the shoulder and said, "Friend Steed, we must have many games in New Orleans—many. I have decided. Be so kind, ask madame's permission to take us in her home?"

"With joy! With joy!" the delighted financier sprang up backward, knocked over a chair, left his money scattered, and ran. Instantly, when he had closed the door, Louis flung an order at the waiter:

"Get out of here, boy." The negro disappeared.

"Jim"—to the senator—"watch that door."

The three confederates were now alone—"Senator" Jim Parkside holding the door and listening outside, "Prince" Tony Moscati hurriedly putting on his coat, while Crow leaned curiously across the table.

"What ails you, Tony?" he demanded.

The pretended prince was scared sick. His voice shook. "I've got to drop off this boat damn quick."

"But we haven't started on our sucker. What's the matter?"

While Crow worked around and guarded the door the pale-faced Tony stammered.

"Colonel Douglas knows me. I was head waiter at his club in New York. He's one of the club committee that offered a reward for my capture. Ten years in the pen. I'm gone."

"Hell of a mess," Crow swore. "Wait, Tony, wait. We can't break this game now. That old sucker's less than two hundred dollars loser. To divide with Jud and the woman would only give you forty dollars. Hold still, Tony. We have an hour to skin Sabran, and he'll quit the game if you leave. We'll work quick to Baton Rouge. Listen. When our sucker comes back I win and Jim wins. You lose. Borrow every picayune you can get. Talk about visiting his wife. At Baton Rouge you and Pixie can sneak ashore without letting Colonel Douglas see you."

"I'm scared," Tony admitted, yet took off his coat again.

Crow had more caution than to trust the unnerved Tony out of that room. Instead, he dispatched Senator Jim to tell Jud and the woman. Pixie must be ready.

To the poker room in "Texas" Aristide Sabran returned, doing his best to walk like a man whose brain is not a-whirl. Noisily Prince Louis welcomed him: "Quick! Tell me, Steed. What did madame say?"

"All fixed up, Louis, for you folks to stay in our house, play every night."

"Excellent, friend Steed! Excellent! Now stir up this game. These misers are getting cheap."

"I'll show 'em; I'll show 'em." Steed wagged his giddy head.

To extract a tooth the preliminaries consume much time. It is snatched out in a twinkling.

Shuffle, cut and deal. Shuffle, cut and deal. A business transaction. The winds of chance were not capricious. They blew steadily across the table to Crow and Jim. Again and again old Steed tapped his wallet. Each time a gust sent every bank note fluttering to Jim. What two of the crooks failed to win the Bourbon sharper borrowed.

When their boat whistled for Baton Rouge the tightest financier in Louisiana had lost eleven thousand dollars cash, besides a check which he gave to Crow for

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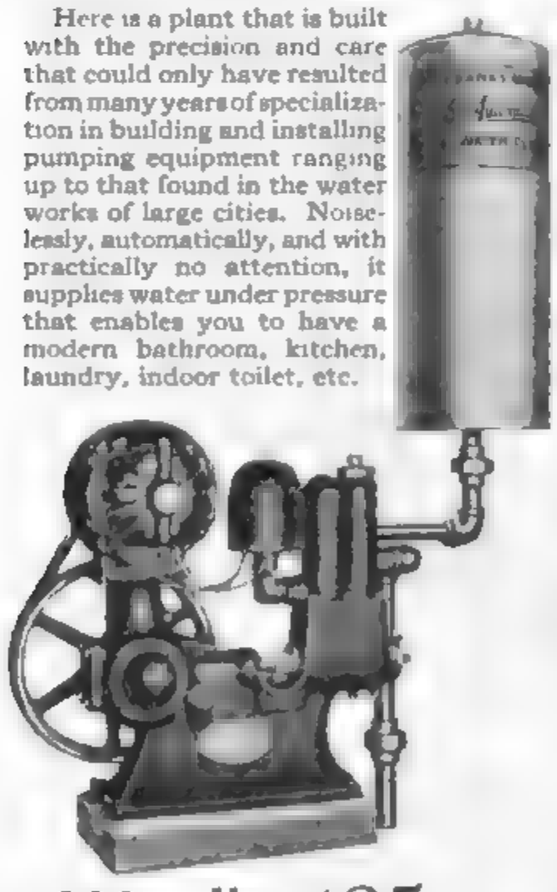

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seven thousand. He had also paid the princely deficit of Tony Moscati, and held I. O. U.'s for nine thousand dollars signed "Louis." Then the whistle blew.

"Ah! Baton Rouge!" With royal nonchalance Tony leaned back and yawned. "I have a curiosity to see the place. Yes, yes. I shall stretch my legs."

"Prince Louis" and "Senator Walworth," escorting "Princess Yolande," sauntered aimlessly away from the War Eagle while she lay at her landing. And Tony took excessive care not to encounter Colonel Douglas on the stage plank.

Two hours. The boat was ready to back out. Her last whistle had sounded. Sabran came rushing to the Crow on the guards and asked excitedly, "Where's Captain Launay? We must hold the boat. Louis and the senator have not returned."

"Oh, yes, they have," Crow assured him. "They're waiting for us in 'Texas.' Come; shall we go up?"

Thirsting to get even, Sabran reëntered the "Texas" ahead of Crow, and halted in astonishment. Neither Louis nor the senator was there; nobody except that wide-hatted mule man.

"What are you doing here?" the financier challenged Jud.

"One moment, monsieur," Crow answered from behind, and locked the door. "Monsieur Sabran, I intentionally misinformed you. Our prince and senator are not on board. They left us at Baton Rouge."

"Left us? The prince gone, and Senator Walworth—call the captain! Quickly! Go back for them."

"No, monsieur." Crow stopped him. "You'd better hear what this man has to say."

Wonderingly Sabran turned to Jud, whose few plain words were plenty.

"Mister, that feller you call senator, he ain't nary senator. He's Jim Parksides, slickest thief on this river. Hope he didn't cheat no money off'n you."

"Money?" Steed snorted while the honest drover delivered a second knock-out.

"I figgers that t'other chap warn't much of a prince. Him and his woman went trailin' off with Jim. Took all their baggage."

At this paralyzing intelligence Sabran cross-questioned Jud. Each answer drove the nail a little harder—that both men were impostors, had got his money and gone. Then Jud Brill also went.

Incredulously Sabran sank into the same chair where he had been playing, his arms limp upon the table. Crow took the opposite seat. If certain contingencies arose it were well to have a good stout barricade between them.

"Monsieur Sabran, you will now comprehend why I misled you in the crowd below. Your adventure with this swindling prince must not leak out. People in New Orleans would be glad of a pretext to sneer."

"They'd make me a laughing stock."

"So I thought best to inform you privately."

"Yes, yes," the financier muttered. "Very considerate."

For some deep ruminating moments old Steed said nothing, then remarked, "We fell among thieves."

"So it appears."

"Of course, Captain Saltoon, you will return my money and check."

"No." This brought the boil to a head, exactly as Crow had planned. "No. On the contrary you will pay me seven thousand dollars cash and redeem your check."

"Like hell I will!" the Creole snarled. "Ah! I remember. You brought that thief and his woman on board this boat."

Crow bowed.

"Tarred with the same stick?"

Again the Crow assented.

"Yet you have the effrontery to ——"

"Be quiet, monsieur!" Crow halted Steed's outburst with a gently lifted hand. "People say queer things of Monsieur Sabran, but never that he's a fool. Examine our situation. Each has his difficulty. I cannot collect your check, payable to the order of Andrew Saltoon, because my name is not Saltoon."

"Yes, I have you there."

"Let's confess it," said the Crow. "But I have you here! If that check is not paid I shall frame it to hang on my wall. Thousands will ask questions and hear a diverting story of Aristide Sabran gambling with Senator Walworth and Prince Louis, while Madame de Sabran sits on a divan with a bagnio girl from Mobile, making out her list of invitations to a reception for their Royal Highnesses. The tale would amuse New Orleans."

Crow had prepared himself for wrath and explosions, although believing that Sabran, having got his tail in a crack, would pull it out with the least possible noise. The old fellow frowned. His crafty eyes narrowed, his jaw clomped tight. He considered.

"You are quite correct," Steed finally decided. "Come with me. Captain Launay will pay that check."

Side by side, like good friends, they stood at the office window while Launay counted down seven thousand dollars. Sabran did not wish madame to witness the transaction, and took a position which commanded the cabin. There he saw her approach, bearing down upon him, with every sail set, her war flags fluttering.

In that crisis the Crow learned more of Aristide Sabran, came to respect him as a man of grit and humor.

"Captain What-cher-name," the old fellow chuckled, "I'll give you another seven thousand dollars for one quick lie to tell my wife."

GREEN DICE

(Continued from Page 29)

"I've never been a drinking man, tanning my mouth with spiritous liquors," he would complain in a bitter whisper, "and since I got to start these siphons every night by sucking gas, I tell you my tongue's raw."

At each town of any size he went out to look for work.

"What can you do?"

"I'm a union carriage painter."

"I can give you a job painting my auto."

Skitch shook his head sadly. "Mister, I won't take advantage of you thataway. I'm no automobile painter."

"Why, if you're a carriage painter ——"

"Horse of another color. Anyone claims they're the same don't know what he's talking about."

But there came a night in a Nebraska camp when Mr. Skitch found the game for which he had been looking. Alas, for the hours of practice; alas, for the warnings of Doctor Perry; alas, and a few more alases for the green dice. Mr. Skitch was trimmed. He lost his money, his tools, and finally the scabby spare tire off his car.

"Doctor Perry was right," he said, crawling wearily into his blankets. "I'd ought to listened to him."

"You throw them dice away right now or else I'll do it," said Mrs. Skitch angrily. "I'm sick of them."

He tossed the green cubes into a tangle of berry bushes. "Stay there, darn you."

But toward dawn he slipped out of bed cautiously.

"Where's papa going?" asked one of the children, raising a tangled head.

"Out after gasoline, pretty," said Mrs. Skitch drowsily. "Go back to sleep."

She roused when he crawled into bed again. "Any luck?"

"Sure. Found them easy, shining away under a bush."

"Oh, dice," she said, disgusted. "I thought you was off them."

"Can't I keep them just for luck pieces?"

She still had a few dollars left, but when she heard that he had lost their spare tire she refused to trust him even to buy the simple rations of boiled beans and potatoes and stew on which they lived. Ice cream was but a dim rosy memory, the gay organdie frocks hung in shreds, and the Skitches progressed slowly from camp to camp without further mishap until ——

The sun blazed on fields of drooping corn, and the humid air held back its rain like a miser. The Skitch car limped along the highway spurting rusty water from its radiator like a footsore tramp spitting tobacco. Mr. and Mrs. Skitch sat in front with the baby asleep between them. In the back the children dozed in a tangle of sticky arms and legs, too hot to sing, too hot to bicker, too hot even to think. Suddenly they woke with a jerk as a shrill, eerie wail ripped the heavy air. Mr. Skitch put on his brakes.

"You young ones quit that!" he said with unwonted sharpness. "It's enough to scare a man to death, a noise like that."

The children, still rubbing their eyes, denied making a sound.

"Then it must of been Lady howling," said Mrs. Skitch. "Buster, run around and see if she's all right."

Buster found his own legs in the tangle and climbed over the side of the car, the doors being completely barred by the load on the running boards.

"She's all right and so's the pups," he called, "but—oh, pop, this tire's busted."

It was, indeed. Mr. Skitch looked at it despairingly and scratched his long black hair.

"I never saw ary tire that looked so plum useless. There's no way to fix it that I can see."

"Le's pull off to the side of the road and borrow an extra tire off someone going by," suggested Mrs. Skitch.

"We got as much chance to borrow their right arm. I guess all we can do is drive on till we come to a camp where we can stay a spell."

So they went on, bump, bump, bump, with the smaller children whimpering for their interrupted naps. Other travelers leaned out from passing cars and pointed helpfully to the flat tire. As if the Skitches didn't know! It seemed as if they would never get to the next town. When at last they were settled in a camp Mr. Skitch sat down beside the tire and pulled segments of shredded rubber from the flattened rim.

"This is when I wisht we was home," he remarked. "I'll bet Doc Perry would give me a wore-out tire, or most any of the folks up to the Charities."

"I know," sighed Mrs. Skitch. "I s'pose they meant well, giving us this trip, but I wisht they'd left us alone." She opened the box cupboard at the side of the car, with Mother Hubbard's luck.

"Callie, hon, and you, Buster, just run around to any tent where you see a light and say mamma would like the lend of a few potatoes and bread for tonight, or anything else they offer."

While they were waiting for the return of the foraging party the elder Skitches spread out the mattresses beside the car.

"Yes, sir," went on Mrs. Skitch, "I do miss those ladies. What we're going to do for clo's when these wear out, I don't know. Trouble with most of these auto campers is they ain't used to anything, but we knew the very best people in Thoburn."

"Uh-huh."

"I can remember the presidents of the Charity Association ever since we went there, by the names of the kids. Only I didn't have any the year Mrs. Grayce was in, and she was sure nice to us."

"Oh, well, maybe she'll get elected again sometime."

(Continued on Page 98)

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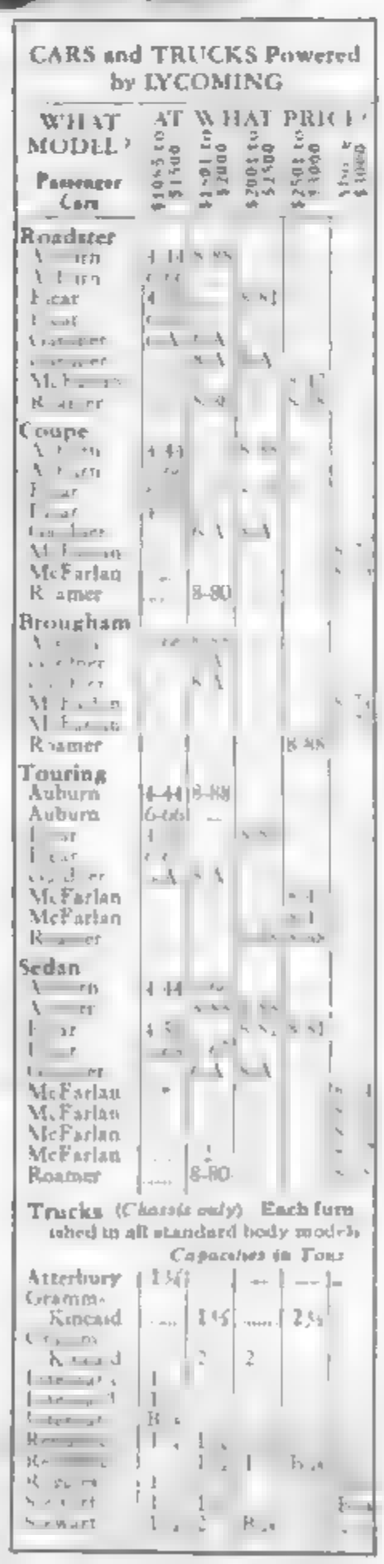

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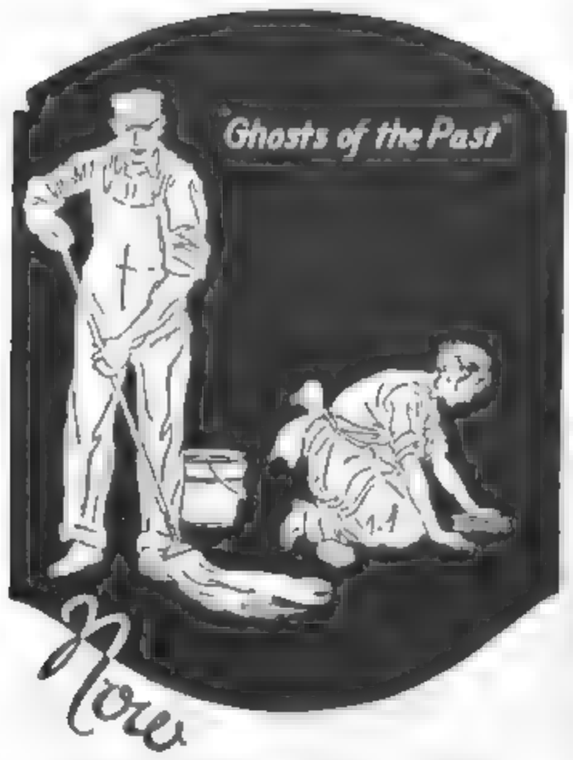

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(Continued from Page 94)

The foragers came back and dropped their spoils in a heap.

"You can't make wood fires here," reported Callie. "It's a gas-stove camp."

"Then bring the matches and get a move on," said Mrs. Skitch. Experience had taught her that by shifting her kettle from burner to burner she could usually find enough unused gas left over to cook a meal without having to deposit a quarter in the meter. It took five gas stoves and perhaps twenty matches to cook the frugal dinner.

"I'm tired of potatoes," said one of the children. "Le's go home."

"We can't go backward or forward till we get a new tire, sonny. Pop's got to earn some money first," replied Mr. Skitch. He turned toward his wife. "A town this size most likely has a carriage works where I can get a job."

"I hope so. Then you could work steady."

He rose early and went zipping down the road into town, the very picture of an alert workman. But he came back after an hour to report that there was no carriage factory.

"Goodness knows I tried to find work and I can't," he said righteously. "I can't set down and see my family starve, so I gotta shoot craps."

Before long a desperate farmer invaded the auto camp for recruits for his harvesting crew. The owner of the place led him around to the Skitch ménage.

"Here's a man that wants work."

Skitch sprang up with that misleading spryness of his.

"I certainly do, mister."

"Well, I've got it for you."

"What kind of job?"

"Baling crew."

"Sorry, mister, but I'm a union carriage painter. I jus' don't know a thing about baling."

"Come on and learn."

"Yes, learn," said the camp owner menacingly, "or I'll have you pinched for a vag. I'm sick of having you hoboes come in here and sneak out at night owing me a week's rent."

"Oh, all right," said Skitch tolerantly. "I'll try anything once except poison."

He came home that night with five dollars, and the family lived high. After dinner he walked restlessly back and forth with his hands in his pockets.

"I'm going out for a little while, Mattie. Some of the boys from the baler ast me to meet them down back of the station."

"All right," said Mrs. Skitch incuriously. "Bring back some candy."

The sun was full in her face when she woke next morning and realized that her man had been gone all night. She put his overcoat on over her nightgown and sought the camp owner.

"Drinking man, was he?"

"No sir, never touched ary drop all his life. He's a prohi."

"Well, he couldn't have been robbed, that's sure. Don't worry. He'll turn up when he smells the coffee."

Presently Ira's employer of the day before drove up, wrath writ large on his ruddy face. "What do you suppose that little rat I got from here yesterday went and did last night?"

"I'd like to know. He's left a wife and five kids on my hands."

"Don't they know where he is?"

"No. There they are, eating breakfast."

The farmer lowered his voice. "He's down in the hoosegow, and I hope they keep him there."

"What's he in for?"

"Shooting craps. Had a game going full blast down back of the depot last night—all my baling crew. Someone squealed and the marshal locked up the whole bunch."

"What am I going to do with his relict?"

"What am I going to do with my hay?" retorted the farmer.

They made their way over to the table where the Skitches were consuming large allotments of yellow corn-meal mush with canned milk, and the camp owner beckoned Mrs. Skitch to join them.

"Lady, I'm sorry to tell you, but your husband's in jail."

She began to weep so loudly that the children abandoned their mush and scampered to her side in terror.

"How can I get him out?" she wailed.

"You'll have to pay his fine."

"Will it be more than two dollars?"

"Gosh, yes. Twenty-five, most likely. The reformers are running the town since last election."

"But I've only got two dollars."

"Haven't a watch or jewelry, I don't suppose?"

She shook her head. "Nothing but the car."

"Well, you and those kids have to live while he's locked up, and you can't eat the car. Looks to me like you better sell it for what you can get. I'll go into town and see what I can get for it. Then we'll go down and try to bail him out. A friend of mine knows the judge."

Toward night a man came who counted out sixty-five dollars into Mrs. Skitch's hand, put a retreaded tire on the car, filled the empty gas tank, and drove off. Mrs. Skitch looked after him doubtfully.

"I'm afraid Ira's going to be awful mad when he finds out," she said. "He just thinks the world and all of that car. Le's not tell him till he comes back to camp."

"He ought to be darn glad to get rid of it," said the camp owner. "And I'm not charging a cent commission."

"That's real kind of you," she said, cheering up as she looked at the money. "Can't we go and bail him out now?"

The camp owner rode down to the jail with Mrs. Skitch and all the children. They stood outside and talked to their husband and father through the bars, with half a dozen other prisoners crowding around him.

"Ira, honey, we've come down to bail you out."

A peculiar expression crossed Mr. Skitch's face. One would almost have said that he looked annoyed. "It'll take a lot of money, Mattie."

She laughed delightedly and held up a twenty-dollar bill.

"Where'd you get that?"

"He raised it for us," she said, laying a sisterly hand on the shoulder of the camp owner.

"Save it to use for you and the kids," said Skitch gruffly.

"That's just like him! He's the most unselfish man," she announced to anyone who cared to listen.

The camp owner was moved, despite a rather low estimate of humanity acquired from three years in the auto-camp business.

"Your family needs you, Skitch. I'll go around and see the judge."

Skitch's black eyes flashed unmistakably.

"You mind your business," he said. "I won't come out till I get ready."

"He don't mean to be rude, mister," said Mrs. Skitch earnestly. "Do you, honey?"

"Of course not. I shouldn't of spoke so hasty. But jus' leave me be till tomorrow. I need to be learned a lesson."

"Are you happy, hon?"

For one split second Mr. Skitch's left eyelid eclipsed his shining left orb.

"Sure. I'm all right."

So, after much blowing of kisses, the Skitch family left him in jail and went back to camp. Their clothes and bedding and Lady's cage were piled in a heap where the car had stood.

"I don't know what papa's going to say when he finds out I sold the car. I'm scared to tell him," she told the children.

At about ten the next morning Mr. Skitch himself appeared, walking rapidly toward camp from town, his speed somewhat hampered by an automobile tire, which he shifted from arm to arm. The children ran out to meet him with joyous whoops, followed by his wife and a few curious campers.

"Pack up quick, Mattie. We're going to leave as soon as I can put on this new tire," he called excitedly.

She eyed the tire blankly. "Oh—where'd you get it?"

"Bought it jus' now."

He linked his arm through hers and walked faster.

"I want to get started before them others get out. The jail may get tired of feeding them any minute."

"How did you get out?"

"Paid my fine," he said laconically, "and bought this besides." He stopped with the tire resting against his knee, and took the green dice out of his pocket. "I told you green was my lucky color, didn't I? Well, I cleaned out the gang in the jail with these last night. Right in the middle of it you come along trying to bail me out, and pretty near spoiled everything." He laughed uproariously. "How much of that money you got left?" he asked.

"Sixty dollars, about."

He whistled delightedly.

"But, Ira, I sold the car."

He stood stock-still trying to grasp the import of her words. All at once it struck him. He raised his arm as if to strike her, but dropped it as she began to cry.

"Just like a fool woman," he muttered angrily. "The minute a man turns his back his wife does some dumb thing like that."

"I'm awful sorry."

"Look at this new tire!" he stormed. "What am I going to do with it? Let the baby use it for a teething ring, I s'pose."

He became aware of an increasing bodyguard of campers, and lowered his tone.

"Don't cry, Mattie. No use blaming a person for being dumb," he said consolingly. "The thing I got to do is get away before them boys get out. I don't like this town anyway. Le's go down to the depot and see if this money will take us to California on the train."

They did an about face and went back to the station. He laid a roll of bills and a heap of silver on the sill of the ticket window. "There's two of us takes full fares, two that takes half, and the rest rides free," he said. "Will that take us to California?"

The agent counted the money, consulted his schedule, and did some figuring.

"No," he said finally; "it will drop you off in the middle of the Nevada desert."

"Will it take us back East as far as Thoburn, Indiana?"

"Yes," said the agent, "with a few dollars to spare, if you go in a day coach."

"Give me the tickets," said Ira decisively.

They had been gone five minutes when he came back all out of breath. "I got a dog and a pup too. Any extra charge for them?"

"Crate them and put them in the baggage car."

The Charity Association was engaged in one of those acrid discussions between the advocates of the day nursery and those of the clinic which had become the rule since the exodus of the Skitch family had left it with a debatable surplus, when there was an insistent knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Perry sharply.

The door opened on a small wiry man with shining black eyes and a deceptive air of energy.

"Ira Skitch, how in the world did you get back here?" gasped Mrs. Perry.

Mr. Skitch set down the tire he was carrying and prepared to shake hands. "Jus' come in on Number 16. I rang up your house, and the doctor told me to come down here."

"Where did you leave your family?" pursued Mrs. Perry grimly.

Mr. Skitch threw back the door with the air of a showman presenting a special act, and his wife stepped in smiling, with the children clinging to her skirt.

"It sure seems good to get back," she said. "We come here right away, because we need some things bad."

"Where's your car?" asked Mrs. Perry feebly.

"Sold it," answered Ira easily. "We enjoyed it, and it was real thoughtful of you ladies to give us the trip, but shucks! There's no place like home."

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

George H. Jones

GEORGE H. JONES is the living answer to the question: Does stenography pay? He is the highest-paid stenographer in the world.

One day, so far as most of us were concerned, he was just one of the Joneses; the next, he was chairman of a billion-dollar property, Standard Oil of New Jersey, elected in succession to the late A. C. Bedford. Folks began asking questions. Some of these I shall answer in what follows; he answers others.

When you get that there's-no-chance-for-me feeling, pause to recall the early life of George Jones as set down here—a drab tale, without color or embellishment.

Now fifty-three years old, Jones was born in Carthage, New York. His parents held their heads high and chins out, the more so since they were on the border line of poverty. The father had lost a leg. That hampered his carpentering activities; moreover, jobs were few. He could not buy schoolbooks; so his son had to borrow them, and learned faster because he had to. "That Jones boy will do anything," neighbors said, and they hired him to do it. Summers he was ragpicker in a mill, and later worked in a chair factory—twelve hours for thirty-five cents. It was real money to his mother.

He left school at fourteen to work in an insurance office, sweeping out and building the fire at six A. M. and delivering policies after hours. Wage for the first six months, three dollars weekly; for the next, five dollars. And then the boss told him his second year's rating would be $4.50—"an advance over the first year's average"—and the boy resigned.

George H. Jones

He had bought a shorthand book, and practiced typewriting on a cardboard copy of the seventy-two-letter keyboard then in use, which he had torn from a catalogue. He had forty dollars—tell me how he could have saved it, if you can—and he decided to go to a business college at Oswego. The self-taught youngster went through four classes the first day.

Then one day his eyes refused to see, due to overstrain, and he became a typewriter salesman.

Recommended for a fifty-dollar-a-month job in the Oil City, Pennsylvania, office of a pipe-line company in 1890, Jones reported and his salary was raised to sixty dollars the second day. He was fast; he could do more work than anyone who had ever held that job.

To be a stenographer or a clerk is to be in a blind alley?

George Jones was in that blind alley for a dozen years. Then and thereafter the practical motto of many of his associates appears to have been, "Let George do it." Nevertheless, he managed to study law at night.

While on a Western trip in 1897, Dan O'Day found Jones finishing work at eleven nightly, told the Pittsburgh manager "You can't have him," and returned to New York with a new secretary. But that did not end the drudgery; it was a beginning, rather.

Much of the Jones business history is buried in obscurity. He worked; he plodded; he plowed through. One of the Joneses, a John Doe of the organization; no high-sounding titles were his.

But interesting things happened. For instance, a big executive wanted an audit made of a Western branch. It was needed quickly, but would probably take weeks. Who should be sent? Well, it was a tough job, so someone sent Jones. Six days later he returned. He had traveled two days, worked two days and nights, traveled eastward again, finishing the job on the train, and had audited $10,000,000 of expenditures. A still bigger executive looked up from the audit digest to ask, "Who did this?" He was told. "What do we pay him?" Jones was then paid $5000 a year. "Brilliant work," the executive said. "Make it $7500."

Being a willing wheel horse does not pay? No one will notice?

Jones had been noticed; he had had a 50 per cent raise. But it was not merely much work or accurate work or fast work that had won him recognition; it was brilliancy. While others had been letting Jones do it, he had been mastering the baffling intricacies of the oil business, developing a memory that was photographic and all-embracing, and learning how to strip away masses of detail and come to the nub of a problem quickly.

The executive who read his audit digest recognized that here was a man Standard Oil could not afford to lose.

He was given many hard problems to solve, many heavy loads to carry after that, and after a while had become assistant to the treasurer. In 1917, twenty-seven years after he walked into the Oil City office, the directors decided that, in as much as they had to call him in so constantly to answer their questions, they had better make him a member of the board. So they did.

He was treasurer, vice president; and then when it came time to elect a new chairman the directors and chief stockholders—including the Rockefellers—knew that if any other man was selected, that man would have to "ask Jones," so they elected Jones. This may seem a light way of speaking of a $125,000 job, but I think it is accurate. He knew more about Standard Oil than anyone else.

This man, whose time is rated at about a dollar a minute, is handsome, smiling, quiet, low-voiced, diffident, self-effacing. He does not sell himself; is without what is commonly called "front"; but wears well on acquaintance and attracts loyalty. His colleagues wonder if he has ever been angry, or ever has said an unkind word to anyone. He has never used tobacco or alcohol; and in a sense he had never played, until physicians ordered golf, whereupon he concentrated an analytical mind and a splendid physique on the royal and ancient game and quickly became expert. If he has hobbies, they are grandchildren and work.

He is still a good stenographer. This and other facts here given I learned from associates. Searching George H. Jones for first-person facts is about as productive as asking him for Standard Oil financial secrets.

Recently a conference ended late, when the clerical staff had gone. Jones sat at a secretary's desk and turned out manifold copies of a memorandum on decisions reached, one for each man present. When the day is done and callers gone, he tackles a stack of mail, making pothook notations regarding replies. At his Pelham home he spends many evenings at a typewriter. When he has prepared a speech it goes into a minute, copperplate shorthand on a strip of paper a yard long, which folds into a pad and fits the palm of his hand. But it stays there; he has no need to look at it; he remembers.

"Some men who start in business as stenographers are ashamed of it later," he told me. "I have never found any reason for being ashamed of it. I am proud of it, rather. Shorthand is valuable to me still.

"I do not think stenography is a blind alley. No job is a blind alley if you have imagination. Given a job of no particular importance, one person does methodically what is required, while another sees new kinds of work to do and makes the job important. The second will get ahead.

"Looking back, I do not think I was ambitious at any time. I was too full of the job in hand to think about the future. To enjoy myself I must have work.

"I do not believe, anyway, that we can start in the beginning and work toward any definite goal with any certainty. We cannot see what the future will bring. How can we foresee the future?

"Luck helped me; I know abler men who worked as hard who have not been successful. But as a rule it is true that when you have reached a certain point and acquired the right sort of preparation the opportunity opens up before you. Somehow the opportunity is there if you are prepared for it, or it has been so with me."

I asked what he considered the essential business quality.

He rules out the genius theory. Startling qualities are not likely to win advancement under the new Standard Oil head.

"First, we all want dependability," he said "To get ahead a man must be dependable, he must have integrity. You must be able to have confidence in him."

These are simple things; but then all George H. Jones had to work with was health, an alert brain and a few simple convictions of the sort Poor Richard talked about nearly 200 years ago. And so it came about that they sat a stenographer down at a desk to manage a $1,000,000,000 property and meet many millions daily in bills payable, and show a profit besides.

Meade Minnigerode

A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I WAS born in London, in 1887, of American parents. My grandfather was for many years rector of St. Paul's Church in Richmond, Virginia. I lived for some sixteen years in Paris, France, and went to school in England, at St. George's, Ascot, and at Harrow. I graduated from Yale in 1910, where my first official literary attempts were made as an editor of the Yale Courant.

In the fall of 1916 I decided to take up writing permanently and exclusively. I went to France in June, 1917. I was for about a year the representative in France of the United States Shipping Board, and after that held a commission as first lieutenant in the American Red Cross. For a time, at the close of the war, I was in the canteen service, attached to French troops on the French front. I came home in May, 1919, and have been writing ever since.

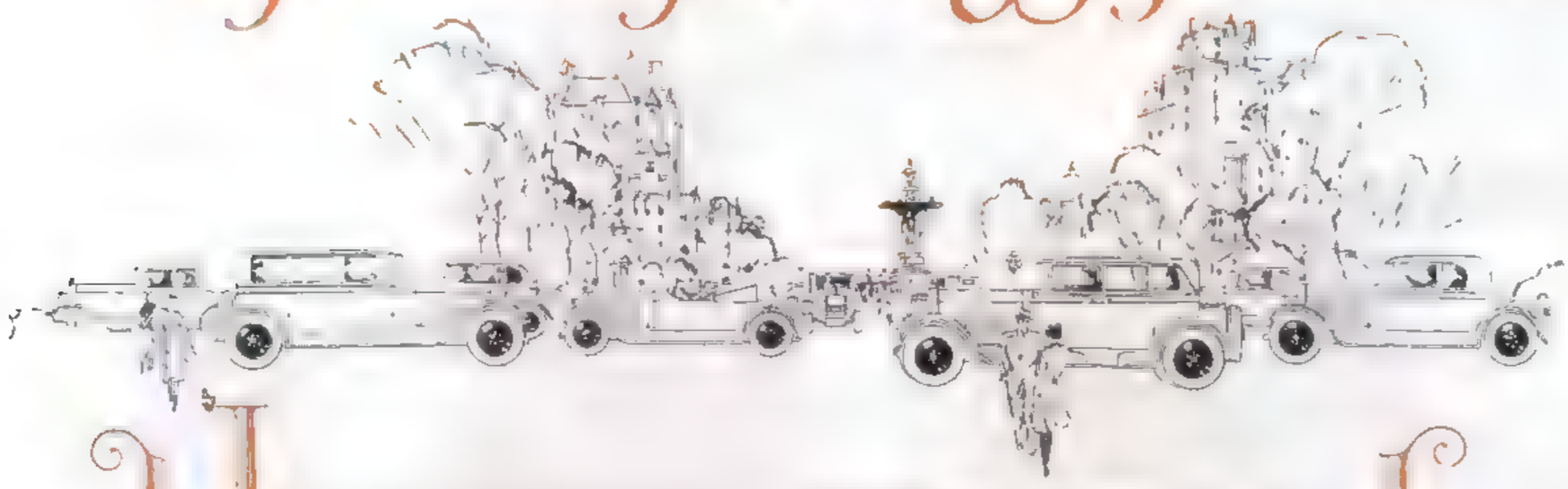
My interest in the forties was started while I was writing some stories about the clipper-ship, gold-rush days, which were subsequently published in book form under the name of Oh, Susanna. I looked up old files of the New York papers for contemporary gold-rush material. In doing so my attention was called to the advertisements of theaters and "gardens" of the day, which seemed highly entertaining to me. One thing led to another, and I became convinced that the period of the forties was in every way, as you might say, meat.

In preparing the Fabulous Forties book I went through some six years of the New York Herald of that decade looking for anything that might turn up. I found the advertisements and the editorials full of stuff.

I am unmarried. I spend my vacations aboard a power boat. I do not use a typewriter.

Why Mr. NASH *said...*

"Goodbye, buggy wheels"



IT all started when Mr. Nash's engineering staff told him that their experiments had shown Budd-Michelin Wheels to be better.

But changing to steel wheels was a radical step. Mr. Nash didn't know how the public would take to them.

So he decided on a test. Beginning in May, 1922, he offered Budd-Michelin Wheels as optional equipment on the Nash. He charged $25 extra for them. That was a test. Here's what happened:

> Nash buyers took 27,505 Budd-Michelin Wheels during the remainder of 1922—at $25 extra for every set.
>
> In 1923, Nash buyers took 149,237 Budd-Michelin Wheels—six times as many—adding $25 to the cost of each car for the privilege.

In July, 1924, Mr. Nash did a little figuring. He checked back and found that since Budd-Michelin Wheels were first offered, 75% of his customers—*3 out of every 4*—had selected them, and paid $25 extra.

That settled it. Automobile buyers, as well as Mr. Nash, were ready to say, "Goodbye, buggy wheels." So Budd-Michelin Wheels became standard on the Nash, with no extra charge.

In 1925 Nash buyers took 508,404 Budd-Michelin Wheels, and during the *first five months* of the current year, 339,740.

If you want to know more about the distinguishing beauty of Budd-Michelin Wheels, look at any Nash.

If you want to know more about the added safety, the new ease with which tires are changed, the cleanliness, the saving of tires—if you are interested in the advantages of a truly modern automobile wheel, ask any Nash owner.

Then you too will be ready to shout, "Goodbye, buggy wheels!"

Detroit — BUDD WHEEL COMPANY — *Philadelphia*

Also makers of Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheels, which fit the same hub as Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels.

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All-Aluminum Body—Duo Tone Colors—New Beauty and Distinction Inside and Out

A public appreciation, never rivalled in all the great receptions accorded past Hudsons, has swept the New Hudson to the greatest heights of its long leadership.

And rightly too, for these beautiful new Super-Sixes overshadow all the famous forerunners of the line.

The new Brougham, larger, wider, with this strong, rigid new all-aluminum body, and rich, smart and lasting colors, is commanding the largest sales on record for this always favorite model. Roomier, more comfortable, with new lines and new upholstery, its all-aluminum body by one of America's most exclusive builders gives the finest custom quality, with an amazing price advantage through large production.

With the new Coach and the new Sedan, it scores Hudson's highest value achievement. Each is more striking and distinctive. Each is a triumph of body quality and comfort. Each is mechanically the finest expression of Super-Six design, with chassis advancements substantially increasing gasoline mileage, and giving even greater performance and reliability.

The result of more than eleven years' experience in building more than 850,000 cars on the Super-Six principle, these new Hudsons are in all ways the finest ever built.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY - DETROIT

SUPER-SIX

Waste—the Real "Red" Peril

"Down with Profits" is Waste's red ink manifesto to every user of machinery. Waste's chief weapons are friction, misalignment, indifferent lubrication, high power cost, premature replacement, and impaired output.

Great industries and leading manufacturers of machinery find that there is no defense like Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in machine tools, line shafting, materials handling devices, contractor's equipment, mill machinery, rolling stock, motors, engines, and virtually all other mechanical devices.

It is true that Timken anti-friction properties alone are capable of saving 30% of power costs. And lubrication savings are greater still! But the full benefits of Timken Bearings go right back to machine design. Basic economy, compactness and accessibility are fostered by the extreme load area which Timkens provide in minimum space. Timken Taper, *TIMKEN POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken Steel make this possible by carrying thrust, speed and shock, as well as radial loads—without excessive diameter, extra parts or compromise.

There is nothing but perfectly lubricated rolling motion, on the finest steel for the purpose, in bearings of all-around extra capacity. Mountings remain permanently rigid. Precision output and peak production must continue many years longer in Timken-equipped machinery.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

SILENT DYNAMITE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sure!" said Jinks. "But we can't prove it."

"Probably," said Caleb, "not."

In pursuance of whatever plan it was that Caleb had formed, three gentlemen arrived in Luxor that evening by train. They were mysterious gentlemen, patently mysterious, dexterously mysterious, ostentatiously mysterious. Each carried a camera. They made rendezvous in Caleb's office and then departed their three several ways, one to the neighborhood of Mr. Whortle, one to that of Mr. Lane and one to that of Mr. Molina, these three being the supervisors of Luxor County. And, without delay, each commenced to ply his trade.

On the following morning Mr. Whortle issued from his house. A man lounged against the palings across the street, but ceased his lounging to follow the supervisor. Mr. Whortle went into the bank and the stranger followed him. Mr. Whortle cashed a check and turned with a slight start as his ears made him aware of a metallic click. The stranger had photographed him.

This event did not disturb Mr. Whortle, but as the day wore on he did become irritated. Everywhere he saw the same stranger. If he went into a place of business the stranger waited outside; if he went home to dinner the stranger waited for him when he came out; if he took an automobile for Milltown the stranger took another automobile for the same place. Most unexpertedly the mysterious person would be within earshot, listening, patently listening, to every word that fell from Mr. Whortle's lips. It was decidedly annoying.

On the second evening there was a meeting of the supervisors. Three strangers appeared also, one accompanying Mr. Lane and one Mr. Molina. As the meeting went forward, eyes appeared over window sills, peering in at them watchfully. The supervisors were visibly annoyed.

"Say," demanded Mr. Molina, "what's goin' on? There's been a feller ——"

"—— follerin' every move I've made for two days," put in Mr. Lane ——

"—— clickin' his darn camera at me every five minutes," said Mr. Whortle.

"What's it mean?"

"It can't mean but one thing."

"Detectives," said Mr. Whortle.

"Better git word to Marty Rooney."

"I don't like it," said Mr. Whortle.

"They got nothin' on us," said Mr. Molina.

"How does anybody know what they got?"

That was, as the saying goes, a facer. The three pondered it.

"We got to be extry careful," said Mr. Whortle.

"But we got to see Bogardus."

"I guess we got a right to see Bogardus or anybody else," said Mr. Molina, who was made of stern stuff.

"I can't walk out to my barn 'thout havin' him poke his head through the winder," complained Mr. Whortle.

Lane sank his voice to a whisper: "That first payment's got to be turned over."

"Have to do it roundabout," said Mr. Molina.

"I'm takin' no chances on anybody," said Mr. Lane. "When that money's paid it'll be paid to us three in a bunch. Then nobody's got anythin' on anybody else."

"I tell you, Bogardus kin put it in three cigar boxes and have 'em fixed up like new, and leave 'em on our desks or suthin'. Nobody ever got in trouble for takin' a box of cigars."

"Who's to the bottom of it?" Mr. Whortle demanded

"Marty'll know," said Molina.

"I'm going to see Rooney about this tonight," said Mr. Whortle with determination.

If Caleb Hope had been present he would have been content. There is no doubt the supervisors were in a state of irritation after two days of watching eyes and clicking cameras.

"Besides," said Mr. Lane, "we can't tell how long they been up to it. Maybe it's just gettin' so awful noticeable."

With which disturbing thought the meeting broke up and each member was followed to his home by a slinking gentleman with a camera on his back.

Marty Rooney was out of town that night and the next, so Mr. Whortle was unable to spread his troubles before him; but on the third evening he sat on his piazza when the supervisor drove up. The car stopped and Mr. Whortle alighted somewhat heavily. Marty saw a second car drive up and stop a hundred feet away, but no one alighted from it.

"Well, supervisor," he called genially, "come up and sit. There'll be a cool drink along presently."

"I need more'n a drink, Marty," said Mr. Whortle.

"What's the trouble? You do look sort of peaked, Whortle. Stomach upset?"

"My mind's upset. I got to talk to you. This thing's gittin' on my nerves. Five days and nights of it now, with no let-up!"

"What thing?"

"That," said Whortle, pointing to the other car with its motionless occupant. "He follows me around. When I look out of my bedroom winder in the mornin', there he is, walkin' up and down and waitin' for me to come out. If I buy a dozen eggs he takes a picture of it with that danged camera of his." He wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked uneasily at his shadow. "There, he's gittin' out with his blasted camera now!"

The man walked to a position in front of the house, where he deliberately focused his machine and took a picture.

"There!" said Mr. Whortle. "What d'ye think of that?"

Marty advanced to the railing, frowning, and called to the photographer, "Hey, you, what are you up to?"

"Taking pictures, sir."

"Well, quit taking them around here. What are you following Whortle for?"

"Did the gentleman think I was following him?"

"Yes, and you want to quit it, or you'll git hurt. Now clear out!"

The man turned and walked calmly to his car, into which he climbed, but he did not start his motor. He simply sat there motionless and staring.

"And," said Mr. Whortle, "both Lane and Molina are in the same fix. Yes, sir, day and night; and cameras a-clickin' at them from behind every tree. I tell you what it is, Mart, it's detectives."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"What else could it be? I tell you somebody's got wind of this here courthouse deal, and we're a-bein' watched. I ain't nowise easy in my mind."

Marty leaned forward and his mouth was grim. "Don't be a fool," he said. "Nobody's got anything on you. What are a few detectives? You go along in the ordinary way, tending to your business, and everything'll be all right. Leave it to me."

"If you say so," said Mr. Whortle, only very slightly relieved.

"I do say so," Marty replied. "You're perfectly safe. Sit tight and keep your mouth shut."

"I'll do that," said the supervisor, sensing a dismissal and rising. "But 'tain't so dog-gone comfortable bein' stared at twenty-four hours a day "

"It might be worse," Marty said.

"'Tain't you that's bein' peeped at," Mr. Whortle said indignantly as he descended the steps; and the hand with which he mopped his brow was not steady.

III

JINKS BAKER leaned over the cigar counter as Caleb Hope entered his store. "Business is pickin' up in the box line," he said confidentially. "'Tain't Christmas, is it?"

"Saint Swithin's Day," said Caleb, "and no rain."

"Well, Bogardus is celebratin' it. He jest climbed out of Marty Rooney's car and bought him three boxes of fifty. Ten-centers too. And then he drove off with Marty again."

"Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire," said Caleb. "That's a proverb."

"I heard it before," Jinks rejoined.

"In such humble ways do we mark the spread of erudition," said Caleb, "but here's one I venture you have missed namely, '*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,' which is Chinese; and translated means, 'Keep your eye peeled on a politician passing out ten-cent cigars.'"

"That's a good one," said Jinks, "but I never knew the Chinese smoked cigars. I thought they favored opium."

Caleb went about his several concerns and gave no more thought to the contracting Mr. Bogardus until, two evenings later, three batches of snapshots were conveyed to his hands from his busy photographers. They were inconsequential pictures of Messrs. Whortle and Lane and Molina at innocent pastimes, in friendly conversations, or buying roasts of beef for the family dinner—all but one in each batch, and this gave Caleb seriously to cogitate. For these three pictures were identical except for the major character. They depicted a slender young woman giving a box of cigars into the eager hands of Mr. Whortle and of Mr. Lane and of Mr. Molina!

Cigars! Bogardus had bought cigars—three boxes of cigars. Rooney had bought no cigars to the knowledge of Caleb Hope, yet the young lady dispensing benefactions was Seena Rooney without the mildest shadow of a doubt. Were, then, these excellent ten-cent cigars the cigars of Mr. Bogardus? And if so, why was Miss Rooney acting as his express?

Caleb sighed lugubriously. His men had been photographing with lavish industry for a week, though Caleb had not hoped a single picture would be of value to his plans and purposes. Now here was a trio of prints which might be of considerable worth—made useless by the presence in them of a young woman, and what was worse, of a very special and particular young woman. . . . Caleb hunted out the negatives, affixed the prints to them neatly with clips, put them in an envelope and went out upon the public thoroughfare. He bent his steps up the hill toward Marty Rooney's residence, but was not compelled to go so far, for in front of the Congo Church he encountered Seena Rooney herself, issuing from the chicken-pie-supper department of that edifice.

"Miss Rooney," he said; and then—"I was about to call upon you."

"To call! Upon me!"

She was very delightful to look upon in her real amazement at this announcement. Nothing could have been more astonishing, for she knew how thoroughly this young man disapproved of her—or was it of all women he disapproved, not singling her out for his distinction?

"To call," he repeated, "and to bring you a gift—a slight thing, perhaps; but when one considers all the ramifications and gadgets and what nots of the situation, not so slight after all."

For a moment she did not speak. She was nonplused. What did it mean? Was Caleb Hope extending the olive branch and taking so clumsy a means of doing it? It was unlike him, she thought. If he desired to make peace with her he would have done so with greater finesse.

"I'm not sure I care to accept a gift from you, Mr. Hope," she said.

"Miss Rooney," he said gravely, "once, in a spirit of fairness, you gave me a warning by which I profited. I did not decline it. It was of very great value, yet I accepted it. This is, in its small way, a partial reciprocation."

"Oh!"

He extended to her the envelope, which she held in hesitation until curiosity made the decision for her and she opened it. Then she stood staring with puzzled eyes at three negatives and three prints of herself in the act of handing a box of cigars to a supervisor.

"Why, what are these? I don't understand."

"Those," said he, "are raw material for fire. I should recommend a hot and private blaze, and I'm not sure I should be contented until I buried the ashes."

"But—but these are nothing but snapshots of me giving ——"

"Suppose we don't speak about what you were giving or to whom you were giving it. Let us regard that as a private series of transactions, and when you have thoroughly and adequately burned those things, let us forget it entirely."

"You certainly are mysterious. Who took these pictures, and why, and what does it all mean?"

"It means that sometimes men are careless about their tools. One doesn't drive screws with a hammer, and it is against all usage to sweep the streets with an Easter lily. . . . If I am right in my conclusions—I may be wrong—it was astute. The result, I fear, will be the upsetting of my most carefully loaded apple cart."

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 105)

"You are talking nonsense."

"Unquestionably. But there will be other apple carts. I can't deliver my load of apples with you sitting on the seat for all the world to see."

"I think you are mildly crazy."

"And I am sure of it. If you have no matches I can lend you a box. I would suggest the kitchen stove when the cook is taking her siesta. . . . Of course, this may not spoil the climax of the piece, but it looks so. It certainly does look so."

"All this means something," Seena said with snapping eyes, "and I want to know what it is."

"The world is full of things," Caleb responded, "that it is pleasanter not to know."

"I'm going to show these to Uncle——"

"Miss Rooney," said Caleb very gravely, "let me urge you to show them to nobody, speak of them to nobody, and to forget them yourself as promptly as may be. . . . And now, having made my call, good afternoon."

She stamped her foot. "But I'm not satisfied. I want ——"

"Have you ever found it necessary to trust any human being blindly?"

"Never!"

"It is necessary now," he said; and with that he left her in her perplexity and strode down the hill toward his office. Seena stared after him with uneasy eyes. Of late she had been uneasy more than once. She had not been unaware of rumors and of whispers about her Uncle Marty—through loyalty she had shut her ears to them. Political rumors, rumors of methods which, had she allowed herself to think about them, would have shocked her inexpressibly. She loved her uncle; he was good and tender in his dealings with her, and she desired to love him.

With a sudden gesture she hid the snapshots in her waist and mounted the hill. Once in the house, she went to the empty kitchen, where a fire smoldered in the stove. Upon the coals she laid the envelope and pressed it down with the poker until it burst into sudden flame. Nor did she replace the lid until nothing remained but ashes, and these she stirred about until they were not to be distinguished. And she was surprised—surprised at herself that she should have done so, that she should against her will have done as Caleb demanded of her—and trusted him blindly.

IV

A WEEK passed, and another week. Mr. Whortle had lost weight noticeably; his face was not ruddy as had been its custom, and his eyes were hunted. Slight sounds made him start, and he had formed the habit of glancing stealthily behind him at every few steps. For the espionage had never ceased for a moment. Always he was conscious of eyes upon him; he never knew when the hateful click of a camera would sound in his ears—and he could not sleep. In short, Mr. Whortle was in a state of mind. If someone had sent him a telegram saying, "All is discovered, flee," it is rather more than probable he would have fled.

The progress of his ailment was watched with curious intentness by Caleb Hope, for Caleb's optimism, such of it as he could muster, was pinned upon Mr. Whortle, the most neurotic member of the board of supervisors.

A weapon had been in his hands—of that he was certain—but he had disarmed himself, and the Rooney cookstove had eaten it up. Nevertheless, Mr. Whortle offered possibilities.

So Caleb continued to watch and to estimate until the day before the county convention. On that afternoon he drove to Mr. Whortle's door and alighted. Mr. Whortle was in, but received him reluctantly.

"What kin I do for you?" the supervisor asked with spurious heartiness.

"Nothing for me personally, but I'm quite sure you can bestow a benefit upon the county."

"That's my aim, all times and all places."

Caleb noticed how Mr. Whortle wet dry lips, and how his fingers opened and closed and how his palms seemed to be so wet as to require constant wiping with a handkerchief. The man was in a funk. His nerves were frazzled. The time seemed to have been well chosen, if the guess were good. So Caleb guessed.

"First," he said, "you can hand over a cigar box."

"Eh? What?" Mr. Whortle lunged to his feet and stood, gray-cheeked, flaccid, staring.

"The cigar box! It hasn't left the house. Just step out and get it."

"I dunno what you're talkin' about!"

By now Caleb was sure his guess had been more than a guess—a deduction of fact.

"I'm sure you do know. But I can help you to knowledge if I have to." He drew a huge envelope from his pocket. "This," he said, "is a report of your movements, of your conversations, of your meetings—and photographs. Photographs, Mr. Whortle. And the camera doesn't lie. Juries, you know, Mr. Whortle, believe photographs."

"You got nothin' on me—not a thing. I been a square man. I've allus done my duty by this county."

"Of course, you may take that line. But if I were in your shoes, I would reel it in and quit fishing. Surely you don't want these papers and photographs read and shown in the convention tomorrow, and printed in the paper—and turned over to the grand jury. . . . It's so nice to be outdoors, Mr. Whortle, I'd rather see you roaming at large, because I haven't anything against you—except your habits, and we can cure them."

"You ain't got a thing on me."

"I've got more on you than you know. . . . Do you know what my detectives have seen and heard, or how long they have been watching you? Do you think the one man you've seen is all there is of them? Now, now, Mr. Whortle, I'm here to give you a chance. But when I leave, your chance is gone." His voice changed, became imperative, compelling, menacing. "I want that box now!"

"Eh? Oh, I tell you ——"

"Whortle, if I get that box now, and a letter from you withdrawing your name from the convention before tomorrow, that is the end of this. You'll never hear of it again. You know—and if you don't, Marty Rooney can tell you—that when I promise, I keep my promise. It's either the box and the letter, or you'll be a canary bird in a cage, and no bird seed to speak of." He took out his watch. "I give you two minutes," he said; "no more."

"If —— Say, Hope, you're bein' square with me? If I give up that there box and quit bein' a candidate ——"

"I play fair. . . . One minute gone!"

"I'll git it! I'll git it!" Mr. Whortle's face was dripping, his eyes haggard, but somehow there was relief in his manner—a queer sort of gladness that the decision had been made and that, even at a price, he was emerging from the dark forest. He returned presently, thrust the cigar box into Caleb's hands, and slumping down upon the haircloth sofa, buried his face in his hands and fell to trembling.

"I've the letter all written for you to sign," said Caleb; "and here's a pen." Mr. Whortle signed a trifle tremulously but unmistakably. "I think that's all. . . . Better try the bed and some sleep. . . . Good afternoon, Mr. Whortle, and you're well out of it."

"I be! I be! Thank goodness, I be! I couldn't 'a' stood that watchin' and follerin' and clickin' another day."

Caleb went out slowly, his shoulders bent, his face melancholy, and though he had succeeded, there was little joy in his heart. But there was something else there, though few would have suspected it, and that was sympathy for the trembling man behind him, and understanding—sympathy and understanding.

With a lift of his shoulders, he sought to throw off depression. "With this box and Whortle's withdrawal," he said, "I'll have no difficulty with the hard-boiled Mr. Molina and the stubborn Mr. Lane."

V

THE convention came together, preliminaries were completed, credentials examined and a permanent chairman installed. The gallery of the hall was filled with spectators, among whom Caleb Hope saw Seena Rooney; but he did not look at her or speak with her. Nor did he wait for events, but took events into his own hand. Upon the opening of the convention for its principal business, he arose, was recognized by the chair, and walked forward. It was noted by all that he carried three cigar boxes under his arm. Seena Rooney noted this fact, and she bit her lips and bent forward with a sudden flame of interest. Caleb mounted the platform.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention," he began—and Luxor's delegates gave him an ovation; it did not lighten his melancholy face. "I have here," he said when again he could make himself heard, "three letters which I shall read—from Messrs. Molina, Whortle and Lane."

The convention fell silent, with that curious, throbbing silence which sometimes comes upon gatherings of human beings in moments of crisis. Slowly, distinctly, Caleb read the letters of withdrawal, and clamor seized the convention hall and shook it. Withdrawn—Whortle and Lane and Molina withdrawn! What could it mean? What was back of this? One thing it did mean—that Caleb Hope's candidates for those offices were now without opposition, and the county machinery, with amazing suddenness, snatched itself from the hands of Marty Rooney and perched upon the shoulder of Caleb Hope. . . . A new county boss!

But Caleb spoke again. "These gentlemen, withdrawing from politics, wish to make their withdrawal memorable." He held before their eyes the three cigar boxes, and then, opening them over the chairman's table, let fall a shower of yellow bills. "Therefore they have joined in a gift to the county—to our hospital, which so badly needs funds—a munificent gift of ten thousand dollars each. I am sure ——"

But his voice was lost in a bellow from the convention.

Caleb left that building when the day was ended in a sort of triumph. None knew how he had accomplished it, but they knew a new power in the county had arisen, and politicians flocked around him to be early to enlist under his leadership. Through them he forced his dejected way, seeming to take no pleasure in what might have gone like wine to the head of another man.

The band gathered on the steps and played suitable pieces in his honor, but he made his way silently to his waiting car.

Then he stopped, for a voice spoke to him softly: "Mr. Hope!"

"Yes, Miss Rooney?"

"I understand—now—and thank you," she said.

He nodded and passed on, to be stopped once more by the man he had displaced. Marty Rooney, somewhat rueful, but still genial, extended his hand. "Hope," he said, "I don't know how you worked it, but here's congratulations."

Caleb lifted his eyes to Marty's face. "Rooney," he said, "I thought better of you. . . . Hereafter, keep her out of it. If you must be a crook, be a gentleman crook. Don't use a silver spoon for a stable fork."

"Right!" said Rooney, and his cheeks were more colorful than usual.

Caleb got into his car and slumped down in the seat. Marty stood peering after him until the vehicle turned a distant corner; then he turned to look for his niece, and saw that she, too, had been following Caleb with her eyes. Marty nodded his head emphatically, as if some reflection gave him pleasure. As for Seena, her eyes were deep with an expression few people had ever seen there. . . . It was wistfulness.

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KER-CHOO!

(Continued from Page 17)

"Don't you see? Aunt Aspasia, in a panic, would then send me away somewhere—anywhere—to get me out of your hands."

Lydia leaned back in her chair and considered him with her straight, somewhat contemptuous gaze. "Well, of all the weak-kneed ideas! You've got your two feet and your health, haven't you? If you want to get away from your Aunt Aspasia, why don't you walk out? You're not tied to her, are you?"

"Yes; in a way I am," he admitted unhappily. "I feel so darned sorry for her. I'm all she's got, and she's had this one idea in her mind so long. She wants me to carry on the family tradition and be a brilliant jurist. There's always been one in the family. It will break her all up when she finds out I just want to be—to be—well, myself, for a while. I would like to wander, with a pack on my back, and just sort of study people. And then I'd like to live on Cousin Maggie's ranch and write about what I've seen. If I could do that for a couple of years I could find myself. I wouldn't be in danger of getting to be like Uncle John—hopeless and rather lazy. Oh, Lord! I know I sound like a poor sort of fish, but I know what I want—I know, I tell you!"

He thumped the table in a way so gentlemanly and yet so desperate that she began to get an inkling of what the lofty ideals and the firm hand of Miss Aspasia Ripley had done to him.

"I don't promise anything," she said, "for it sounds pretty futile to me. When I wanted to go on the stage I went, although my dear misguided mother wept night and day and my father refused to speak to me. So I haven't much sympathy with your indirect method of getting your freedom. However, I like you. You look as if you might be a poet, and I know poets suffer more and do more foolish things than ordinary folks. So spill out your plan—though, mind you, I can't give you much time. I've got to go out and get me an engagement in the next day or two."

"This will be exactly the same as an engagement—as a short one, anyway," he cried eagerly. He snatched from a pocket a check book and a fountain pen. He wrote a check for two hundred dollars. "That's for costumes. You know, something striking, but not farcical."

"I know! An imitation of the Ripley idea of what an actress with just the hint of a past would wear. I'll write you a receipt. By the way, what is your name?" She seized the pen and in a gay hand she wrote:

Received from Mr. Ronald Ripley two hundred dollars to be applied on current expenses and costumes for the play Getting Auntie's Goat. Remainder of salary to be paid to me, as and when agreed upon, if the show goes over.

LYDIA LEE.

"Now," she cried, "for the scenario!"

It was early the next afternoon when Lydia Lee arrived in that small, somnolent but aristocratic suburb which had been for several generations the country seat of the Ripleys. At the delightful inn which Ronald had suggested she changed to her costume for Act I, Scene I, and went out to call upon the unsuspecting Miss Aspasia Ripley.

She found the house quite easily from Ronald's description. No one could miss it. It was shaded by elms—the most patrician and most delicately arrogant of all trees—and unversed in architecture as she was, Lydia still knew that it must have been the flower of an elegant and classic period.

Lydia Lee, walking slowly past it, caught her breath. She felt oddly abashed; she had not prepared herself for the sort of defense this austerely beautiful house put up. It stood far back in its wide lawn, like something finished, perfect, set forth on green velvet in a jeweler's window. Gazing at it, she felt a quick understanding of Miss Ripley's pride of place. If you lived in a house like that you couldn't be too human; certainly you could never be carelessly vulgar. You would have to live up to the house; you would be too utterly lacking in any sense of the picture if you didn't.

Feeling somewhat nervous, she turned in between the high white-painted gateposts, and as she walked slowly toward the house she struggled to get into character. She thought of herself firmly as a girl romantically in love and determined to marry into the Ripley family.

She had played characters she could believe in more easily, but her technic was good; in a few seconds the histrionic fervor was beginning to make itself felt. She viewed herself with approval in the side lights of the door as she stepped under the high-pillared portico. She had chosen black for her entrance. Not the heavy black of mourning, but the black chiffon of romantic passion. It swirled briefly above the gauziest black stockings ever seen under those austere elms. Her black satin slippers were severe in cut but exceedingly high in the heel. A wide black hat drooped almost to her shoulders. She wore long amethyst earrings.

But her real triumph was undoubtedly her complexion. Spanish powder and pomegranate rouge had transformed her into a young woman of the most intense and romantic of temperaments. One glance at her would convince the dullest that here was a being of fire—and ashes. The effect was undoubtedly aided by those pathetic hollows just under her delicate cheek bones, and by the slight pinkness that came to her eyelids whenever she thought of dust or ragweed.

"Lord keep me from sneezing at the wrong moment," she prayed as she lifted the knocker.

A startled elderly maid who looked as if a diet of pickles had begun to disagree with her grudgingly admitted her to a great square parlor, smelling beautifully of dried rose leaves and waxed mahogany. The light came in cool and green between partly closed shutters. A sense of age and distinction and dignity hung in the air. Lydia became uncomfortably aware of the extreme brevity of her chiffon skirts. She had barely time to decide that her line would have to be breezy and a bit overdone in order to overcome the effect on herself of this austerely beautiful room, when the door opened.

A little white-haired lady in soft pale lavender silk came into the room, an air of cool inquiry in her lifted face. "Ah, good afternoon," was what she said, but her eyes questioned: "And who are you, you terrible young creature? And why are you here?"

Lydia Lee was for a moment speechless, for she had expected a tall, severe and angular woman. She wondered at Ronald's subjugation to this fragile person, even though she had the air of a little marquise. Then she looked into the eyes of Aspasia Ripley and revised her first impression. Cold, remote and willful, they were a direct contradiction of her general appearance. They affected Lydia like an icy plunge. But again technic came to her assistance. With a good effect of crude assurance, she stuck out her hand.

"Oh, you're Ronny's aunt!" she cried. "How do you do? Ronny's told me all about you. I just thought I'd come up and get acquainted. I said to Ronny, 'Angel, I'm going right up there to give your folks the once-over.' So here I am."

She laughed buoyantly, regardless of the fact that Miss Aspasia's hand had made no answering gesture toward her own. Indeed, Miss Ripley appeared frozen into a tiny statue of incredulity.

"Ronny?" she murmured. "You refer to my nephew Ronald?"

"Oh, you call him Ronald? Well, I just call him Ronny, or Buddy, or Old Angel. I've got a lot of pet names for him. He's so cute! Don't you adore him? I do."

"Indeed?" said Miss Ripley, very, very dryly. "May I ask your name?"

"Of course! That's what I'm here for. I'm Lydia Lee. I don't suppose you ever go to see the Follies."

She admired her own adroitness. She had not said she was in the Follies, which would have been a lie. She had promised herself that she would tell no lies to which she was not absolutely driven. But could she help it if Miss Ripley jumped at once to the conclusion that before her was Miss Lydia Lee of the Follies? Certainly she looked Follyish, but dressing the part was not a lie—it was art. And putting her hand on her hip, she undulated slightly from satisfaction. She was going over perfectly.

She knew this, for her audience was as still as if turned to stone with a premonition of horror. Only her lips moved stiffly, as if with difficulty: "You are on the stage?"

"Raw-ther! Pretty nearly born on it. And say, one of these fine nights—you just watch me!—Lydia Lee will be blazing in letters two feet high over a Broadway theater. I often say to Ronny, 'Ronny, old pet, when you get ready to build me a theater ——'"

But she really could not go on. It was the first time in her professional experience that the face of an audience had so completely fascinated her that she could not remember her next line. From distaste, she saw the countenance of Miss Ripley slowly sharpen to suspicion, and then congeal into an inimical quiet, as if all her faculties gathered themselves together to comprehend this incredible danger that threatened. Miss Ripley slowly raised an arresting hand—the gesture of one accustomed to rule.

"You will tell me, please," she said in a low cold voice, "what my nephew Ronald has to do with—you."

"Why, Ronny is my fi-awn-cee. I and he are engaged."

Miss Ripley stood so still, with so blanched a rigidity that Lydia wondered if she were going to faint. At the same time she knew that Aspasia Ripley had never fainted in her life. She looked as if a mere breeze would blow her out of the window, but Lydia began to suspect that her fragility was a garment donned when to be delicate was fashionable, and worn ever since for purposes best known to herself. It was a soft garment that concealed the finest steel.

Nevertheless, Lydia did not care for this rôle she had undertaken. She was a cold and autocratic person, Ronald's aunt, but she was valiant, and she aroused Lydia's admiration and pity. But the thing was started now and had to be gone through with. Besides, had Aspasia's methods with Ronald been fair and sporting? Lydia in a flash understood how strong a chain Aspasia had welded, with her white hair and her deceptive fragility. She took up her next line:

"Oh, Miss Ripley, you don't know how adorable Ronny is. You're only his aunt, but I—I'm the girl of his dreams. He wants us to be married at once, but I say wait until I open in a good show, and then we'll be married on the stage. I'm terribly sentimental myself, but I believe in getting all the publicity you can. Publicity is awfully hard to get these days, there's so much fake stuff put over. So, I say, why miss a chance like that? Of course, Ronny urges me just quietly to slip off and be married, but ——"

Miss Ripley closed her eyes and passed a thin white hand over them. This gesture must have brushed away a momentary weakness, for when she opened them again an expression of steely self-possession was in them. "One moment, please," she said, and gave a peremptory tug at the damask bell pull near the door. The elderly maid responded so quickly Lydia suspected she had been stationed in the hall.

"Telephone Mr. John to come home at once," Miss Ripley commanded. "And bring me the telegraph blanks."

She was now in command of herself and the situation. Like an admiral, she was clearing the decks for action. She took the pad of telegraph blanks and wrote without hesitation. Then she tore off the message and handed it to the maid.

"See that this goes off at once, Jane. And prepare Mr. Ronald's room. He will return on the midnight train. Serve tea here when Mr. John comes." She turned to Lydia and inclined her head ceremoniously. "Pray sit down. You will excuse me for a few moments?" And she went out of the room with banners flying.

"She's going to wait for Mr. John and tell him the bad news," thought Lydia. Choosing an effective chair, she touched up her pomegranate lips and accented the tilt of her hat brim. "This next bit is going to be good," she murmured.

But this was bravado. Inwardly this silent house was beginning to get through to her. It meant so many things that had not thus far seemed of especial importance to her life—traditions, decorums, the beauty of restraint. Her eyes wandered about the room. One hundred and twenty-five years before, some Ripley had fallen under the

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 110)

spell of the Brothers Adam and of Sheraton. The room breathed forth the classic elegance of these great men.

Against the wall facing her was a satinwood cabinet with panels by Angelica Kauffman. Lydia did not know why it was, but this charming bit of furniture made her think of Jay Moe sitting on his spine in an airless office with a chewed cigar in his mouth; it made her think of the miles of unclean corridors she had wandered through in hope and in despair, of the dressing rooms, smelling evilly of perfume and make-up and dust, in which she had spent so many hours. And it made her wonder that the little earth could contain two worlds so different. It all made her feel extremely odd, as if she had stepped out of her own familiar body and could not find her way back in again.

She felt rather forlornly that if she had come into this house in her own person she could have taken pleasure in the fine old things it contained. Possibly she might even have made friends with Aspasia Ripley, for they had certain characteristics in common—courage, fighting spirit, individuality. But it was too late now. She must get back into her rôle, for there was the sound of a man's voice in the hall and the chink of tea things.

As if the curtain were rising on a stage nicely set, the door opened at this instant for two maids bearing the tea service on silver trays. Something in their severity affected Lydia impishly. She took from her ornate beaded bag a cigarette, lighted it and took up her position immediately under the portrait of a smug old gentleman in a judge's robes. The nostrils of the two maids moved like the noses of rabbits as the smoke reached them; and Miss Ripley, as she came into the room, cast a significant glance at the man who followed her, as one who said, "You see, I told you."

"Miss Lee—Mr. John Ripley, Ronald's uncle."

Lydia looked up from under the broad hat, a glance full of romantic meanings. "Pleased to meet Ronald's uncle, I'm shuah."

She observed him with the liveliest interest. She guessed his age at a trifle under forty; a tall man whose well-knit frame sagged indolently, as if some secret spring within him had grown slack; humorous eyes, a pleasant, too tolerant mouth. Altogether, a likable, sensitive, well-bred but defeated man.

"That's the way Ronald will look in fifteen years," thought Lydia, "when he's been persuaded to give up everything he wants."

John Ripley handed tea to Lydia and looked at her shrewdly, but not without a twinkle of curiosity and interest.

It was a remarkable tea party—Miss Ripley grimly silent, her brother's expression cryptic. But Lydia talked on gayly about her undying attachment to Ronald: "I've often said to momma, 'Momma, it would simply kill me to be separated from Ronny'; and momma said, 'If you feel that way about it, kid, go to it. But my advice is,' momma said, 'never marry a man when you don't know his folks.' You see, momma is old-fashioned." Lydia beamed at Miss Ripley's averted head. "Not a bit like me in that way. I'm just as modern as I can be. But momma —— I wonder if you've ever seen her—Lilian Armon? Trapeze, you know. One of the headliners in the profession."

As she thus created out of the blue her maternal parent Lydia felt that she was doing well. The thought had occurred to her that Aspasia was the clever sort of woman who would find a way to whitewash a disgrace she could not prevent. If she was obliged to take an actress into the family she would make her out to be Shaksperean, or at least something in a Little Theater. "She can't do that to me!" thought Lydia; and forthwith Lilian Armon, trapeze artist, was born.

Her act of creation was even more successful than she had expected. Miss Ripley uttered only one word, and that she whispered: "Trapeze!" Then she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. "John, my salts!"

John Ripley rose quickly to his feet, opened the door of the satinwood cabinet, found a crystal bottle and held it to his sister's nose—so quietly and deftly, with so accustomed an air, that Lydia read a volume in the simple act. She looked at Aspasia Ripley with a renewed interest.

The little creature lay back in her chair, and she was exquisite. She must have been a beauty in her day; she was still perfection.

Always, from her babyhood, her fairy-like delicacy must have been of the most potent appeal to masculine natures. Probably very early in her life she had learned to conceal her steely will and to use this weapon of her fragile femaleness. She had never married because she had never been able to contemplate adapting that will to another human being. But she was essentially a matriarch, and you can't have a matriarchy without men to be ruled over. Therefore she had preserved to her own use her brother, and if she could manage it she would so keep her nephew.

Lydia wondered what John Ripley really thought. He was bending over his sister with an air half detached, half concerned, but there was no skepticism in it. He was a man who no longer thought well of himself, she suspected. His chivalry had been overdeveloped, his own personality too little expressed.

As she studied Ronald's uncle Lydia was aware that something odd was happening to her. She wanted to say to him: "It doesn't matter what you've missed. You're so much more than you think you are that it's not too late, even now. Be yourself. Come along out and let's be ourselves together."

So strong was this impulse that for an instant it shook her out of her rôle. She touched John Ripley's arm and looked down at his sister. "Don't let her do it!" she whispered.

He looked up quickly. As their eyes met, something in his seemed to thrust an odd pain through Lydia's heart. Dismayed, she stepped back—and remembered that she was acting a part.

Miss Ripley stirred. "A trapeze artist!" She shuddered. "It would be better to die!"

"I dare say there are worse things," said John Ripley rather dryly. "But I understand how you feel. I'm sure Miss—er—Lee can be made to understand also. Come, drink this." He poured tea and put the cup to his sister's lips. As she reluctantly sipped it he turned back again to Lydia, who had taken up her stand with her shoulders to the mantel. The highly finished old gentleman gazed down at the top of the wide black hat.

"How long have you known my nephew?" asked John Ripley.

"Oh, not long; but does time matter?" smiled Lydia. "It was love at first sight. I said to momma the very first time ——"

"No matter," interposed John hastily. "The point is, don't you think hasty marriages are a mistake? You seem to me a young woman of sense, in spite of—er—— Never mind. I doubt if you will be happy, living the sort of life Ronald's wife would have to live. Ronald is not rich—not from your standpoint—and his aunt has intended him to study law, to live in this town—which, as you observe, is a small one—and to carry on the traditions of the family. Do you think such a life will suit you?"

"It would give me the willies! But, believe me, Ronny doesn't intend to be a lawyer and live in this dead little place. He's going to build me a theater. The Ronald Ripley Theater—good name, what?"

"John!" cried Miss Ripley faintly. "It is too terrible!"

Lydia managed an expression of sorrowful surprise. "Maybe you don't think I'm good enough. Why, I've never been treated like this in my life! Here I come all this way into the wilds just to be friendly, and I'm treated like I was dirt. I'm just terribly, terribly hurt."

And the tears, always ready at this time of the year, and stimulated just now by the breeze that blew in from the rose garden, reddened her eyelids and flowed copiously down her cheeks. She would show these two frozen human beings what temperament aided by technic could do! She clenched her fists against her breast, she gestured tragically with a damp handkerchief rolled in her palm, she did all the good old bits of business she had ever seen perpetrated by emotional leading ladies, from the heaving chest to the face against the wall. She turned a whole series of sneezes into sobs.

"I shall never, never give him up! I'm going straight back to New York and we'll be married by a justice of the peace!"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" cried Miss Ripley, laying aside for the moment her fragility. "You will remain here until that wretched, ungrateful boy returns and is confronted with you. When he sees you in his own home he will know how impossible you are."

"Me—impossible!" Lydia beat her breast and rolled her eyes and was off again.

In the midst of this second attack John Ripley took firm hold of her arm. "D'you know, I think we've had enough of this," he said. She observed that he looked like a different man when he was thus taking the initiative. "My sister is very tired. I will take you back to wherever you're stopping—I suppose you're at the inn—and in the morning, when Ronald has come, we'll see you again."

But at this, most unexpectedly to them both, Miss Ripley interposed: "No, no, John! Not the inn. Remember, Mrs. Bannister is there while her house is being repaired."

Lydia understood perfectly. The Bannisters and the Ripleys were the two rival great families of the place. It would never do for Lydia Lee of the Follies to be let loose in the same inn with a Bannister.

"Since you consider yourself my nephew's affianced," Aspasia said sternly, "it is only proper that you should remain under my roof. John, you will go to the inn with Miss Lee and fetch her luggage."

Lydia walked along toward the inn beside John Ripley in a silence broken only by the clicking of her sprightly heels on the venerable pavements. She wondered what he was really thinking. His face as he held the gate open for her had been mildly inexpressive. Once he politely pointed out to her the house in which a Revolutionary general had slept, and once the iron deer pursued by iron hounds on the Bannister lawn.

"Lordy, to think they've been doing that for years and never getting anywhere!" she cried. "Just gathering moss."

"Like the rest of us," he murmured.

She stole a glance up at him from under the brim of her hat. She was seized with an intense desire to stop there in the street, to laugh aloud, and then to confess her wickedness. He had nice eyes; she knew his smile would be attractive. She wished they could really look at each other frankly, like the two decent human beings they were. But she had to think of things flippant and crude to say.

When she had reached her room at the inn and stood putting her toilet things into her bag, she was again tempted. There was her smart but quiet little hat, her slim quiet traveling frock. What a relief it would be to put them on, to slip back into her own self, to run down the stairs and to say to John Ripley: "Come, let's be friends. I'm a fraud, but I am charming, really. I'm an actress, true enough, but a good one; and my mother wouldn't know what to do with a trapeze if she had one."

But thinking also of Ronald, she made a fresh Cupid's bow of pomegranate rouge and went downstairs with her undulating Follies step.

Dinner that evening was a curious meal. In the stately dining room, lined with portraits of defunct Ripleys, the three sat, spaced far apart, at a great Duncan Phyfe table, with candles lighted in candelabra and the two maids stiffly offering well-cooked food in Georgian silver dishes.

Lydia had at the last moment, and for no reason at all, put into her suitcase one of her own evening frocks. She wore it now, but to overcome its simplicity she had made her dark shingled hair exceedingly sleek and brought it in two sickles in front of each ear. She wore the amethyst earrings, and had whitened her skin and reddened her lips ruthlessly. There was a strange incongruity between her head and the cool, slender simplicity of her body in white chiffon. Several times during the meal she caught John Ripley's glance resting upon her meditatively. She at once redoubled her gaucherie.

After dinner they had coffee in a room she had not seen before, and here she very nearly stepped out of her rôle again. For it was a library, lined with books, and Lydia had always loved books. She liked not only to read but to feel of them, to hold them in her hands. So now with a cry of pleasure she involuntarily began moving along the shelves, now and then touching an unusually beautiful binding with the tips of her fingers. She had taken down a volume of Gissing, when John Ripley stepped to her side.

"You like books?" he asked politely, but she saw an eagerness in his eyes.

She glanced down at the book in her hand. It was the New Grub Street. She recalled a long train journey in a day coach, when the bitter realism of Gissing had been like a tonic to her.

"What a funny title!" she said. "Another one of those diet books, I guess."

Lying awake in her high airy chamber that night, this seemed the most atrocious thing she had said that day, like denying a friend. As she had thrust the book carelessly back into place John Ripley turned away with a sigh. Soon after, he had said good night. At ten Miss Ripley had excused her politely to bed. How they both disdained her!

And she disdained them back. But a curiously forlorn sensation crept over her. She was unhappy and she did not know why. She told herself sturdily that she was only acting a part; it was all in the day's work. But it seemed as if somehow a breach had been made in the walls of her self-sufficiency; a dissatisfaction, a sort of puzzling hunger had crept in.

At midnight she heard the sound of a car stopping in front of the house and in a moment a door closing. Ronald, the erring nephew, had come home. Sitting up in bed, she could see a carpet of pale gold flung out across the lawn from the library windows. Uncle John had sat up for Ronald; he was probably now asking him where on earth he had met this crude, illiterate creature.

She lay down again with a flounce. "Well, let him! What do I care?" she demanded of the darkness crossly. A breeze was blowing in from the rose garden, and she could not tell whether the moisture in her smarting eyes was caused by her affliction or by an odd and unaccustomed homesickness.

The next morning she put on the black chiffon, which by now she whole-heartedly hated, left off the amethyst earrings but not the pomegranate rouge, and tripped down the fine old stairway to the dining room. She had hoped to find Ronald alone, but John Ripley stood in a window, glancing over the morning paper. Ronald, looking a trifle haggard, was fidgeting about the room.

"Lydia!" he cried the instant she appeared.

"Ronny, my darling!" she responded, and they embraced fervently.

John Ripley turned his back. "Good morning," he said distantly when, after a discreet moment, he came to the table. "May I help you to orange juice? Did you sleep well?"

Miss Ripley appeared. She turned a composed cheek up to Ronald, who drew

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(Continued from Page 115)

out her chair. John Ripley laid the folded paper by her plate. One of the maids closed the window at her back. The other put a footstool at her feet.

"She's got everyone trained to a hair," thought Lydia. The fighting spirit within her began to bristle.

There was no opportunity to speak to Ronald alone; for as soon as the uncomfortable meal was finished Miss Ripley rose and issued a command: She wished to speak to Ronald in the library. Perhaps John would like to show Miss Lee the view from the lower terrace and then bring her back to the library.

She took Ronald's arm with her air of needing a strong man to lean upon, but in her eyes was the self-confidence of a general who has never lost a battle.

In silence John Ripley led the way through the rose garden, down a shallow flight of stone steps to a broad clipped terrace, where, in the shade between two elms, a semicircular marble bench was placed. They sat down. Far below, the faint silver blue of the river shone.

"You all do exactly what Miss Ripley wants, don't you?" smiled Lydia.

He made no reply to this impertinence, but instead he looked at her gravely and intently for a moment. "Do you mind my asking you a personal question?"

"Shoot!" She flung one knee over the other.

"Do you really love Ronald?"

Looking off at the trees on the other side of the river, she found to her dismay that she could not manage the necessary lie; something in his tone made it impossible. So she evaded the question. "I suppose you think I'm not capable of real love—is that it?"

"On the contrary, it's because I think you're capable of it that I asked that question. Ronald—he's a fine boy, and he has possibilities, but so far they're only possibilities. While you—well, you are a person. You have more character—whether good or bad, I do not presume to say—than my nephew will ever have. You are a vivid and courageous woman. I imagine that you will always have more grit, more endurance, more common sense than he. Mind you, I'm fond of Ronald. I don't doubt that some day I shall be proud of him—if he gets his chance. But you—no one has to give you your chance; you make it. You haven't a cowardly hair in your head."

Utterly amazed, she stared at him. He was gazing off at the river with a half smile on his lips, and she saw that he was more alive, less weary, than she had believed he could be. "My goodness!" she breathed. "What would your sister think if she could hear you?"

"It isn't treachery to my sister. She doesn't want you to marry Ronald, and neither do I. Only, our reasons differ."

"You're thinking about what's good for me and she's thinking about the family—is that it?"

"Exactly. What are you going to do about it?"

The question recalled her to the fact that she had come perilously near to stepping out of the picture again, and now she brought herself back with an effort. "You needn't try to separate us," she sighed pensively. "Do you think I'd have come all this way and crashed the gates like I did if my intentions hadn't been serious?"

"Then you do really—care for him?"

"I know you and Miss Ripley hate me," she evaded the question, "but I shall stick to Ronny to the end. I am like that. I ——" She struggled and failed to repress a devastating sneeze.

"Very well. We may as well go in to the library," muttered John Ripley dejectedly.

Miss Ripley sat in a high-backed carved chair. There was something pontifical about that chair, and yet Aspasia managed to look frail and appealing in it. It was evident that Ronald had been on a grill that had harrowed his soul. But a new obstinacy was in his eyes nevertheless. He came at once to Lydia and linked her arm in his. She could feel that he was trembling and she pressed his arm for courage.

"I can't do it, Aunt Aspasia!" he cried. "I've got to live my own life." He said it as desperately as if the phrase was newminted.

Aspasia's lip curled in contempt of that inconsiderable thing—Ronald's life. "Then if you have no sense of family pride, of family honor, I shall have to say something that I would in other circumstances never say to a guest in my house. You are too infatuated to see it, Ronald, but this young woman is a vulgar and pushing person. I have no doubt that she is venal also. But I shall prove that to you in a moment."

She carried on her arm a reticule of embroidered silk, and now, fumbling in this, she brought forth a folded slip of paper. She smoothed it out on the polished mahogany of the table at her elbow. She looked coldly but confidently at Lydia.

"I have certain ideals which doubtless you do not understand," she said slowly—"ideals of what is suitable for my family and my class. They do not stretch to include the marriage of my nephew to a person of your sort. I have therefore written my check for what I feel I can afford"—she pushed the slip of paper toward Lydia—"and it is yours on one condition: That you take the next steamer to Europe and have no further communication with my nephew from this time on."

There was silence in the room. Lydia stared at the slip of paper. Twenty thousand dollars! She had only to reach out her hand and for three or four years she could live comfortably, she could study, she could be free from the horror of Jay Moe, she could afford to rest, to fit herself for better rôles.

Slowly she rose to her feet, her eyes on the slip of paper. "You're a cruel and selfish woman," she said in a low voice. "You've lived soft all your life. You've thought of nothing but your own vanity, and you've fed it with the lives of two men. It's rule or ruin with you. There's little sweetness or humanity in you. What you call love of family and class is your own vanity. And you've made two half failures out of what was good man material to start with. Buy me? I think not! I come too high."

She flicked her finger and the check slid back across the table toward Aspasia. Whirling, she walked to the door; but with her hand on the knob, she looked around at the perturbed face of her ex-fiancé. "For heaven's sake, be yourself, Ronny! Stop acting like a baby and stand on your own feet. Don't let her manage the life out of you the way she's done to"—she cast a look of scorn at John Ripley—"your Uncle John."

Then she was out of the room, she was flying angrily up the ancestral stairway. In her room, she tore off the black chiffon and threw it into her suitcase; she removed the pomegranate rouge and brushed her hair into its normal frame about her face. When she was dressed in the quiet little traveling frock and hat and had assured herself that she looked again her charming self, she laughed ruefully.

After all, the insult had been a compliment to her playing of the rôle. She had really gone over big, as Jay Moe would have said. It was all in the day's stride. But —— She stood still, between the open suitcase and the dressing table. She felt bruised and oddly disappointed. Perhaps it was too much to have expected Ronald to stand up for her. But surely John Ripley should have had enough discernment to know that she was not to be bought.

However —— She shrugged her shoulders and packed her brushes and shining bottles. Then she closed the bag and, carrying it, she passed swiftly down the stairs.

Her footsteps were lost in the heavy carpets. There was no one in the hall. Behind the closed door of the library she could hear Ronald's voice. It had an angry ring, a new note.

But for her the curtain had fallen on the play. She wanted only to get away. Within a few blocks she procured a taxicab and drove to the station, where she found she had just missed a train. The station waiting room was swept by pollen-laden breezes from near-by fields. She sank into suicidal depression.

So completely lost in pessimistic meditation was she that she started violently when a figure dashed in at the door of the empty waiting room and cried out her name. It was John Ripley, with an anxious face.

"Thank heaven you missed the 12:50!" he exclaimed. "I was afraid you might have caught it. Why didn't you wait? I would have brought you here."

"Thanks. I was quite well able to bring myself."

She looked at him coldly; but notwithstanding her hostile gaze, he seated himself beside her. He drew a long breath of relief. "Now," he said happily, "we can really talk."

"Talk?" She discouraged the idea with her eyebrows.

"Yes, now that you've stopped pretending. Surely you want to know that Ronald has taken your advice? Yes, he's finally rebelled. He's starting West tomorrow, and no conditions made. So that's that. Now about yourself. You know, I suspected from the beginning you were charming. I kept feeling how nice you were underneath all that make-believe. And now that I look at you ——"

He turned in his seat to scrutinize her. "Ah, yes, you're just what I thought you were, sweet and spirited. But you haven't had the easiest time in the world, and just now you've got hay fever."

"Nothing of the sort," she retorted. "A cold in my head."

His face lighted with zeal. "Do you know whether you're susceptible to ragweed, or roses, or feathers, or dust, or cucumbers, or horses, or ——"

She suddenly laughed. "Or what have you? It seems I can't get away with it even in the sticks. I must be fearfully bad."

"You were too bad. And anyhow, you gave yourself away twice; once when my sister nearly fainted ——"

"You care a great deal for your sister, don't you?" she interrupted.

"Naturally. She's a remarkable person. She's been mother and father to me—our parents died when Aspasia was twelve and I was a baby—and head of the house, and all that."

"Then you must have been horrified by the things I said to her. Why didn't you stop me?"

He smiled, and she felt again that disconcerting impulse to console him. His smile was rueful and a little tired. "Because I knew you were partly right. And anyhow, she shouldn't have tried to buy you off. If I had known, I wouldn't have let her."

"But why didn't you stand up for me then?"

His face became somber as he looked away from her, out at the empty platform of the railroad station. "I suppose I lack courage. Certainly I know I'm no longer capable of spontaneous recklessness. I've become something like a vegetable. In other words, I'm a failure."

"Ah, but why—why?" she cried impatiently.

"Let's not talk about myself. I'm a lazy old bachelor of forty—a country lawyer, a middle-aged, dead-and-alive fellow."

"But there's a reason," she persisted. "Why didn't you do what you wanted to do when you were young? There was something. What was it?"

"Well, you see, I wanted to be a doctor—not even a specialist, just a general practitioner. I had two years at medical school, and then I—perhaps I hadn't the conviction, or something."

"You mean you gave it up because your sister wanted you to carry out the family tradition in some other line. I haven't any patience with you. But it isn't too late now." He shook his head. She became quite beside herself with a surprising anger. "If Ronald broke away, so can you."

"But Aspasia needs me. It's a large estate, and she needs me to look after it. She's not strong."

Lydia Lee laughed rudely. "She's stronger than you and Ronald put together. She's never really needed you. She's merely wanted you as a retainer. I'll bet you anything she runs the estate herself and makes you think you're doing it. And what right has she—what right has she to your life? Can you answer me that? No, you can't!"

She clenched her hand into a fist and smote the arm of the seat between them. It surprised her, the fury and the pity she felt. Why should she care? Why should she feel the sense of his personal catastrophe so keenly? She was bewildered by the gust of emotion that controlled her.

"I am too old now," he muttered.

"I'm ashamed of you!" she cried. And she made the supreme sacrifice. "Why, look at me! I'm nearly thirty! That's terribly old for the stage. I didn't get free until I was twenty-five, but did I sit down then and say too late? I did not! I dug in, I worked night and day, I refused to let anything get in my way. I haven't done anything brilliant, but at least I've done what I wanted to do. And I'm going on too. I'd have landed a good part this season if it hadn't been for this horrible hay fever."

"You can be cured of that," he interrupted, his face lighting. "Once we find out whether it's feather, or ragweed, or —— Do you know that even rabbits' fur ——"

"Oh, my sables!" she jeered. "Maybe it's my sables!"

Like a cuckoo in a clock, a man's head came out of the ticket window. "Boston train!" he warned them.

"Good-by!" she cried. "All my life now I shall sneeze at the wrong moment. Good-by!"

"Not at all!" He took her suitcase in one hand and her arm firmly in the other. "I'm going to Boston with you. There's a specialist there I want you to see."

Amazed, she twisted away from him and they faced each other. They were close, and a sense of something vital and of the greatest importance passed between them.

"Why?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Because I'm in love with you—since the first minute I saw you. It's terrible! It's the real thing. I can't have a wife with hay fever."

She lifted a spirited chin. "And I can't have even a friend who hasn't the backbone to be what he wants to be. I might consider marrying a doctor, but I wouldn't even think of marrying Aspasia Ripley's brother. Which are you going to be?"

A bell rang offstage. "Our train! We've got to run for it," he said, and they fled along the platform. With extreme lightness they ran, for their heels were quicksilvered with a reckless happiness. "You're as much of a tyrant," he panted, "as Aspasia."

"Difference is—I'd be—good for you."

A porter pushed them up the moving steps of the car. They stumbled into the vestibule of the Pullman, which was nicely dark. John Ripley put his arms about her. "Do you think you're going to be able to care—if I start over again?"

"Oh, my dear, I care a good deal already. Yesterday I ——"

She wanted to tell him how very queer and tender she had felt when she watched him patiently holding the smelling salts under Aspasia's nose, and how, just now, before he appeared in the station, she had wanted, really, to die from sheer disappointment in him. But just at that instant a puff of smoke drifted in at the door; she struggled with and succumbed to one of the very most elaborate sneezes she had ever sneezed.

"You see, always at the wrong moment," she sniffed.

He held her close. "There is absolutely nothing wrong with this moment," he declared.

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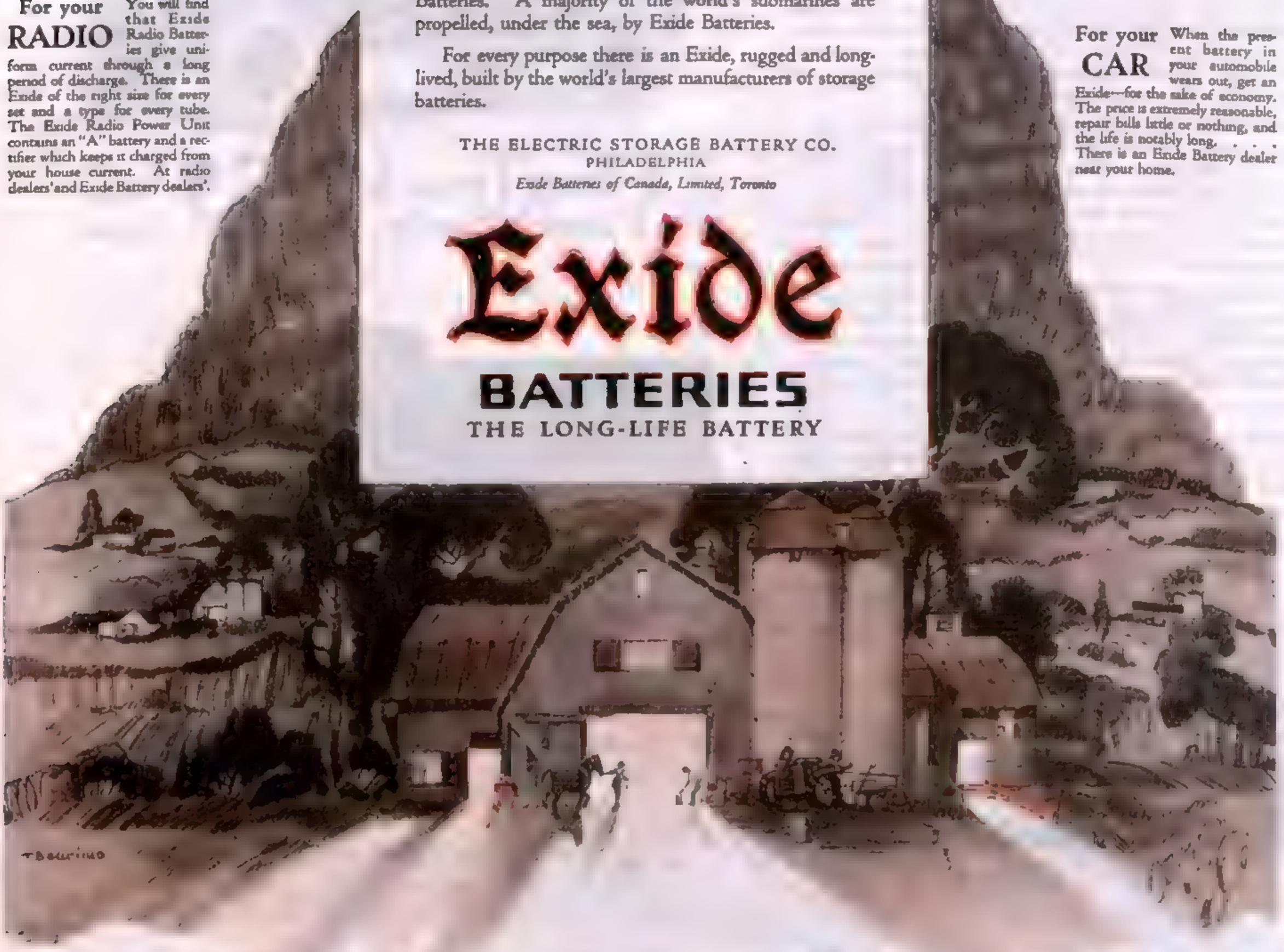

A WAYWARD MOUTH

(Continued from Page 5)

Thus it was not surprising that young Wayman should come to him in the first flood of his bewildered grief, to tell Hewett the story of the intimacy between him and the old man.

Wayman had come direct from college to the Tribune office; came about the first of July, without credentials or introduction, to ask for a job. The office was shorthanded, the vacation season was just getting under way, Krause was harried and in need of an extra man or two. So Wayman was hired. His own eagerness and his measure of ability were sufficient to hold the job after it was his. In the fall, when two or three other men were discharged, he was kept on; and during that winter he justified his retention and became, so far as such a thing is possible, a fixture thereabouts.

He had, of course, no direct contact with Pease. The old man did his work alone, laboring along his own courses, turning in his copy when it was due, paying little heed to any man. Dell remarked him at his desk in the corner; and since he was a friendly youngster he tried now and then to find a common ground on which they two could meet. But Pease was reticent and reserved, and from this front Dell fell back rebuffed and vaguely disappointed. But he must have discovered in Pease some quality which attracted him, for he persisted in these small attentions; and though Pease was manifestly uncomfortable and preferred to be let alone, he found no final word to put the young man by.

"I guess I was sorry for him," Wayman confided to Hewett. "He was such a lonely old boy, trying so darned hard to keep his back straight and his lip stiff."

But Pease was the last man to welcome sympathy. He had, outside his work, no contact with the men in the office at all; he never saw them elsewhere, or, if he did, he met their greetings with the most formal nod. In another man this attitude might have inspired resentment, but no one resented it in Pease. There was something defensive in his stiff and frigid bearing, in his carefully bolstered dignity, his outward pride.

He was, as has been said, usually to be seen at his desk in the dark corner, far from the windows; but there were interruptions. At intervals of two or three months Mrs. Pease used to telephone Krause to say that her husband would be unable to come to the office for a day or two. No one in the office had ever seen her; she was known only by her voice over the telephone. But even for Krause this was sufficient.

"She's a gentlewoman," he used to say. "Even her voice smells of lavender."

He heard this voice at intervals that were regular and recurrent. "Mr. Pease has developed a slight coryza," she always explained. "I am keeping him in bed for a day or two. I trust this will not inconvenience you." And Krause always reassured her volubly. But sometimes he cursed Pease.

So did the young man whose turn it was to do Pease's work, to handle the church news. But neither of them ever upbraided Pease himself when, after an interval, he reappeared at his desk, his eyes still inflamed with the traces of his ailment.

After the intimacy between Pease and Wayman developed, Wayman on such occasions usually volunteered to do the oldster's work as well as his own. "I always thought he must be sickly," Wayman told Hewett. "I worried about him; and I used to tell him to go to bed and take a highball and have a good sweat." Hewett smiled at this, and Wayman said resentfully, "Probably that does seem funny to you, but I don't get such a laugh out of it as the rest of you do."

Hewett placated him, and he went on with the tale; went on to tell what it was that first brought him and Pease together. He had in town a number of acquaintances inherited from his four years in college. He lived on the Hill with two other young men of his own age; and when his work in the office was done there were long evenings to be filled, and an eager youth in him demanded occupation. It was this which led in the end to his friendship with Pease.

"I got hold of some bad liquor," he explained speciously, and Hewett nodded his understanding.

"Time was," he commented, "when a man had to remember something he had eaten, to decide that it had disagreed with him. But now bad liquor explains it more easily."

Wayman grinned. "I didn't know then that he lived up that way," he continued. "And when I tried to get into the taxi, there was ice on the curb and I slipped and fell flat on my back, half under the cab, and he came by just then and recognized me."

He recognized the boy and took him in charge; helped Dell into the taxi and himself got in. "But I went off to sleep about that time," Wayman confessed, "and he didn't know where I lived, so he stopped at a drug store and telephoned the office and found out. And then he took me home."

"Dan and Vic were out that night," he continued—they were the men with whom he shared his quarters—"so Pease and the taxi man got me upstairs, and then Pease stayed and undressed me and put me to bed, and put a cold towel on my head. Vic came in about two o'clock, and the old man was still there, sitting by the bed. And Vic thanked him and took me off his hands and let him go home."

Wayman went to Pease, in the office next morning, to thank him. "I expected him to be just the same as he'd been before," he explained. "I thought he might give me the devil, or something. But you know, he was mighty friendly and nice to me. And we hit it off fine from then on, right along."

"There's no surer way to come to like a person," Hewett suggested, "than to do him a service."

Wayman nodded. "Probably you're right," he agreed. "I don't know. Anyway, that's the way it happened. That's what started things."

"When was this?" Hewett asked, and Wayman told him some two years before; went on to sketch in the tale of those two years.

They did not rush into intimacy, these two; but the friendship between them, thus begun, based on Wayman's weakness and the old man's service, ripened by slow, sure stages. Wayman sometimes stood by the other's desk to talk for a while, when there was no pressing business to be done, and these moments became more frequent and more extended. Wayman had a cheerfulness about him; a way of laughing while he talked, of discovering the humor in all that went forward.

Pease was observed once or twice to laugh with the younger man, not so much at what the boy said as by infection from the other's gayety.

Then one night Krause asked Wayman to go to a theatrical opening and write two sticks by way of a perfunctory review of the new play; and Wayman suggested that Pease go with him. The old man agreed, and went.

"I didn't like the piece," Wayman explained to Hewett, "and we got to talking about it between the acts. I remember it was one of these things translated from the French; not a farce, but a heavy, medical sort of tragedy, with a chap in it who was no good, and who got his in the end. Gloomy stuff, and I said so."

But Pease, it appeared, thought well of the play, and he tried to point out to Wayman its somewhat technical excellencies.

"A critic," he explained, "has to discover first what the author tried to do, then to weigh the worth of that project, and the merit of its development. He has no right to condemn a play because he does not like its theme."

Wayman refused to accept this point of view. "A man goes to the theater to be amused," he insisted. "He wants a chance to chuckle, and to cry a little maybe; but principally he wants to laugh. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"The great dramas are all tragic," Pease pointed out to him. "They evoke pity and fear, and through them effect a purification from these and like passions." There was something sonorous in his tone; and Wayman thought the old man was himself in some ways a tragic figure, and he let the argument fall.

But it was from this conversation, Wayman told Hewett, that they were led to a discussion of the play Pease had written long before; and the young man was interested, asked if he might some time read it. Pease, in the end, brought the manuscript to the office.

"And it was after I'd read it," Wayman explained, "that he asked me to dinner the first time; but that time Mrs. Pease called me up and canceled the invitation. It was one of the times when he was—sick." He grimaced ruefully. "She said he had a slight coryza, and asked me to come the week after." He added a moment later, "She's a wonderful woman."

"You went, then, afterward?" Hewett prompted, and Wayman nodded. The address Pease gave him was in one of those old back streets below the Hill where antiquity dwells in shabby gentility. Houses with fan lights above the doors, crushed thin between garages and small, mean stores. The house did not belong to Pease, of course; he and Mrs. Pease lived in two rooms on the third floor.

"They had some arrangement by which their meals were served there," Wayman said. "We had dinner in the front room, a kind of living room, or library or something."

He had been impressed by the atmosphere of the old house, by the beauty of age which sat upon the shabby and collapsing furniture, by the grave hospitality of his host. "Like the fine old gentleman he was," said Wayman stoutly; and he spoke, gently, of Mrs. Pease. "You see," he explained, "she's an invalid. Some kind of hip disease, so that she walks with a frightful limp. Can hardly walk at all. Pease told me she almost never left the house. She wore—always wore, when I went there—a black lace dress and a white lace scarf or shawl, or something of the kind, over her shoulders."

He said she presided at the little table, her wrinkled hands graceful above the coffee cups. "Made me feel like a visiting prince," he declared whimsically. "As though I ought to be wearing a black stock and a frilled shirt, and ought to know how to bow."

"Pease had a dignity," Hewett agreed, and Wayman nodded.

"Learned it from her," he said. "No one could live with her without becoming courtly and grave and fine."

He made, he said, some reference to the old man's recent indisposition. "I had a feeling, then," he confessed, "that I had made Pease uncomfortable; he seemed to shrink in his chair. But it did not disturb her. I remember she said that she had been ill and he had taken care of her. 'He grew overtired,' she told me. 'His resistance broke down ——'"

And Wayman added proudly, "You never had the feeling, though, that here were a couple of feeble old invalids who ought to be in a hospital. She did not invite pity. Nothing of the kind. You had to admire her, and respect her, and even envy her a little, and him too."

"She impressed you," Hewett remarked; and Wayman nodded, and then said thoughtfully, half to himself:

"I hope to God she's—all right now."

As the friendship between the two ripened, they began to pull to pieces the play Pease had written and seek to improve it; and in the end they abandoned it altogether and sought to build a new piece on the ashes of the old.

"I'd write a scene," Wayman explained, "and then we'd go over it together, and he'd work out the effects. We made little dolls to represent the characters, and a toy stage, and we used to move the dolls to and fro." He was, as youth must be, impatient to be done; worked in desperate haste, would now and then have slighted his task so that it might be the sooner finished. "But Pease wouldn't let me hurry," he said. "He made me feel it was somehow shameful to hurry. We used to spend a whole evening in their front room moving our dolls about, and talking them over, and running through the speeches, playing the parts. And sometimes Mrs. Pease would help us. And we'd laugh together. He could laugh, you know. You'd have been surprised to hear him."

He added abstractedly, "I started by being sorry for him, but I got to be awfully fond of that old man."

Hewett said, after a moment, "He was proud of you, Dell. You could see it here in the office. I've seen him cut out stories you had written and put them away in his pocketbook."

Wayman nodded. "He used to take them home and read them to her," he said ruefully. "He's read them sometimes when I was there." And he hesitated, and then explained, "You see, they'd never had any children. He always called her 'Mother,' though; and one evening I called her 'Mother.' Didn't mean to. Just caught it from him. But it pleased her a lot. He told me so afterward, but he didn't need to tell me. I saw the tears in her eyes. They were both mighty proud of me"—he laughed uncomfortably—"in a proprietary sort of way," he expounded. "It was amusing, and pitiful too. As though they owned me."

"I expect he felt that he did," Hewett suggested. "Felt that he'd—rescued you."

Wayman made a fierce, rebellious gesture. "Then why in God's name couldn't he let me ——" He checked himself, sat for a moment with grim eyes, so came to the end of the tale.

"I knew it was coming," he said at last.

"You mean this last—attack of his?" Hewett asked.

"I should have known," Wayman amended. "You see," he explained, "I knew she'd been ill. She had times when she was. Her hip was always painful; but there were times when it was worse, and she couldn't walk at all and had to be tended. And then he'd take care of her. They couldn't afford a nurse, of course, and he'd get tired out. He was pretty old, you know."

He hesitated, then continued; "I met him Thursday afternoon as he left the office." Hewett remembered their encounter by the door. "He was looking dragged and tired, and I asked him how she was and he said she was better. I told him to look out for himself, not catch cold; and he promised. I remember he said, 'This hasn't been so bad.' That's what he said, 'This hasn't been so bad.'" Wayman cried, "He ought to have told me. I could have helped him through."

"He didn't want you to know," Hewett reminded the young man. "You were a big thing in his life. Like a son. And you admired him—admired and respected him. How could he let you know?"

Wayman bowed his head. "Oh, I know how he looked at it. But he was wrong."

He had already told Hewett, in the beginning of their conversation, of his last glimpse of the old man, his last encounter with Joseph Pease. Wayman had been dancing that evening, with a dozen or so young folk of his age, at a supper club in

(Continued on Page 126)

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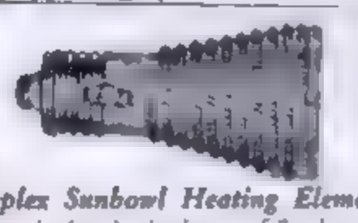

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(Continued from Page 123

one of the side streets below the Hill. But he grew tired before the others, and left them and set out toward his rooms alone, walking home, and as he swung up the Hill he saw Pease still half a block away, and even in the night he recognized the man.

"I recognized his hat," he told Hewett. "He was under one of the lights and I saw it plainly, and I hurried to come up with him."

Pease must have recognized Wayman, too; must even through the bewilderment of his senses have had a moment's understanding of the catastrophe that threatened him. For he hurried, and turned aside into a darkened passageway. But Wayman saw him turn and followed there.

"Someone had put ash cans in the passage," the boy explained, "and they'd been emptied, and one of them was on its side. It was dark in there, and he stumbled over it, and rolled over it and fell on his face. I heard the clatter, and ran in and came to him."

He found the old man unconscious, his cheek and his nose scraped and bleeding a little, his breath coming stertorously. And Wayman in his great distress did not at once understand.

"I'd had one highball at the club," he said. "Probably that was why I didn't smell it on him. I thought he was badly hurt, fractured skull or something; and it scared me when I couldn't revive him."

He picked up the unconscious man and carried him to the end of the passage, and found, a few doors away, the brass plate of a physician, and rang the bell.

"I carried Pease in," he told Hewett, "and this doctor came downstairs in a dressing gown and took a look at him, and turned up his eyelid.

"And he said, 'He's all right. You can't hurt a drunken man.'"

The word found Wayman all unprepared; it struck him shockingly. "I had never thought of it," he confessed.

"Curious you hadn't known," Hewett commented. "He'd been seen so, by men in the office, before. Everyone understood what his coryzas were."

"Everyone but me," Wayman cried bitterly.

"I always thought that was why he bore himself so frigidly," Hewett suggested. "For fear someone would make a joke of it—for fear he would have to acknowledge to himself the fact that we all knew."

"It never occurred to me, even then, that this was an old story," the boy declared. "I just thought it accident, because he was tired from taking care of her. And then I realized I'd have to take him home to her. I'd have taken him to my room—the way he once took me—but I knew she'd worry, and I'd have to go tell her something; and she wasn't one you could lie to. So when he was fixed up a bit I took him home."

He added, "The doctor gave him something; he was coming out of it. I telephoned for a cab, and he was able to walk out of the door. But he wouldn't talk to me. He just did as I said, in a dumb way, without looking at me. And after I got him into the cab I went back for my hat, and he threw a bottle out on the sidewalk. He must have had it in his pocket. He was shuddering when I got to him, and coughing, strangling with the drink he'd had."

He seemed to summon his memories. "I didn't reproach him or laugh at him or anything," he cried, striving for reassurance. "I just told him it was all right, and we were going home. And we drove to his place and I got him upstairs."

Mrs. Pease was waiting for them, he said; she heard them on the stairs, and opened the door and stood there. "She couldn't see us, but she knew him," he explained. "It was dark in the hall, but she knew him. Didn't speak at all, but just stood waiting there till we came into the light from inside the room. Then the old man - I had him by the arm—he laughed like a sick man, delirious, and he spoke to her. He said, 'Dell's brought me home.'"

The boy added then, "It was frightful. As though he'd said he was dying!"

Mrs. Pease bowed her head, he said, at the words. "In a quick way," he explained. "As though something had struck her, hurt her badly. And when she looked at me I saw she was crying. And I said—I tried to laugh and cheer them up—I said, 'It's all right, Mrs. Pease. He had a fall, and I happened along.'"

"She didn't speak for a moment, and then she said, 'He's been wearying himself over me, Dell.'"

The young man added, with a bitter stroke of his hand, "You'd never look for such a woman to beg, but her voice was like a plea, and that was pretty bad too. And I told her, 'It's all right. He'll be fine now.' And then I saw he was looking at me."

They must have stood there—the old man and the young—for a long moment so, their eyes encountering; and there was nothing Pease could say, and the boy found at first no words.

"But the way he looked at me made me remember how proud he'd been of me," Wayman explained. "I tried to reassure him. I know I said, over and over again, 'It's all right, Joe!'"

But after that first cry to his wife, "Dell's brought me home," Pease spoke no further word. Only he held the boy's eyes for a while, miserably, and then he turned and moved uncertainly across the room and through the door into their other room and closed the door behind him.

"That's the last time I saw him." Dell told Hewett. "I stood a minute, and then she started to go after him; and she turned at the door and said good night to me in that gracious way she had. And then she went in where he was. So I thought I'd better come away."

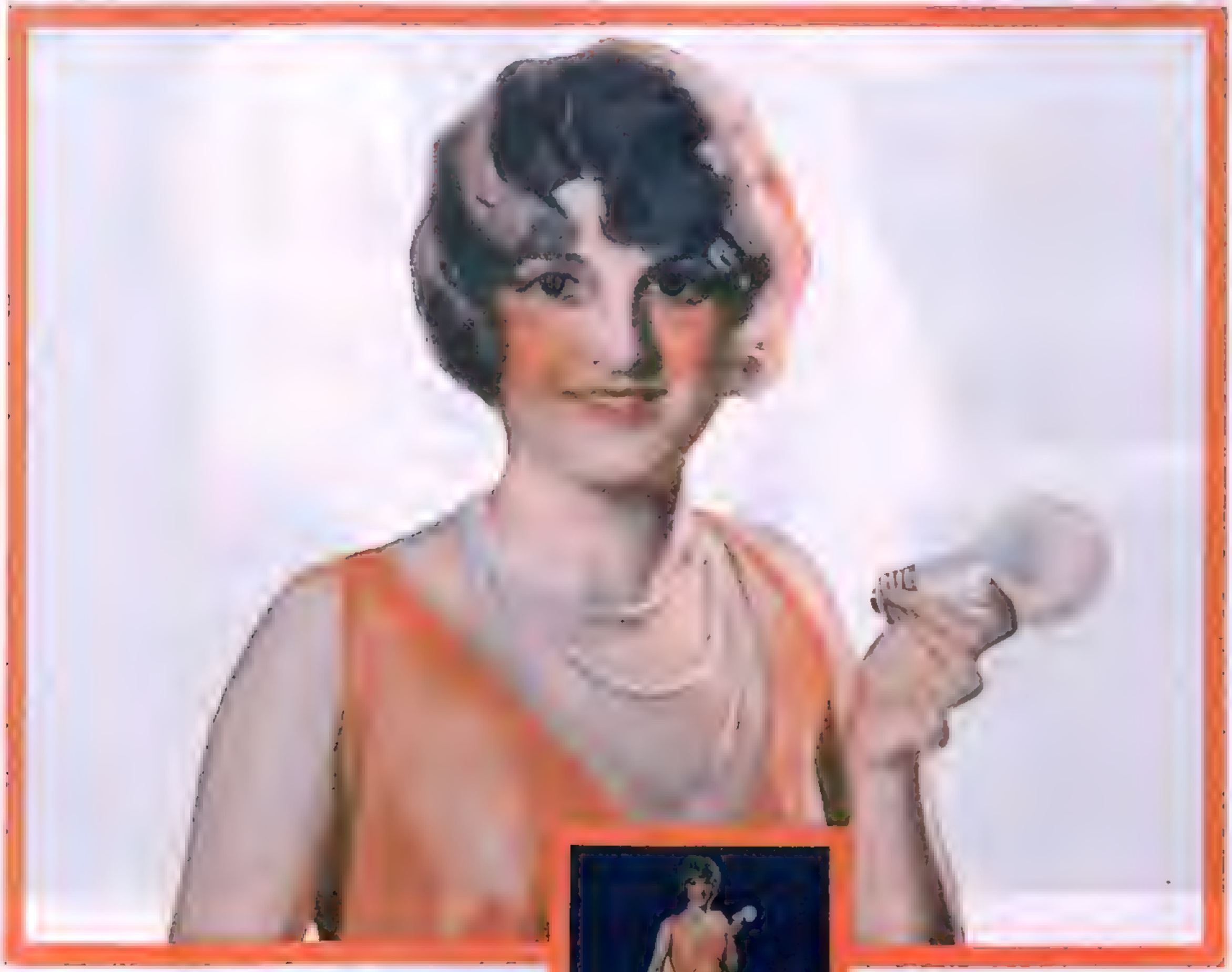
When, after an interval of days, Pease did not return to his roll-topped desk in the corner of the office, Wayman went to seek him out and found the two old people gone.

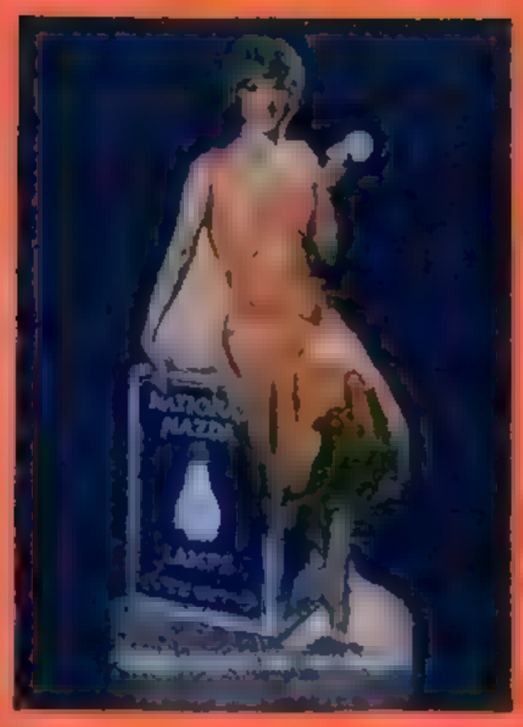
"Packed and gone," he told Hewett, "with never a word left for me."

He was torn with resentful sorrow, the rebellious sorrow of youth, grief not unmixed with sullen anger; but Hewett was an older man and he had understanding. It seemed to him that he stood for a little in those shabby rooms where the crippled gentlewoman tended and comforted the shamed old man—to be shamed is a bitter dose for age—a room full of aching, empty tragedy. He did not try to make Wayman understand. Wayman would forget, and this was well. There are some things too black for youth to comprehend.

Three States Road, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee

A NEW LAMP, PEARL GRAY IN COLOR, WITH THE FROSTING ON THE *INSIDE*—EASILY CLEANED—YOU CAN SEE HOW MUCH BETTER *THAT* IS—*AND IT COSTS LESS*





The New NATIONAL MAZDA *Lamp*

This "Blue Carton Girl" has her coming-out party this week, and you'll see her picture in stores that sell the NEW National MAZDA Lamp. Let her remind you that you want to take some of the new lamps home, she's easy to recognize.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

STOP AT THE RED SIGN

It shows where happy healthy refreshment awaits you at more than 400,000 cool and cheerful places. So shines a good drink in a thirsty world ~ ~ ~

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS ~ 7 MILLION A DAY

THE CAVVY

(Continued from Page 7)

this year, for example; horses of every color and every character; docile horses and wild horses, bunch quitters, broncos and buckers, cow ponies and part Thoroughbreds. And they must be not only driven in a more or less constant direction but they must be corralled each night on the way, watered and grazed.

Take the matter of water alone. A horse apparently needs more water than a cow, and 425 horses need considerable water; and this is arid country, sparsely settled.

Never shall I forget the troubled eyes of that rancher who heard our car passing and came out from his lonely house to hail Bill. "When are you figuring on driving up the rest of the horses, Bill?"

"Right away."

"Well, I was just thinking. My reservoir's mighty low, Bill. I hardly know what to do about it."

And the relief he showed when Bill said the horses were going by another route! Water is life out here, and it has been a dry spring.

By six o'clock we were at Ben and Clare's and the end of the journey. Ben had his arm in a plaster cast; he still looks surprised when he tells how he was tying his coat on the back of his saddle and his horse reached up and kicked him across the corral. But they have made the little house down on Wild Horse Creek very homelike. They have a good well, although all the water has to be packed into the house, and a row of geraniums in front of the porch and a yellow rosebush at the end.

But the country is desolate and bare beyond belief. Treeless and brown, it is worn by erosion into grotesque and sinister forms. It is a cruel country, to the eye. Even Wild Horse Creek, which I had pictured as lending a bit of softening beauty, turned out in this dry season to be little more than a series of yellow pools, with along its banks a straggling line of cottonwoods and willows.

We sat on the porch that night and heard the coyotes barking in what seemed to be a semicircle around us. And I cheerfully stated that I would help with the wrangling the next morning and then come back with the herd. But I did not.

Rocked to Sleep

There is a curious instinct in some individuals which drives them to seeking trouble. They go through for considerable periods of time, sleeping soft and living easy, and then comes the call of adventure and discomfort and they are off.

Why I should be cursed with this temperament I do not know. Perhaps it is a matter of the imagination; that I see myself a dashing and gallant figure, doing unusual things with brilliance and grace. But experience should tell me that the amount of brilliance and grace I display at such times is negligible, and that the worn and bedraggled figure I cut at the end is a good many things, but certainly not heroic. But be that as it may——

I slept that night on a leather couch in Clare and Ben's sitting room. They had offered me their bed, but Ben's broken arm was in a cast and he did not look like a man who could clutch his bed all night to keep from sliding off. Sara and Lizzie—yes, Lizzie was there. But you don't know Sara; she and Bunk took down the saddles—Sara and Lizzie slept on a davenport bed in the dining room and Big Bill and Patty had a tepee tent in the yard.

A tepee tent has the bottom sewed in and, generally speaking, what is under it when it goes up stays under—anything from a coil of rope to a tree stump. I have personally lain across a forgotten ax all night. But the point is that the cowboys, in a spirit of recklessness, had put a number of rocks under Bill's side of the tent, and then retired to the bunk house and barricaded the door. But no barricade could hold Bill out after he discovered that stone quarry, and one or two of them mounted their horses the next morning somewhat stiffly.

It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning

When I say morning I mean morning At four A.M. the call to roll out was sounded, and I released my clutch on the chair which was holding me in bed and got up. I dressed in a pitiless glare of publicity, ate breakfast with the rest, and at five was in the saddle. It was one of the few times in my life when I watched the dawn coming up—"by thunder!" as Kipling should have put it. And I consider it a greatly overestimated event.

However, by five we were on our horses in the corral. And Ginger, who is well named, was honing to get back to the herd and the pasture he had just left. As time went on that day I was to wonder at his enthusiasm to return there; it covered twenty square miles, did that field, and in conformation it resembled the Grand Canyon. Consisting of rattlesnakes—they killed three in the first hour or two—rocks, washes, cliffs, cactus and sagebrush, it looked less like home to me than almost any spot I can remember.

We covered six miles at a trot to get there, and as I have said, Ginger was in a hurry, so Big Bill and I headed the cavalcade. And right picturesque it was too. Lizzie, hurt at the mention of her hunting coat last year, wore a brand-new calfskin vest, brown and white, with the hair out.

"Nice vest you've got there, Liz."

"Yes," she says, eying it. "Ain't Nature grand anyhow?"

Sara's red head, the cowboys in bright shirts, neckerchiefs, sombreros and chaps, were brilliant spots of color in that brown country. Patty and Clare—Patty an experienced wrangler, and Clare, who had ridden the range and the fences there every day for a year, winter and all—were got up in businesslike fashion. And Big Bill, massive and straight in the saddle, is always a sight to remember.

So we jingled and swished along with that peculiar sound of leather on leather which I always associate with these expeditions, and which is only imitated in the East by the wearer of a new pair of corduroy breeches.

It was hot. At ten minutes after five I took off my sombrero and wiped my steaming face. At eleven minutes past I did the same thing. After that I gave it up. The combined pores opened up by Ginger and myself that morning would sound like a problem in astronomy.

Distance is a purely relative matter. Six miles in an automobile is no distance at all, and in an airplane is even less. But six miles to a pasture before one begins really to work is a long way on a horse, especially if one has not been riding lately—and I had not been. We had sold our horses at home, following an unpleasant episode when the head of the house had taken his foot out of the stirrup to rest it and the horse chose that moment to bolt. It slipped and threw him off on his head and then fell on him and broke his leg. But it was not that which caused us to sell the horses, but the incident of the pearl scarfpin which grew out of it and caused a certain amount of feeling.

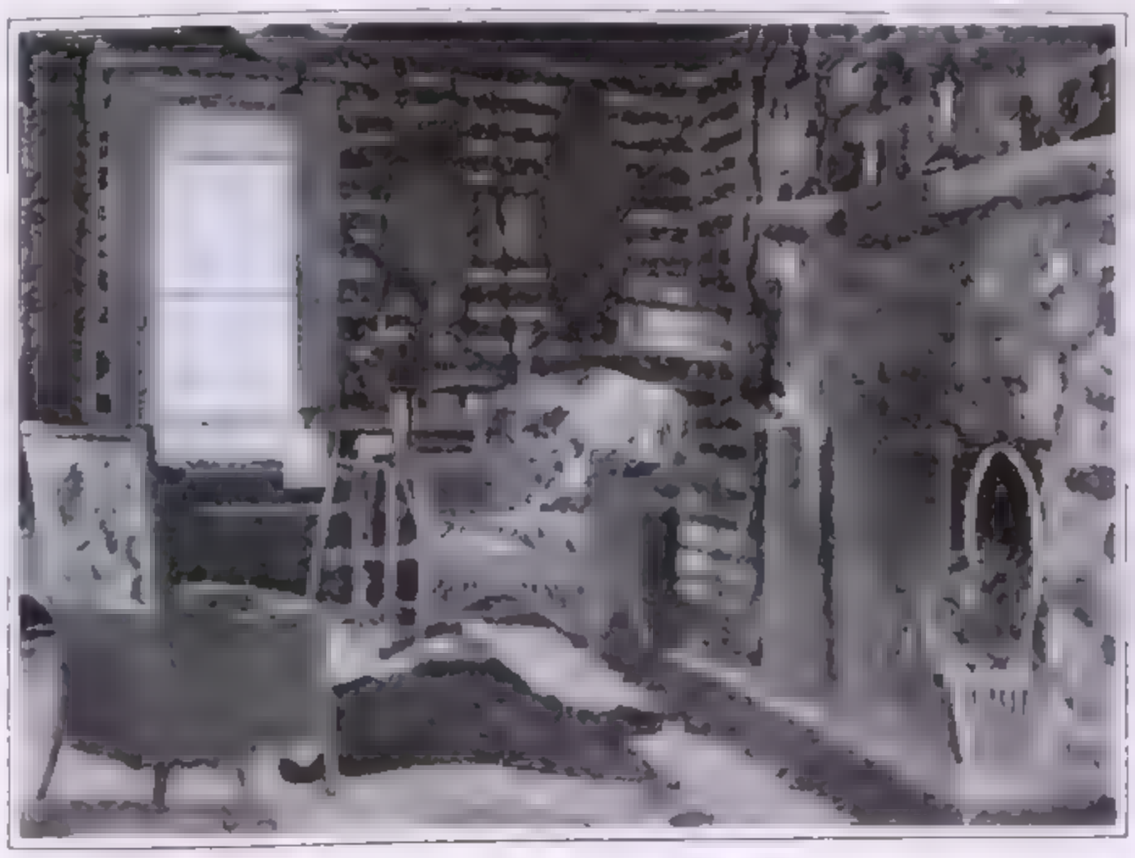
For it developed, when the pin was still missing some two weeks later, that while he lay unconscious in the road I had cannily salvaged his pin, run it through his scarf, put on the safety catch and put the scarf in my riding-coat pocket. I had no recollection of so doing, but the damning fact remained, arguing a heartlessness really alien to my nature. And so we sold the horses!

Disciples of Liberty

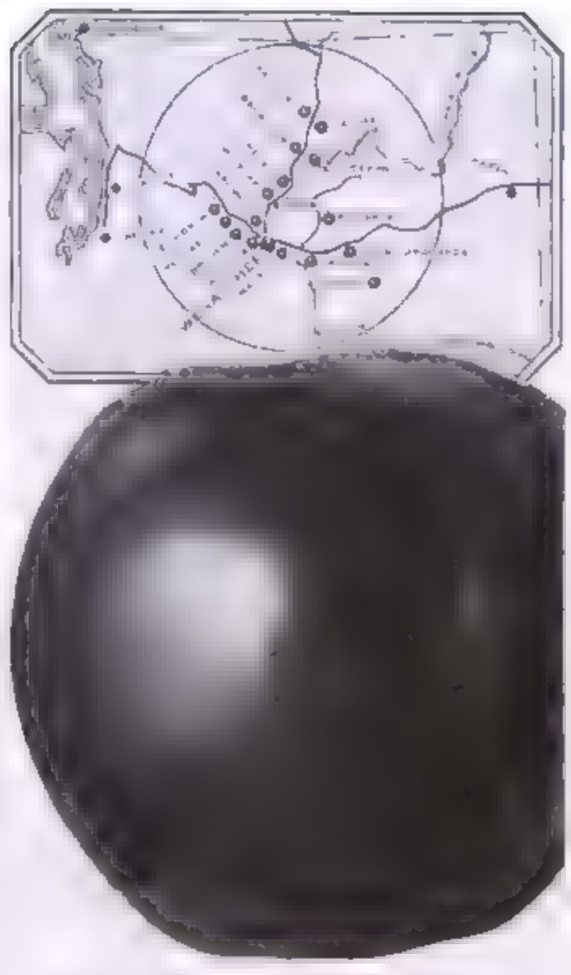
Therefore six miles to me at the beginning of the riding season this year was six miles and even more. But I had learned one thing from last year—I knew enough to refuse the big circle. Let somebody else do it, somebody who enjoyed riding thirty miles of rattlesnakes, cactus, sagebrush and alkali dust; somebody who liked careening along the side of a gully to head back a stampeding herd, or yearned to search out the bunch quitters neatly hidden in a draw.

The short circle for Lizzie and me this time. We rode deliberately, guarding the valley beneath us. Over a ridge we came across an antelope and watched it bound on rubber feet across the brown landscape. Now and then on the sky line miles away we could see the silhouettes of running horses and the wranglers behind them. Heads up and tails flying, the string would be turned down into some steep valley, be lost to view, and later on emerge in the bottom land below us, there to make wild abortive attempts to escape once more to freedom.

In a couple of hours about 100 horses had been collected. From all sides the riders closed in behind them and the drive began. But the horses were angry and resentful; they nipped and kicked at one another. At each opening from the main valley some disciple of liberty would take off on a



The New Furniture in the Living Room



Why Jim Hills

—are the world's finest apples

NESTLING against the snow-capped Cascade Mountains, in the valley of the mighty Columbia River, is a district world famous for the excellence of its apples. Here are found—not a few only—but *every* natural advantage favorable for the culture of fine apples; a light volcanic soil, tremendously deep and rich; quantities of pure, soft water from melting mountain snows; and the long, warm sunshine and cool nights of this northern latitude, which develops in the fruit its characteristic rich, full flavor, from blossom time until the apples are picked and boxed for the markets of the world.

Jim Hill is the name of the finest apples grown in these famous mountain valleys —"*Nature's chosen apple land.*" Every apple is fully matured. Look at one, and you will be struck by its color, by its characteristic bouquet and aroma. Eat it, and you will find within a cool, crisp, juicy deliciousness which invites you to have another. Cooked, you will find the various Jim Hill varieties equally tempting.

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Write for folder illustrating six Jim Hill varieties in natural colors, with description and uses.

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"*Nature's Chosen Apple Land*"

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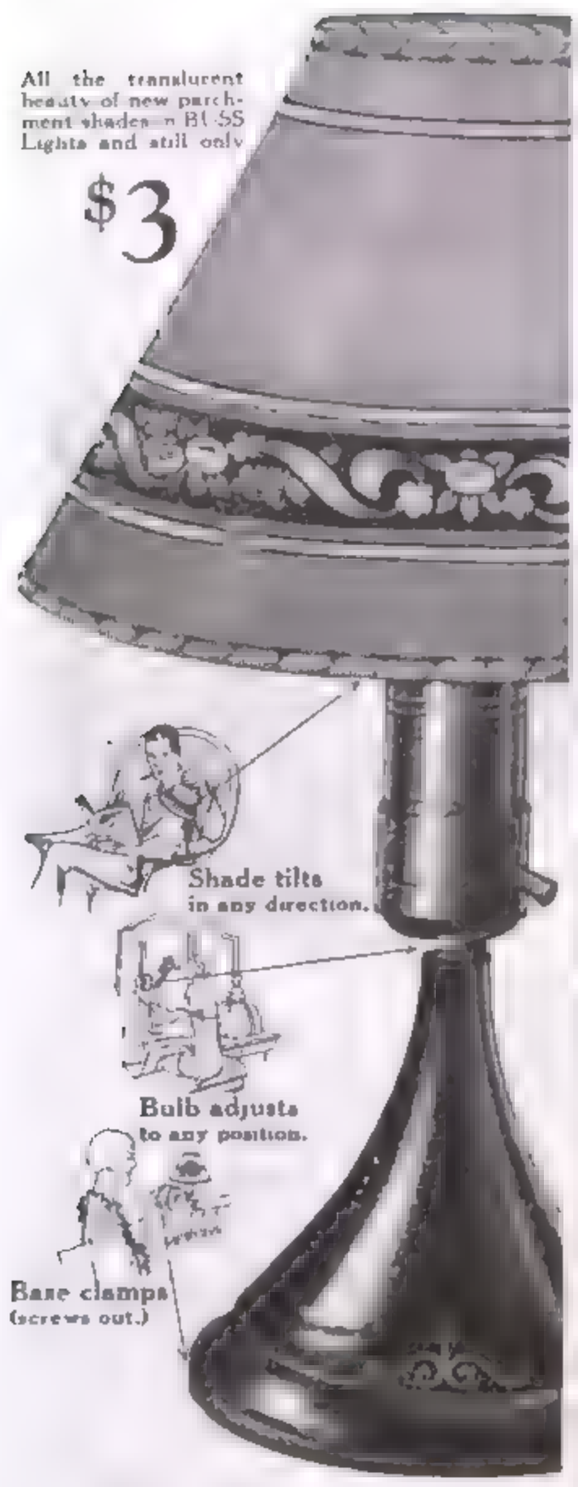
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Shade tilts in any direction.
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Base clamps (screws out.)

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BUSS Lights

—with parchment shades

When you see this beautiful new line of Buss Lights, you will never again choose the ordinary rigid stand lamp that can't do anything else but stand.

More than just a stand lamp—you can clamp it or hang it; then adjust the light any way

Today you may use your Buss Light as a decorative stand lamp to bring light and color to some part of the room. Tomorrow, at your wish, it becomes a clamp lamp, on the bed or mirror or anywhere, by simply twirling out the base plate. Or you can hang it up on a hook or nail for any temporary lighting purpose. Any time, any place, you can read, sew or play by your Buss Light, because both the bulb and shade adjust to throw the light rays any way.

Six charming models

Parchment shades in dainty floral designs for the bedroom or boudoir, or in rich subdued color schemes for your library or living room. Metal shades in Decorated Ivory or Bronze.

Price $3, complete with shade, base and extra long cord (bulb not included). There is also a plain Bronze Buss Light with metal shade for kitchen, garage or work room, costing only $2 (Canada prices $4.50 and $3.00).

Ask for Buss Lights at any store that handles lights. *Bussmann Mfg. Co., St. Louis*

run and would be followed by a dozen or so. Then the cowboys would shoot off, circle around and head them back in a whirl of dust and a thunder of indignant hoofs.

Down there in the valley the heat was dreadful and the dust was worse. I had only gone twelve miles, but many of the men had already traveled double that distance and more. The ridden horses were covered with sweat. It seemed to me that I had been years without water, and it was only eight o'clock in the morning and 175 more horses to be picked up on the way back.

In a rough corral by a deserted and ruined ranch house they penned the bunch and began to rope out fresh horses. It was exciting work. The animals had been free for eight months; now they were not only corralled again but Big Bill with his deadly rope was in their midst. They milled and squealed, reared and snorted, but Bill was as calm as a May morning. He stood, loop ready, in that inferno of sweating flesh and rushing hoofs, picked out his victim, gave a flick of the wrist, and the noose settled down to an accompaniment of roars, struggles, pawings at the air and equine imprecations.

Farewell, freedom! Farewell, rattlesnakes and antelopes and joyous whinnies and the companionable biting of manes by which horses show affection for one another! Farewell, the muddy water holes, the little green meadows and the shade of the draws at hot midday!

Dry as Dust

The horse lunges and frets, but he accepts the bit at last. The saddle is slapped on, the cinch drawn up and a cowboy swings aboard. A furtive attempt or two to throw the combination, a desperate flurry, a touch of the spurs, and then resignation and despair.

Farewell, freedom!

But we had only the nucleus of the herd. On the way back we were not only to pick up the remainder but to hold what we had, and this was not easy. During the long winter months social groups had been established, leaders had developed supremacy, unpleasant horses, given to flattening their ears and showing their teeth, had been ostracized. And now we were giving a party and asking them all to come and be happy together!

It could not be. One gap in our defenses, to change the figure, and out of it would stream a line of recalcitrants. It was like the Republican Party. Some Borah or La Follette of a horse would see an opening, whirl and make for it, and all the others that were too timid to start themselves would run after him. There was no use arguing with them; the only thing was to run them back again, a point which the party in question might note to advantage.

More miles, more dust, more thirst. Even Ginger was coughing. Somebody said that if he were cut he would bleed mud. My soft muscles ached intolerably, and my knees had not met for what seemed to be years. Lizzie, too, was in trouble. She had changed horses during the stop, and nothing was plainer than that the fresh one did not like her. Now and then she dashed past with a set look on her face and the new calfskin vest flapping in the dirt. When her horse stopped it was to attempt to get his head down and his back up, the first position in bucking and highly ominous. But it was no time for individual troubles. On, and yet on.

On the top of a high meadow we stopped and a few of us rode herd while the others did the final picking up. It was a hot spot. Looking back, I know that it was beautiful; to the limit of the horizon in every direction lay this austere and empty country, fantastically eroded, treeless, colorless save for the gray of the sagebrush, the yellow of the dry earth or the occasional stain of mineral or some exposed rock face.

Men came to it, and occasionally they conquered it. But mostly it conquered them. They packed in their boards, or painfully cut trees and hauled the logs, and built their small crude houses. Then a drought, or the eternal loneliness, and they went away again—or died.

It will always be here, unchanged. Civilization cannot touch it. There are no mountains whose snows might feed reservoirs for its redemption. The plow of the dry farmer cannot cultivate its stony soil. Perhaps the geologist will come along some day with his talk of domes and clines and anticlines and there will spring up here and there little tar-paper and clapboard oil towns, with unpaved streets and rows of tanks and a pipe line leading to the world outside. But until then it will be the Death Valley of the Northwest.

But it was not even beautiful to me then. For three hours we sat on our horses on that plateau and boiled in the broiling sun. The bunch augmented. Bobby or Reed or Russell would head in, driving their pickups ahead of them. Sometimes ten, sometimes fifty, the horses came running in, joined the herd, and after discovering that the way back was blocked, fell to grazing the sparse brown grass.

They had had a good winter. All of them were fat. Already they had shed much of their heavy winter coats and were emerging sleek and shiny. And practically all of them were there. Bill, who knows every one of the 425 the ranch possesses, mentally checked them off and was satisfied.

But we had found one tragedy. Poor old Navajo had been ailing, and we came across him newly dead on a hillside. How strangely these dead creatures flatten out! No one can mistake a sleeping horse for a dead one. The proud arch of the neck has fallen in; even the barrel-like chest has lost its roundness. It lies, poor corpse, close to old Mother Earth and soon to be a part of her.

At eleven o'clock we started back, and the less said of that return the better. The horses thundered ahead of us, lost in a smoke screen of alkali dust. And Ginger was one of the finest possible exponents of the herd instinct. Any attempt to keep him back where the air was breathable he foiled by the simple method of taking the bit between his teeth and then ignoring it. Indeed, so well did he maneuver that when Big Bill finally pointed the herd at an open gate in the wire and rode through it, it was up to me to try to start them through.

Does a Cowboy Work?

And they would not move—275 horses looked at that gate, and beyond it they saw 275 Eastern dudes, wearing large spurs and with a mania for eating out of a lunch box on top of a mountain peak, and they would not move. Nancy Jane's black Shetland pony, indeed, planted himself across it as a barrier, and as a Shetland pony is the most obstinate thing on four legs, barring the army mule, there was nothing doing until the cowboys came up.

Then the horses knew their masters and slowly, reluctantly, with equine tears, they filed out of freedom into captivity.

At noon that day we reached Wild Horse Creek again and I slid painfully off Ginger, made an abortive attempt to bring my knees into line and staggered to the house. Boots, riding clothes, face and hair, I was a soft dun color where I was not an apoplectic purple.

I stumbled to the water bucket, got a drink, dragged myself to my leather couch—how soft now, how cool, how steady!—and closed my blistered eyes.

Let the cowboys take that bunch of four-legged demons back to the ranch alone. Without me they could ford the Powder River and head back the bunch quitters at every cross track and get them behind wire at night so as to get an hour or two of sleep. I was through—dead through.

Lizzie came in and looked down at me. She was not in too good shape herself, but she could still stand.

"I think you need a cold cloth on your head," she said, after observing me closely; and limping painfully to the kitchen, she got one for me.

So the horses came back to the ranch without me. At midnight that night, walking very carefully, I reached my cabin here, and stumbling inside promptly fell over the polar bear. I gathered myself together, passed the new wicker furniture without a glance, upset a vase of flowers on the new wicker table and finally made the bedroom door. I must have undressed, but I do not recall it.

In the evenings the cavvy is turned out to pasture. The horses have stood in the hot, dusty corral all day, and driven by a wrangler or two shrilly ki-yi-ing, they go out on a dead run. Roans and bays and sorrels and chestnuts, whites and pintos and grays, they stream along the trails their own sharp hoofs have made. The dust rises; they break up into little bands, whinnying and hunting the best grass along the mountain side. Some of them roll to ease their saddle-worn backs.

"What a pretty sight!" the guests say.

But what can they know of the care such a herd entails? Of the breaking and vaccinating and branding that are all a part of the work; of the pulling of shoes in the fall and the long drive to winter pasture; and of shoeing more than 1600 feet in the spring after the long drive back?

"What do these cowboys do outside of saddling and playing poker?" somebody asked the other day.

Well, it is natural. The dudes go to the corral in the morning and Snip or Slip Along or Cream of Wheat is saddled and meekly standing by the hitching rail. They do not know of that daily four A.M. roll out, and sleepy wranglers getting into boots and gloves and chaps; or of the hazing into bunches in the upland pastures, the drive in to the corral, and the cut-out gate, where the wanted horses go through and the unwanted are turned aside.

Wanted—a Blacksmith

Watch George, the corral boss, at the cut-out gate. Some 400 horses are milling in the outer corral, waiting to go through it, and 100 or more are on the list to be saddled that morning. It is George who sits on top of the gate to let through into the inner corral the wanted horses and to turn aside the unwanted ones and the broncs. Where the average dude has to look for his name on the saddle tag to recognize his animal, George must know it instantly. But they say out here that a good shepherd will know individually any one of the thousand sheep in his flock, so perhaps it is not so surprising after all.

But the job of the corral is not over with the morning saddling. It has, indeed, only commenced. There are always horses to break, to brand, to vaccinate, to doctor or to shoe.

True, the blacksmith does the shoeing, although our blacksmiths have a way of working for a month or so and then pulling their freight for distant points. But in many cases the horses will not enter the smithy or submit to the crowning indignity of the stocks. Then they must be roped, thrown and securely tied, a wedge of heavy canvas put between their feet, and their heads held down by the simple process of sitting on them.

The blacksmith brings out his anvil and his tools and the work begins. But as often as not the anvil is upset, nails fly in every direction and bruises and scrapings are the order of the day.

A blacksmith can shoe eight horses a day, and here at the start of the season are 400 of them, all unshod. Small wonder the smithy works overtime, or that the smith himself all too often unties his leather apron and hands in his resignation at the office.

And, of course, there are always horses to break, nervous, snuffy creatures that tremble with fright and anger on being approached, that rear and squeal and rush the moment the rope settles on their necks. And yet each of them must be quieted so that some Eastern tenderfoot may crawl up onto his back, digging him possibly with a

(Continued on Page 132

"What—you're going to start out on an all-day drive in that lovely white dress? Suppose you have a blowout?"

"No danger, my dear. Don't you see the Kelly-Springfield tires?"

(Continued from Page 130)

spur while so doing, clamp his knees down on him, jab him in the belly and show his horsemanship to the onlookers by running him the first mile down the road on his poor, corral-stiffened feet.

Only a day or so ago Curley, who spent the winter in the movies, tried out a horse and shot letters in white and mauve and pink envelopes all over the place!

But horse breaking is a different procedure here from what it is at home. In the first place, these range-grown horses are not, like our Eastern colts, accustomed to human contacts from the start. Many of them, indeed, have never seen a man save as a mounted figure on the sky line until the time comes to bring them in and break them. Even driving them into the herd and so corralling them is no easy matter. And behind the logs of the corral they fret. The men, roping out the broken horses, drive them into a hysteria of fear. They mill about in a frenzy. But gradually they learn to be herded, and that is the first step.

The second is to break them to a rope halter. Even that they fight. The first day or two the horse uses every artifice and bit of strength it possesses to break it. But in time it finds that it is useless, and it will stand quietly enough unless it is approached. Then once more the rolling eye, the dilated nostril and the beating feet.

A Young Horse's Education

The next step is the bridle, and to make him bridle-wise a snaffle bit is put into his mouth; not so difficult as it sounds, that, for there is no horse on earth that will not open his mouth when his tender lip is pressed against the bridle tooth. And to this bridle and bit he must grow accustomed. He hates it at first—sometimes always. His mouth gets sore, too; but after a time he tolerates it, and then is the time to teach him bridle wisdom.

First one rein, then the other, is shortened, drawing his head to one side. Freed of his halter, he moves about in a circle, depending on which way his head is drawn. And ever after the pull of his head to right or to left will turn him around. He is bridle-wise.

So far has his education gone. He can be herded, he can be tied, he can be turned, he can even be tactfully approached. But the final and hardest lesson of all is still to be taught. His proud young back must be taught to carry a burden, yet to any intimation to that effect he offers a frenzied resistance. Hobble his front feet together and he will rear in an attitude like prayer and attempt to bring his crossed forelegs down on a human skull. Rope him, throw him and put a saddle on, and he will fight it to the death and possibly do himself injury, not to mention anybody in the immediate neighborhood.

But a saddle must go on eventually, and methods vary according to the horse. Sometimes a bit of sacking is flicked lightly across his eyes, over and over, with endless patience, until finally he will tolerate it as a bandage; and in the confusion of that strange blindness the saddle is eased on. But more often he is roped and thrown, a rear hind leg is tied up by a rope fastened to one around his neck, and when he rises he is on three legs and in a state of unstable equilibrium, to say the least. Even then he will fight, but he is not so dangerous. His old tricks no longer succeed. If he tries them he throws himself.

Then at last there comes the time when a cowboy eases himself into the saddle, thrusts his feet well home in the stirrups and gives the signal to stand clear.

And now comes the last and hardest lesson. Every time he bucks and rears he is scratched with the spur; they are deadly. They rake him forward or dig him aft, depending on what he is attempting at the moment. But if he behaves himself they do not touch him. A trial or two and he chooses peace.

However, he is not yet ready for the tenderfoot. Here all about him is a new world, filled with terrifying objects; washing out on a line, automobiles, garbage cans, haying machines. Every one is a deadly enemy, ready to leap and destroy him. There are terrifying gates through which he must pass, bright neckerchiefs blowing in the wind, barking dogs, shrill whistles, phonographs.

And he must be thrown and have a distemper injection, and later on he must be shod. Those brave free feet of his must be hammered full of nails and weighted with iron. And before he is turned loose on the range again for the winter he must be thrown once more and branded.

But he has learned his lesson. Fate, in the shape of a hovering rope, has overtaken and mastered him. Only in the case of a few outlaws does the system fail, and these outlaws are carefully kept for the rodeos and frontier days. They are increasingly hard to find. A good dependable killer is worth more money today than a docile animal, although Reed and Russell, on the way up with the cavvy, bought one for twenty-five dollars.

They brought it along, and the general verdict of the corral was that they had been stuck with it—Big Bill, indeed, maintaining that he had been offered the same animal for two dollars and a half! But only a day or so ago Russell rode it and it put up a fight worth watching.

We have about forty of these outlaws here, not to mention the ones some of the guests think should be numbered among them.

They are intelligent criminals, some of them. Only two nights ago a huge gray gave us the thrill of our lives by twice taking a standing jump out of the bucking chute, which is ten feet high. And just after that, Ewan, after making a bully ride, was picked off his animal and apparently safe when it kicked him in the side of the head and cut entirely through his ear.

Taking His Daily 20,000

It is then not out of place to say that the cowboy is not naturally a horse lover, much literature to the contrary; nor the Westerner in general, as a rule. Horses out here are a method of transportation and not much else. But each cowboy, as a rule, owns some horses of his own and on the top horse of his string he will lavish unlimited affection. True, he hides this feeling; as a rule, he never grooms and rarely caresses it. But he will give it a surreptitious feeding of oats when he can, and his rare boasting is as to its ability and other qualities.

Only the other day one of our boys was finally induced to sell his top horse to an Easterner, and was discovered in a stall currying him, with tears streaming down his face.

"Damn it," he groaned, "I didn't know I liked this old boy the way I do."

But, generally speaking, the average cowboy does his day's work on a horse, then gets off the animal, deftly unsaddles and unbridles, slaps it with the flat of his hand to indicate he has finished, and largely lets Nature do the rest.

If he can find a horse with looks and an easy gait, he prefers that combination; but the gait is the thing, a short even trot which he can sit without leaving the saddle. He sits his saddle much as a clothespin sits a wash line, his stirrups long and in a direct line with his body, not like the English saddle, in which the stirrup leathers are well forward. And the imitation of his method has caused more suffering among Easterners come West than all the hot baths in the world can ease. For not all horses are adapted to this method; the cowboy picks his own, the Easterner takes what he gets. And to have a thousand pounds of horse knock the base of an unaccustomed spine twenty thousand times in the course of a morning's ride is nothing less than torture.

Time was—and not so long ago, at that—that our cavalrymen were compelled to sit the saddle. It is probable, indeed, that this old method of ours was the early cowboy's education. Troops came out into the West to protect the pioneer stockmen against the Indians—their forts are still scattered all about—and a ray of daylight between a trooper and his horse was a military crime! But as time went on it was discovered tardily that rising to the trot saved both horse and man, and the Army finally adopted it.

But the cowboy has held on. And so any day around here you will meet on the trail some apoplectic and badly shaken Easterner, with his teeth set—which is fortunate, since it saves his biting his tongue off—taking shocking impacts at the rate of ninety to the minute in an attempt to realize his ideal.

For it is an ideal. The psychology which underlies the huge success of the dude ranch today is largely romantic. It is not love of Nature *per se;* it is not love of riding for itself alone. In most of us who come West its seeds were sown long ago, and maturer reading and the movies have fostered its growth.

Your successful business man, in this land of bare plains and rugged mountains, pounding along the trail, is not merely taking his daily twenty thousand; he is fulfilling an early longing, and his bright neckerchief, his broad hat, his gay shirt, are but the panoply of his dream.

True, his idealism is stronger than his powers of imitation; for the cowboy rides with a loose spine and takes the jar in his shoulders, and on a fast trot mostly stands in his stirrups.

But more power to him, anyhow—to the eternal boy in him, which still covers these plains with buffalo and the ridges with lurking Indians, and to his own vision of himself as a dashing and heroic figure, following the trail of adventure and high romance into the unknown.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mrs. Rinehart. The next will appear in an early issue.

A Section of the Pacific Highway in the State of Oregon, Traversing Beautiful Undulating Farming Country

GRUEN

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

How the guild spirit was *brought to America*

WITH the coming of modern times, the machine began rapidly to replace hand work in the manufacture of watches. Particularly was this true in America.

Machine methods offered certain advantages. Watches could be produced more economically. Standardization of parts became easier.

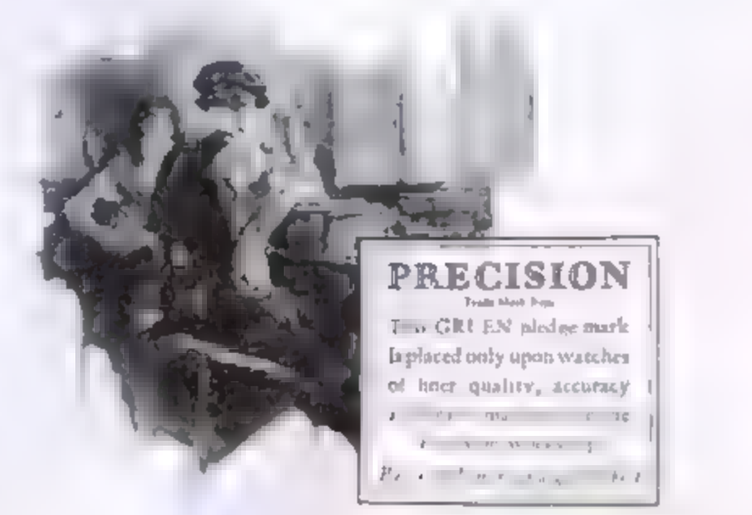
But watches were losing their personality. They lacked the character and beauty of the old guild timepieces, made one by one, carefully, and by hand.

When Dietrich Gruen, a young watchmaker trained in Switzerland, came to America in 1867, he recognized at once the merits of the advanced American methods.

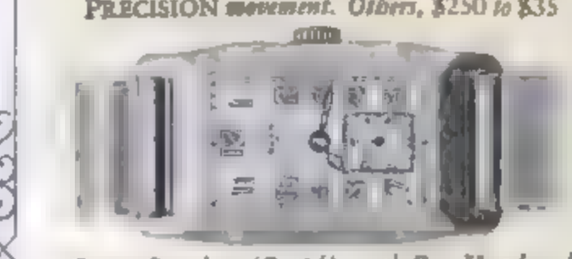
Yet he remained thoroughly conscious of the value of that spirit to which Swiss watches had so long owed their superiority.

And the great idea of his life was to effect a combination of what was best in old and new in the art of watchmaking, in order to bring about something that was better than either.

He saw that to produce the watch of his dreams he must have two things. He must have American machinery of the most advanced types. And he must have the very best craftsmen in the world, craftsmen in whom the old guild spirit of fine watchmaking still lived.



A NEW Gruen Cartouche, $75; 17-jewel PRECISION *movement. Others, $250 to $35*



Gruen Quadron (Pat'd), with Ben Hur hand, $75. Other Gruen strap watches, $750 to $35

For these he turned to Switzerland and selected a group of expert workmen, mostly descendants of the old guild watchmakers. From these men his son Frederick organized the modern Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

With such a unique guild organization, the sons of Dietrich Gruen have kept alive the old watch making ideals and traditions.

From that day to this, Gruen Guild ideals have profoundly influenced the whole development, in both outward appearance and inward construction, of those watches we see today.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here, together with many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry, in great variety, and at a wide range of prices. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD

TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr. 1916 G. W. M. G.

It cost $537,571,000 to drill 25,406 wells in this country last year; 92.9 per cent were in the west and south; 16,162 were oil producers.

52,000,000 gallons of lubricating oil is our yearly contribution to make automobiles and the wheels of industry run more smoothly.
SUNOCO

From Sunoco wells *to* Sunoco users

SOME OIL COMPANIES deal only in wells and crudes; others store and ship; some deal in transportation (pipe lines, tank steamers, tank cars, etc.); while a comparative few are refiners.

The Sun Oil Company does all of these things. That is why "Sunoco" products can be and are finished products of exceptional merit.

Whether it be Sunoco Motor Oil, Sunoco Gasoline, Greases, Spray Oil, Cutting Oil; Asphaltum, Fuel Oils, Blending Oils or any other Sun product—you will find in it a full measure of satisfactory service.

Patents on new processes, constant installation of new devices, enable us to offer you unmatched products at prices often less than the uniform high quality might reasonably warrant.

SUN OIL COMPANY . . *Philadelphia*

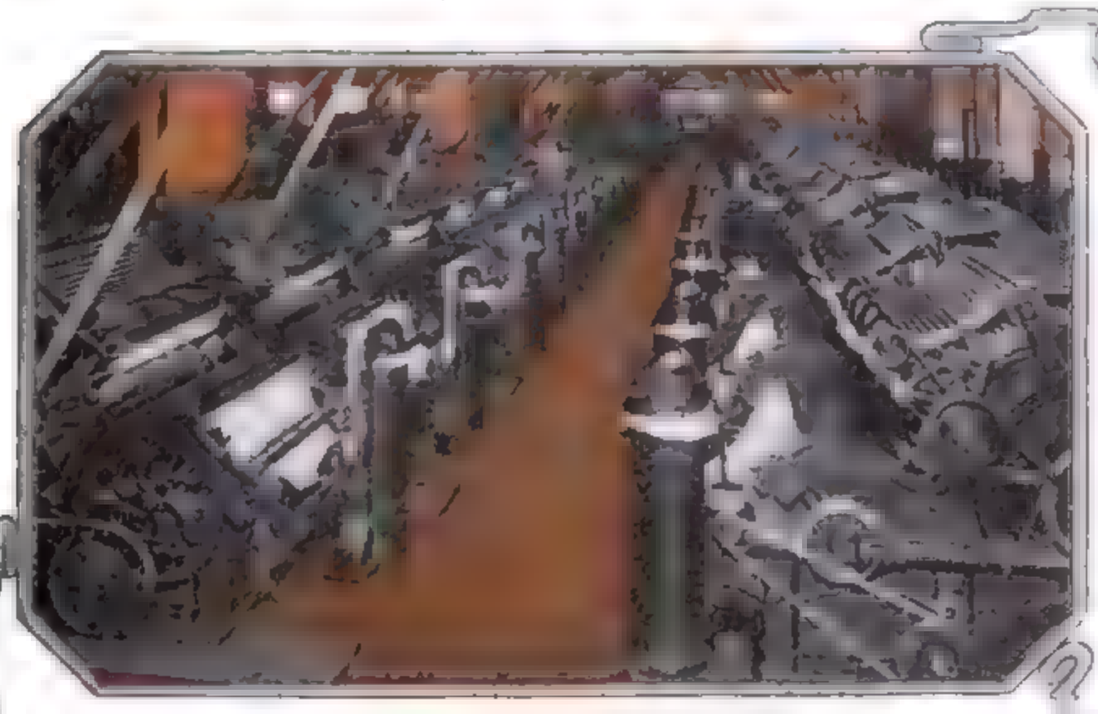
SUN OIL COMPANY, Ltd. . . *Montreal*

[BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES]

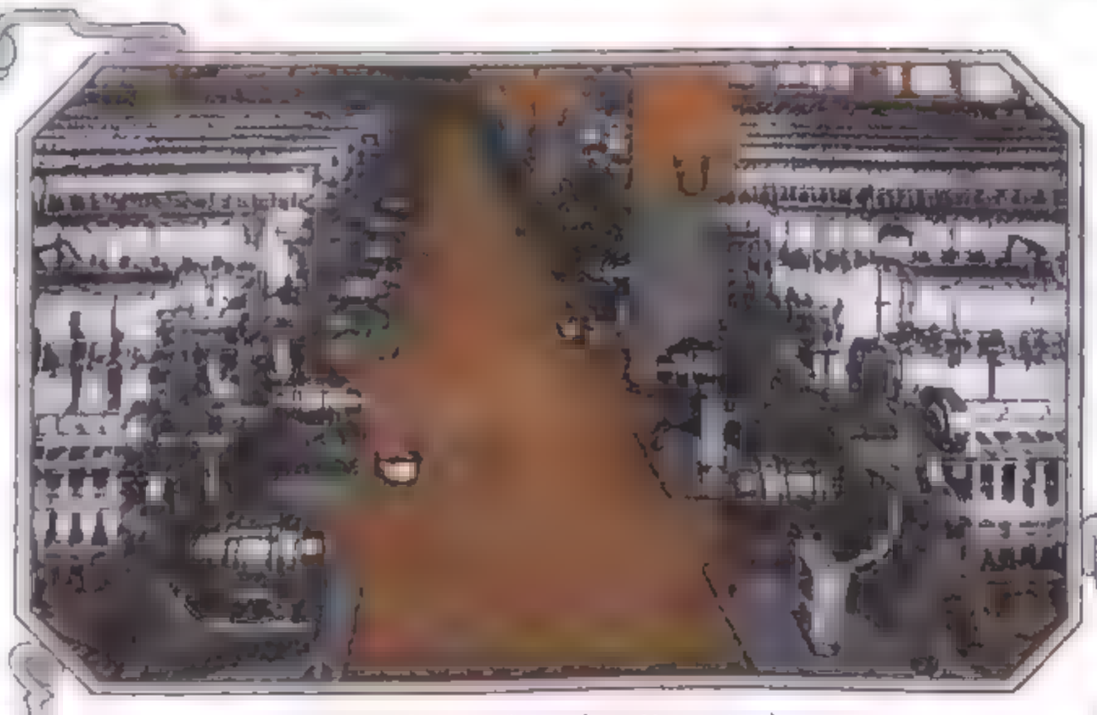
SUNOCO

The DISTILLED MOTOR OIL

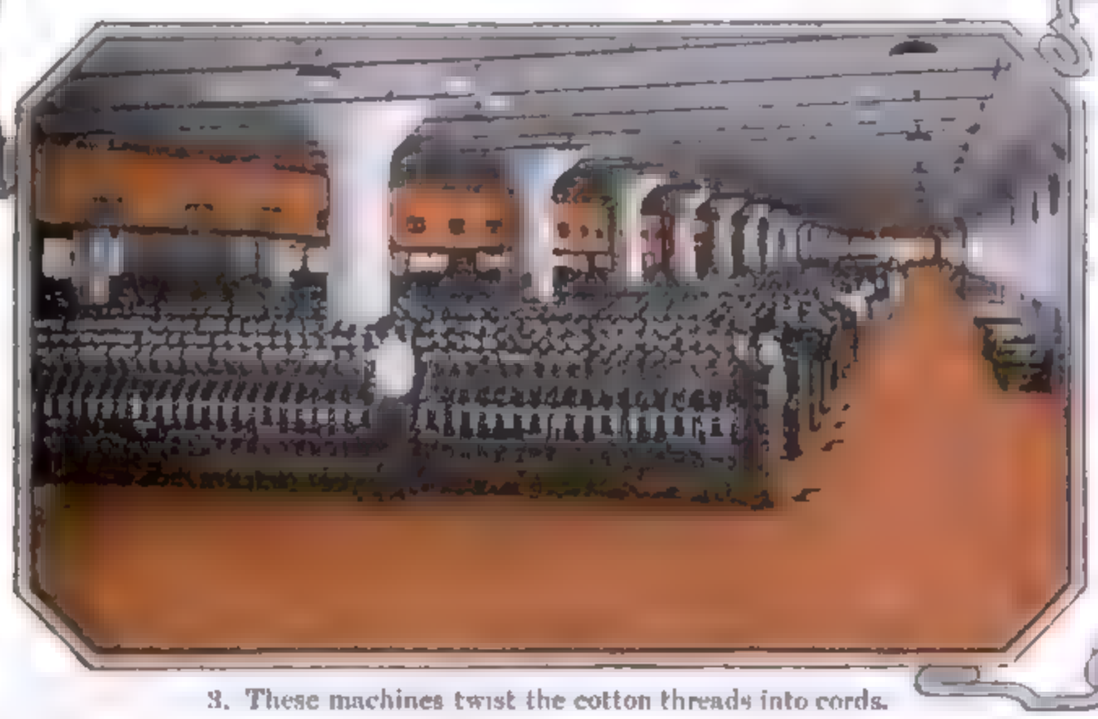
UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES



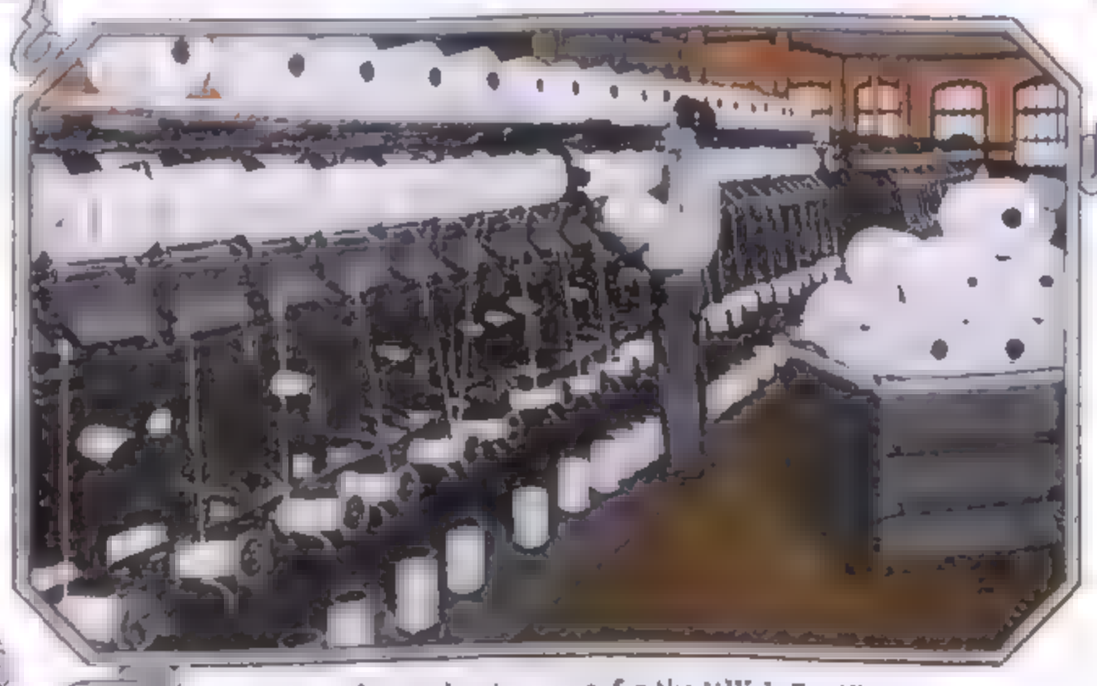
1. Card Room of the Winnsboro Mills.



2. Spinning the high-grade cotton into threads.



3. These machines twist the cotton threads into cords.



4. Winding the cord onto cones, for the "Web Cord" machines.

Answering some Questions about the Cord in United States Tires

Q—How important is cord in a tire?

A—Cord provides the strength for the tire. It is the framework and the reinforcement which gives to the tire its form and structure. Rubber saturates, insulates and webs the cords together and supplies the tire with its wear-resisting surface.

Q—Who makes the cord for United States Tires?

A—The superior cord used in United States Tires is made in the Winnsboro Mills at Winnsboro, South Carolina. These mills are controlled by the United States Rubber Company and have been, since 1917,

Q—Why does the United States Rubber Company consider it advantageous to operate its own cord mills?

A—This is in keeping with the Company's policy of ensuring absolute uniformity and high quality in all the materials which go into its tires. For the same reason, the Company grows its own rubber on its great plantations in the Far East.

Q—Then, this cord from the Winnsboro Mills is uniform and of high quality?

A—Yes. These one-product mills use machinery especially adapted to making cord for United States Tires. The operators are specialists in their work and the entire energy of the mills is devoted to making the best tire cord that can be made.

Q—How is the quality of the cord assured?

A—Tests are made at each step in manufacture at the mills. Further tests are made of each carload received at the tire factories. A third series of control tests are made periodically at the Central Textile Development Department, the Company's technical organization specializing in the development of cotton goods for the United States Rubber Company.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

Winnsboro Mills, Winnsboro, S. C.

Old Timers and Half Timers

One Could Find His Way Through a Trackless Wilderness ——

While the Other Can't Follow a Marked Road

When a Champion Was a Fighter ——

And Not, as Now, Just a Champion

How Your Grandfather Used to Meet a Man He Didn't Like ——

And How His Grandson Meets Him

YALE Batteries per hour of

YALE

GREATER RECUPERATION

Ensures This Vital Economy!

BECAUSE more electrical energy is packed into YALE Batteries, they contain PLUS power. Their exceptional *recuperative* qualities during rest periods *restore* that electrical energy—and that means INCREASED BATTERY LIFE!

That is the reason why YALE Batteries in the long run yield PLUS power; deliver a *premium* of vigorous, smooth-flowing energy. That is the reason why YALE Radio Batteries cost you *less* per hour of radio reception!

For clear, steady volume; for even, uniform reception month in and month out; for more enjoyable, *less costly* radio hours—demand YALE Batteries!

YALE Makes Every Type of "A", "B" and "C" Battery.
Your Dealer Will Recommend the Correct One for YOUR Set.

YALE ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Chicago BROOKLYN, N. Y. San Francisco

Cost you *LESS* Radio Reception

"A YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

Insist—

"Show me the Agitator!"

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

ALMOST every manufacturer believes and claims his product to be best. Electric cleaner manufacturers are no exception.

But today there is a *new* test of the latest and most efficient development in electric cleaners which you can apply yourself.

To the salesman, or the dealer, or the manufacturer who waxes eloquent over the superiorities of *his* cleaner simply say, and *insist:*

"Show me the Agitator!"

We feel this is the test of the genuinely *modern* cleaner. We *know* that the new and greater Hoover, equipped with the Agitator shown above, surpasses even the celebrated standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

Surely you want in *your* home the new, exclusive, doubly efficient cleaner—the *modern* cleaner that meets the "Agitator test." Then you want the greater Hoover! Your nearest Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you one today complete with dusting tools, $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

"POSITIVE AGITATION" as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. Thus is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The New HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

THE ROMANCE OF NEW REMEDIES

(Continued from Page 31)

hardly at all poisonous to them, we can actually inject them into the blood in large enough amounts to affect the whole body without injurious effects. This opens up a wonderful and fascinating new field of possible treatment and cure.

For the first time in medical history it looks as if our long and eagerly dreamed-of hope might be coming true—a remedy so harmless to the body and so deadly to the germs that we could fairly saturate the body with it and kill hostile germs in their holes and hiding places, so to speak.

A year or two ago Dr. John Churchman, of Cornell, with gentian violet; Dr. Hugh Young, of Johns Hopkins, with mercurochrome; and other eminent clinicians and researchers with hexyl resorcinol, began to report results in cases of desperate blood poisoning, or septicæmia, with fever of 104 to 106 degrees, abscesses all over the body, the blood swarming with cocci, the patients delirious, almost at the point of death.

After three or four saturating injections of these blue or crimson blood-cleanser dyes the temperature suddenly dropped ten degrees, the cocci disappeared from the blood, the patients came out of their stupor and asked for something to eat, and within a week were well on the road to recovery. It began to look as if our great sterilizer was only just below the horizon.

But as keen and eager surgeons all over the country took up the new hope, a backwash of disappointment and skepticism set in. Some got no appreciable results from the injections, others out of three apparently similar and equally desperate cases of, say, childbirth fever or mastoid abscess, got one brilliant and swift recovery and two complete failures. Others reported sudden deaths, for which they were inclined to blame the dyes; though, of course, it must be remembered that these earlier cases were desperate ones, most of them given up as hopeless and submitted to the injections only as a last resort.

Finally it simmered down, on a basis of some 300 or 400 cases reported, to the result that of 100 successive and similar cases, fifty made a prompt and brilliant recovery, thirty after a week or two of desperate fighting won through to slow recovery, and twenty went on swiftly to death as if nothing had been done for them. But even this practically doubles the average expectation of recovery in these death's-door cases; and in only three cases of the whole 300 was a fatal result positively blamed upon the dye.

In a series of more than fifty cases of pneumonia and bronchitis reported by Hoppe, mercurochrome was given to every alternate case as it came in, the others being kept under observation and regular treatment, as controls, with the result of a striking shortening of the course of the disease and lowering of the death rate in the injected cases.

Dyeing Bacteria

Then came the curious discovery that the crux of the problem was getting the bacteria to absorb or soak up the dyes. As Doctor Churchman pithily put it, "If you dye bacteria they die." He might well have added, "If you dye the patient he often gets well."

It became evident on reflection that even the fairly large dose of dyes injected into the blood, though literally almost turning everything blue, could saturate only the whole volume of some fifty pints of fluid in the human body to a strength of a few parts in 10,000. And when germs were placed in solutions of this strength outside of the body they at first continued to live and flourish and were very little affected. Evidently the dyes, even in their most brilliantly successful cases, do not work by killing the cocci or other bacteria outright.

Here Doctor Churchman makes a most interesting and important demonstration and suggestion. The demonstration is that the dye, gentian violet, does not stream along through the circulating blood, attacking the bacteria on the run, so to speak. On the contrary, it quickly disappears from the circulation; and Doctor Hatcher has shown the same thing for quinine.

The suggestion is that the dyes pursue the bacteria into the deeper organs and parts of the body and there gradually destroy their power of reproduction, instead of killing them outright, and that this is really what we should aim for in our attempts to destroy bacteria in the living body. This process can readily be carried out in a test tube outside of the body. Wholesale slaughter, in fact, would result in flooding the whole system with the internal poisons—endotoxins -of the dead and decaying germs, and might prove extremely dangerous and even fatal. Indeed, alarming collapse can be produced in animals by injecting them with large doses of harmless germs and then killing the latter with injections of dyes.

In short, what is needed is not massacre, but a sort of birth control for bugs, a contraception for cocci. Then leave the defensive forces of the body to manufacture their antitoxins and deal with the sterilized invaders at their leisure.

Old and New Sources

This valuable suggestion gives us an entirely new point of view, a new and more hopeful mark to aim at, and throws a flood of light upon many problems of the war against diseases. An important thing appears to be the sorting and testing out of the precise dye which has a chemical affinity for each particular bacillus or germ—a sort of color matching on a wide scale, making the perplexed and bewildered clinician turn himself into an interior decorator or scene painter.

Finally there is an eerie touch of the light rays beginning to flicker up. All these colors are brilliant, vivid, full of light, and work best in the presence of sunlight. A researcher of the Rockefeller Institute reported some years ago that a shimmering, fluorescent pink dye, eosin, whose first syllables mean "dawn," could weaken the poisonousness of germ toxins and even of snake venoms in the presence of sunlight. Curiously enough, quinine has a fluorescent shimmer on the surface of its solutions.

Incredible as it sounds, there seems ground to conjecture that the charge of light carried by the dyes may play a part in their healing activities, and that the same ultra violets which cure rickets, heal wounds and enable the flowers to bloom and the plants to manufacture vitamines may be pulling the wires behind the scenes. In fine, instead of romance having fled from our laboratories and picturesqueness from our manufacturing pharmacies, the spirit of adventure, the hope of brilliant new discoveries, is keener and wider awake than ever before.

It makes no difference whether we distill our healing balms and simples direct from flowers and herbs now growing in the sun, or indirectly via the coke oven, from equally lovely blooms and fronds buried these thirty million years ago in the coal beds. Our coal-tar dyes and drugs are Sleeping Beauties, spirits in prison, now set free by the new magic of science for our efficiency, our pleasure and our health. So honors are even as far as the floral part of our search for new remedies is concerned; while if anyone is inclined to turn up his nose, on æsthetic and olfactory grounds, at the gas works, the tar barrel, the rendering tank and the abattoir as sources of cordials and elixirs, he may be gently reminded that in the very home and age of romance there were other ingredients which went into the alchemist's gallipot for the making of medicines besides flowers and herbs and simples.

We have vastly increased our knowledge of the action of drugs, simplified it, got rid of most of the magic and made our methods sensible, rational and aboveboard, as can be shown to the most modernist mind. Instead of waiting for new remedies to drift or blow in, we go out after them actively; and if we can't find what we want we proceed to make it. Broadly speaking, when a new drug is desired for a particular condition two main roads are open to us, which we might term from our favorite childhood guessing game, animal, vegetable or mineral.

If we choose animal or vegetable we proceed to look about for some animal or plant which has to solve the same problem, and start to take it to pieces and see if we can discover and steal its juice enzyme, or ferment, for our own use. If we choose mineral we go to the laboratory and hunt up the nearest approach to a safe poison for the bug we want to kill. We spread its molecular formula upon the table before us, take one atom here, hang on another there, change a third to another place on the plan, till finally, if we have luck, we build up an explosive which can be touched off in the body with the minimum of danger to our home cells and the maximum of damage to the bugs.

This was the method which gave us the now historic healing arsenic, which was won on the six-hundred-and-sixth shuffle of the cards of fate, with arsenic as the trump. Also within the past two or three years it has yielded tryparsamide, another arsenic-tipped poison dart against a special form of the spirochæta, which buries itself in the brain and spinal cord and produces the grave paralyses and insanities of syphilis.

From this method also has derived another laboratory remedy—that for the deadly African sleeping sickness, of which the German researchers who developed it think so highly that they have offered to reveal its secret to the English Government—in exchange for all the German colonies lost in the World War! Their offer has not yet been accepted.

Packing-House By-Products

We have already constructed a very good salicylic acid and salicylates for our rheumatism, an acid salicylate—acetyl salicylic—for our headaches and neuralgias. Also cocaine and several less-poisonous anæsthetics for blessed and genuinely painless extractions of our aged teeth; a supersugar, saccharin, that sweetens and preserves without danger of fermentation or overloading the diabetic pancreas, when food value is not desired; and an excellent local antiseptic and skin disinfectant, resorcin; and other triumphs are on the way.

There is little question that one day soon we shall see Perkins' dream of a cheap synthetic quinine come true for use in the new, never-ceasing world war against malaria and the swamp demons generally.

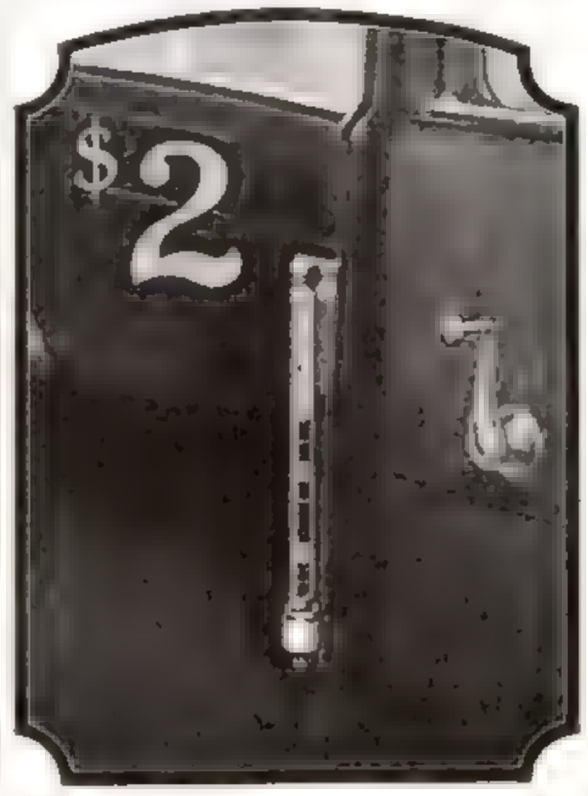
When we turn from the fumes of the tar bucket to the still less fragrant and æsthetic scents of the packing house, we find ourselves gazing into a witches' caldron in which have been brewed some of the most striking and powerful new remedies of the past half century of medicine.

The thyroid, with its wonder-working powers, the suprarenal, the pituitary, by taking which a child may perhaps some day "add a cubit to his stature," are already household words.

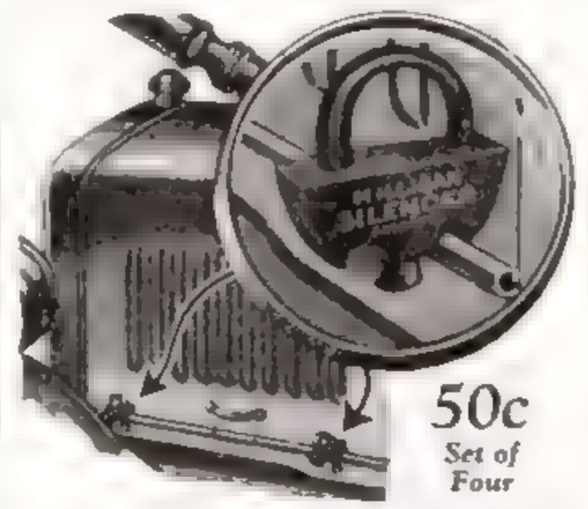
It is still fresh in our memories the thrill that ran through the pulses of the world when, scarce five years ago, that brilliant group of young Canadian researchers—Banting, Best and Collip—modestly announced their discovery of insulin, the long-sought remedy for the dread disease, diabetes.

And wonderfully has it fulfilled our hopes. Not only has it proved a crutch with which the despairing diabetic may

Were you ever
FIVE MILES
from
NOWHERE
and "out" of Gasoline?



DON'T let it happen: Buy an Acme Gravity Gauge (Patent Pending) for $2.00 for your Ford Car, showing *"before your eyes"* —inside the car—just how much gasoline is in the tank *under the hood* and whether you receive what you buy. Here it is in place —easily installed with no cutting. Nothing to get out of order. Has a shut-off at sediment bulb.



A man named Milligan patented a rubber "Silencer" to snap over the hooks of your Ford Car and eliminate rattling of the hood. A big thing for a little price. We are Agents. Jobbers and Dealers handle Gauge and Silencer in U. S. and Canada—but if you cannot find them near you, send price to us and we will mail postpaid with directions for installation. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Use this coupon.

THE ACME SALES CO.
332 Lakeside Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
☐ I enclose $..... for .....Acme Gravity Gauge at $2.00 each to fit an ☐ open, ☐ closed model Ford.
☐ I enclose $ for sets of Milligan "Silencers" at 50c per set of four.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Protect your hair now!

Even hair that looks healthy *needs this care*

YOUR hair *now* may be thick, clean-looking, strong. To keep it, guard against two threatening ills! Either one of them will quickly rob you of hair health and lead to ultimate baldness.

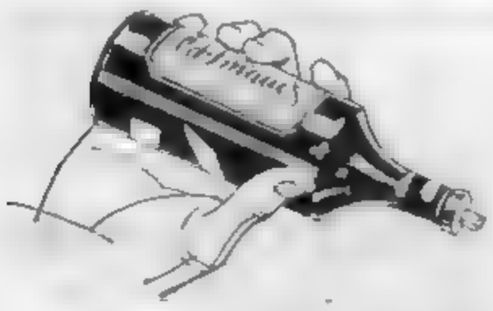
Dandruff is an actual scalp infection. Thinning hair which often first shows itself in a receding hair line, results from poor scalp circulation.

Both can be prevented. In most cases they can be *overcome* even when long established with this quick treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle, with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This simple care prevents and destroys dandruff, stimulates scalp circulation, strengthens your hair. Make it a part of your morning routine—like brushing your teeth!

Get Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today*. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

climb delightedly and quickly back to health and working power but it has indefinitely increased his expectation of life.

As Joslin puts it, "Insulin has metamorphosed my practice. It has made the care of the diabetic an ever-stimulating pleasure, rather than a constant puritanic duty."

Nature has marvelous power of repair, and a similar growth of new liver stuff, after disease of that important organ, has been known for years. But it still remains to be seen how far she will be able to go in diabetes, and meanwhile insulin must be made a part of the regular diet of our great army of diabetics, estimated by Joslin at more than 1,000,000 strong in the United States alone.

This means insulin by the hundredweight and makes the securing of an adequate supply of their iron ration by these myriads, at prices within their reach, the most urgent practical problem of the disease. Unfortunately insulin has always been an expensive remedy, extracted alive as it is by elaborate and costly methods from a high-priced source, the pancreas, or low sweetbread, of our faithful allies, the cow, the sheep and the pig. In the beginning it was a dollar a dose, which meant at least three dollars a day for the poor patient.

Most ingenious improvements and simplified methods of extraction have brought the cost within the reach of a modest pocketbook. And by the splendid and thoughtful liberality of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., many of our hospitals have been supplied with insulin for their patients, and in some states a bottle of insulin has been put in the hand bag of every doctor in the country districts.

Lowering High Blood Pressure

But an eager search is still on for cheaper sources of supply. The whole realm of Nature has been swept for possible pockets or veins of the precious stuff. Moderate amounts were found in the pancreas of fishes, smaller ones in clams and mussels. Then the hunt swept out into the great open spaces, and the roots, seeds and buds of our vegetable friends were hopefully explored for traces and colors of the priceless enzymes.

Like two other precious substances, gold and radium, in the world at large, insulin seems to be widely scattered in tiny traces all over the vegetable kingdom. Some of the lowest forms gave the best results, for several researchers on both sides of the Atlantic found an insulinlike substance in yeast; while our indefatigable Canadian seekers at Toronto found similar substances in germinating yeast, wheat, potatoes, rice and beets.

We have another ray of hope for our 1,000,000 diabetics in the recent successful extraction of pure insulin, in crystalline form, by the famous Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, winner of the Nobel Prize in physiological chemistry. This opens up the possibility of building up a low-priced manufactured, or synthetic, insulin in the near future.

Though insulin was the greatest prize drawn in the endocrine lottery in the past half decade, there were several minor winnings, as if just to show that its rich possibilities were by no means exhausted; and there are still good fish for those who care to angle in these troubled waters. One of these was the securing of an active and reliable extract of the baby and mascot of the endocrine family, the Jackie Coogan of the gland stage, the parathyroid gland. This tiny quadruplet—for there are four of him, each no bigger than a grain of wheat—lies, two on each side, just under the edge of its big cousin, the thyroid. It has been chiefly famous so far on account of the disturbances set up by its accidental removal in the course of too sweeping operations on the thyroid. It was also credited with certain powers over the distribution of lime—calcium—in the body, but the results of its use as a remedy were very uncertain.

Now, however, a pure extract of parathyroid gland has been obtained, which has the remarkable power of shortening the time of setting or knitting of broken bones—in some instances it is reported nearly one-half—by its power of calling lime into the break for repair purposes. This will make it a most valuable remedy in case of non-union, or delayed setting of fractures, which is a fairly frequent and most troublesome complication. It might also prove helpful in the bone disturbances of rickets.

Another recent lucky catch in the frothy deeps where the endocrines grow is an extract which has the wonderful power of lowering high blood pressure and keeping it at normal level for long periods. Again Canada forges to the front, for this prize was landed by another gifted young Canadian, and was drawn from that home factory of antitoxins and storehouse of life-saving enzymes, the liver.

Remarkable results are reported already, and as persistent high blood pressure—essential hypertension, as we call it—is one of the most distressing chronic conditions known, and utterly baffles us both as to its cause and its cure, we are watching further developments with keenest interest. Meanwhile patients are being relieved, temporarily at least, of their headaches, attacks of giddiness and confusion of sight, intolerable pressure at the base of the brain, and the like, and we are grateful accordingly.

The discoverer, with both Scotch and scientific caution, declines to say more than: "An extract of the liver has been obtained which possesses the property of reducing to a certain extent essential arterial hypertension."

Incidentally, another instance of the boundless resourcefulness of the liver has just been furnished by the recent triumph over that bosom friend of our childhood, cod-liver oil. After months of patient experimentation Dr. Casimir Funk, the famous discoverer and namer of the vitamines, and Doctor Dubin have succeeded in "dividing asunder of the soul and the spirit" and separating it from its strongest property, its smell. Like the Cheshire cat, all that is left is the grin. By a series of ingenious chemical processes they have concentrated and reconcentrated the famous oil until finally there emerges a tiny batch of sticky brown crystals which contain the entire healing virtues of two gallons of the oil. So now little less than one grain is a full daily dose, which can be dropped in babies' or children's milk without leaving the faintest ripple of taste or flavor. Infant voices from every clime should raise songs of thanksgiving and lasting memorials to Doctor Funk and Doctor Dubin.

New Use for an Old Drug

So striking were the results of careful tests in the university clinic, on cases of poisoning by chloral, by morphine, by carbon monoxide, of suffocation in pneumonia and collapse under anæsthetics in surgical operations, that it is reported that the health authorities of several European cities now require mine, railway and police surgeons to carry hypodermic ampuls of this lobelia extract in their pocket cases as a stimulant to respiration in cases of gas poisoning or shock.

An interesting feature of this report is that lobelia is an ancient drug of hundreds of years' standing as an emetic and a remedy for pneumonia and bronchitis. But at the last revision of our official remedies it was dropped from the list because it was so dangerously toxic in certain cases, and its use was so restricted that it no longer deserved mention. It is possible that the new extract, lobelin, was combined in the plant with poisonous substances which neutralized it, as pancreatin does insulin if not promptly separated when taken out of the body.

Thus does modern science not only construct new remedies but also saves the souls of such old ones as are worthy of survival by divesting their pure spirit of the cramping husks and wrappings which impede and encumber its healing play.

GLASS BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 46)

I have a little blue flower holder before me as I write. It is of a beautiful blue, sparkling and intense; it is fluted on the inside surface; it has a pleasant ring when struck; it has bubbles and flecks; it is somewhat irregular in shape; it has Czecho-Slovakia marked on the bottom; and it was bought in the five-and-ten-cent store last Tuesday. If I should smash this vase and hand an unmarked piece to a common or garden variety of expert, the best he could do would be to hem and haw, and say, "Yes, undoubtedly early American, has all the earmarks, almost certainly Stiegel, no other maker achieved that blue—blue with a distinct Bristol influence."

There are signs, plenty of them, and all of them are good up to a certain point—up to the point of identifying the piece as old and genuine. At and beyond that point they are useless. In simpler words, all these signs are perfectly good but they are no good.

The white-haired boy among points of identification is the good old trustworthy pontil mark—mark or break-off, as it is called. This mark consists of an irregular, sometimes sharp, sometimes blunt, gathering of glass, usually on the bottom of a piece at the point where the piece was broken from the blowpipe after the blower had finished blowing. The pontil mark was smoothly ground off the finer pieces. On the cheaper pieces it was allowed to remain as a matter of economy; grinding costs money. Yet, your usual collector will never buy a piece of reputedly old glass unless it bears the pontil mark.

You feel for this pontil mark when the seller is not looking at you. Some of the cleverer and more agile among us can feel for it when the seller is looking and, sometimes, he won't catch us.

What does this pontil mark mean as a sure identification of early glass? Exactly nothing. What is to prevent the glass faker from breaking off his pipe in the ancient method and thus creating any old kind of pontil mark that your little heart could ask for? I won't even answer that one.

If you run the ball of your thumb or any of your other four fingers around the rim or the mouth of a piece of old glass, you'll feel it to be irregular, chipped or rough. This roughness is caused by the wear of time or, in the case of a tumbler or decanter, by the user biting it. Feel for this roughness on the rim of your favorite old flip glass. It's there, all right, but what is to prevent the faker tapping the rim of a fake with a file or a steel chisel and chipping it up to suit his taste and his clientele?

"Yes," say you, dying hard, "but the chipping will feel new and scratchy." All right, where's that piece of fine emery cloth? We'll smooth out that roughness.

Another mark? Yes, indeed!

Old glass will show scratches on the bottom, due to friction with a table top. Sometimes, as in a piece much used on a table, such as a drinking glass, this scratching will have gone far enough to make the bottom surface resemble ground glass. If there is too much roughness, I'd be inclined to reject the piece as being overfaked. It would take a great many long years of assiduously dragging a tumbler across a table top to show many scratches on the bottom. If you don't believe this, borrow a friend's tumbler and table top and go at the job of

(Continued on Page 145)

Another GOLDEN YEAR

See for yourself what Autumn means in the Golden State!

ONCE more across millions of fruitful acres the golden harvests of California gleam in the sunshine. They represent five hundred million dollars of new crop wealth from fertile soil, abundant irrigation and long months of blue skies.

Here, in a word, is OPPORTUNITY. Practical, material opportunity, in a land that has been ever-growing for three-quarters of a century. A land that has gathered millions of people from other states and made them prosper until now their bank accounts are far larger, their automobiles *more* numerous, their standard of living, as measured by telephones and electrical home comforts, by schools and income tax returns, much higher than America as a whole can boast.

San Francisco, the Bay Cities, the palm-avenued towns and cities of coast and valleys, the comfortable farms and orderly orchards whose millions of acres stretch like an unrolled map for nearly a thousand miles—all these form a picture of prosperity. This prosperity is for you as well, if you can succeed where you are and have at least the moderate competence necessary to establish yourself soundly anywhere. Come and see California for yourself. Your local railroad ticket agent can tell you about the low rate homeseekers' tickets from Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and points west; also about round trip fares from all points.

Hundreds of thousands of people from other states toured California's famous highways this summer and visited the splendid mountains and beaches that form our year 'round playgrounds. Thousands of them have stayed or are coming back. They've discovered—as *you* will—a new country of wider opportunity!

Besides the five hundred million dollars that came this year from California's agricultural crops, there is a five hundred million dollar manufacturing output yearly in San Francisco alone. Another eighty-seven million dollars comes yearly from timber to the north and east of San Francisco Bay. Millions are being spent this year in the mountains tributary to San Francisco just to develop the new hydro-electric power required by growing industries and population. Oil and minerals from California's underground treasure-vaults added last year four hundred thirty millions more to California's annual yield of wealth. The port of San Francisco, gateway to Hawaii and the Orient, cleared imports and exports valued at three hundred seventy million dollars, more than a million dollars a day, in 1925. This is only part of the picture of California prosperity.

See *all* the Pacific Coast on your Western trip this year

For only $18 more, your ticket agent will route your Western trip to include a tour of the entire Pacific Coast, going one way and returning another. For full particulars of this great trip with its scenic marvels and famous cities, address *Pacific Coast Empire Assn.*, 140 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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Send now for "California—Where Life is Better." You'll find much that is valuable to you in this 48-page illustrated booklet sent on request. It is published by Californians Inc., a *non-profit* organization devoted to the sound upbuilding of the state. Write for it today.

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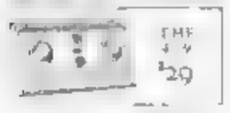
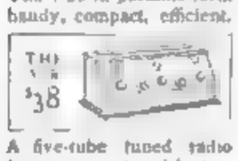
CROSLEY RADIO INSTRUMENTS
Each item the utmost in radio at its price. All prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mts.

The little four-tube set that has brought happiness to thousands . . . made records for . . . stations . . .

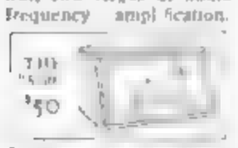


A 4-tube receiver of amazing efficiency. Crescendon equipped! Everywhere considered marvelous at its price.

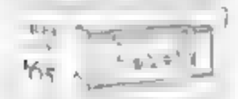
The 4-29 in portable form handy, compact, efficient.



A five-tube tuned radio frequency set, with two stages of non-oscillating radio frequency amplification. Crescendon control, two stages of audio frequency amplification.

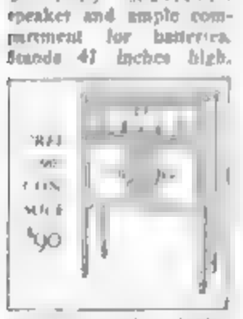


5-tube, single drum station selector . . . power tube adaptability, . . . metal . . .



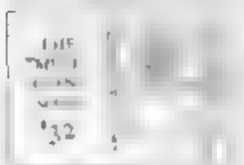
5 tubes. Four cascade amplifications; non-oscillating, non-radiating even under any mishandling. Its perfect balancing achieved by Wheatstone bridge in each stage of amplification. Exceptional selectivity and tone.

Beautiful mahogany . . . finished in two tones. Embodies the 5-tube 50 instrument with single tuning control. Majestone speaker and ample compartment for batteries. Stands 41 inches high.



Introducing the double drum station selector' includes Musicone in exquisite console. Room for batteries and all accessories. 41 inches high, 30½ inches wide.

Regular 12-inch size, $12.50. Super Musicone, with still finer volume and tone $14.75. Musicone Deluxe in . . . and . . . cockane . . . $23.50.



. . . the Musicone . . . cabinet of . . . mahogany . . . and . . . room for batteries and accessories. 24¾ inches long inside.

One-dial control. You find your station, then write its letters on the graphic dial, locating it once and for all, to turn to whenever your fancy dictates.

The new Crosley all-metal shielded chassis not only aids in producing astounding selectivity, but standardizes manufacture and helps make possible the price of $50.

CROSLEY RADIO

One-Dial Control!

. . . *in this amazing 5-tube set at $50*

Already the new 5-tube Crosley set, at $50, has met such a tremendous demand as to confirm the prediction that it will replace thousands upon thousands of sets now in use.

Confronted by high prices, many people who desired to replace their old sets have hitherto hesitated to do so. Now . . . in the new Crosley "50" . . . they find the features and qualities they desire, formerly exclusive to very high-priced sets . . . available at small investment.

The incomparable joys of Single-Dial Control! Uncanny selectivity, resulting from its metal-shielded chassis and the surpassing efficiency of the Crosley circuit's advanced design! Exquisite volume, thanks to the matchless Crescendon! Crosley Acuminators, power tube adaptability . . . all the attributes of radio at its best . . . for $50!

In all the Crosley line no instrument represents a greater triumph than this wonderful 5-tube set. Examine the line in full, as illustrated in the marginal column at the left . . . each item a victory for *mass production* in reducing radio prices. Then see the Crosley line at Crosley dealers . . . including the new "50" . . . now on display!

See it . . hear it. View the refreshing beauty of its solid mahogany cabinet. Operate it yourself. Watch the stations, written in on the graphic dial, parade before you and usher in their programs with unerring accuracy. Sharpen the selection with the Crosley Acuminators. Release inspiring volume by means of the Crescendon.

Know what heights . . . in tone, volume, selectivity and sensitivity . . . radio of moderate price has reached!

$50

Slightly higher west of the Rockies. Never before, at anywhere near this price, has a radio set possessed all these advantages: 1. Single-dial control with graphic station selector. 2 Metal-shielded chassis, contributing to amazing selectivity and reducing cost. 3 Crescendon control, producing exquisite volume from distant stations. 4 Crosley Acuminators, which sharpen tuning and increase selectivity. 5. Power tube adaptability. 6. Beautiful, solid mahogany cabinet of distinguished design and exquisite two-tone finish.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, CINCINNATI—POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., President

Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets, which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending. Owning and operating station WLW, first remote control super-power station in America. All prices without accessories.

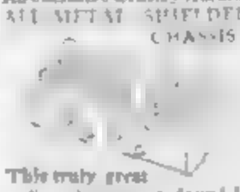
For Catalogue write Dept. 31

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF CROSLEY RADIO DEVELOPED BY POWEL CROSLEY Jr

THE "CRESCENDON"

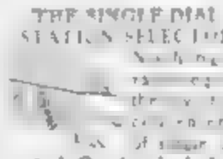
the Crescendon on Crosley radios instantly swells reception to room-filling volume.

An exclusive Crosley feature. ALL METAL SHIELDED CHASSIS



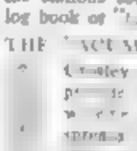
This truly great radio achievement, found in several Crosley sets, furnishes a substantial frame . . . provides excellent . . . shields . . . from . . . which . . . increases selectivity and saves costs by standardizing this phase of manufacture.

THE SINGLE DIAL STATION SELECTOR



control. Crosley single drum control enables you to find the stations sought without . . . log book or "tuning."

THE "ACUMINATORS"



. . . local and bring in far stations. Ordinarily, once adjusted and they need not be . . . again.

USE OF POWER TUBE

. . . power tube adaptability . . . Crosley . . . provision for best radio . . . reception at moderate cost.

QUALITY AND BEAUTY IN CABINETS AND CONSOLES

(Continued from Page 142

roughening up the bottom. In about fifteen minutes' steady and vigorous rubbing you can duplicate the results of a hundred years of ordinary use.

So a piece of glass may be entirely unscratched on its bottom surface and still be old. This is rank heresy, I know, but much glass, especially the finer kind, was never used, never dragged across a table top. It reposed in a glass cabinet or on a whatnot to be admired or otherwise. A vase, for instance, seldom got the sort of use that would induce many scratches on its bottom. Yet, how many of us will buy an allegedly early American vase unless it shows these scratches? Answer: No one except you and me.

Further, most of us insist on scratches on the surface other than the bottom one. We're terribly fussy! After all, how much scratching does an ordinary tumbler get? Take one of your modern, everyday tumblers that has been in use five years, if such is possible. See how many scratches it hasn't got and multiply that by twenty. Where would the expected scratches come from, anyhow? Are they the result of digging into the glass surface with your finger nail as you sit idly toying with your tumbler? Try that, please, and again report results. Sand soap will roughen and dull a glass surface, but it is seldom harsh enough to scratch it. A sharp, sliding contact with a harder surface will scratch glass—and it will usually break it.

Signs of the Times

But why all this palaver? If you must have this ground-glass effect, all you need to do is to drag out that piece of fine emery cloth, lay it flat and then rub the piece over it a few times. You may thus achieve all the scratches your fancy demands and more.

Yet another sign?

Old glass is irregular as to surface and shape, intriguingly so. Yes, indeed, and so is a great deal of confessedly modern glass. Let me tell you a great secret. There are inexpert, careless glass blowers today in just about the same proportion as they existed in the good old days, and an irregular, imperfect piece is usually the product of an inexpert or careless glass blower.

"But," you ask, "bubbles—how about bubbles in the glass?"

"Oh, yes, bubbles." Bubbles were the result of a poorly mixed metal, poorly or quickly handled in the blowing to meet low prices. If you don't believe that, come and see me sometime and let me show you the beforementioned little Czecho-Slovakian blue-glass vase; you remember—the five-and-ten-cent-store one. It sports the cutest collection of the bubbliest little bubbles, and it was bought last Tuesday and made as early as six Tuesdays before that.

"But—but," you remonstrate, "early glass has an oily feel to the touch; explain that away!"

Some early glass has an oily feel, so has some modern glass; it all depends on the formula.

"But how about the ring in old glass? Old glass has a distinct, bell-like ring. You surely dare not claim that modern glass has this ring, dare you?'

Let's see. If you take a piece of good old thin-blown glass, set it on the tightly stretched palm of your hand and tap it sharply with your finger nail, it will give out a clear, diminishing bell-like note, the resonance and duration of which will vary with the quality of the glass. Very nice! If you take a piece of good modern thin-blown glass, set it on the tightly stretched palm of your hand and tap it sharply with your finger nail, it will give out a clear, diminishing bell-like note, the resonance and duration of which will vary with the quality of the glass. Very nice.

There are other marks just as reliable and soul-satisfying as the ones I have picked, but I take it that by this time I have convinced everybody but the early American glass collectors and other experts, that there is very little sure about the pedigree and identification of old glass. So we'll pass on to some other phase of the subject.

"Wait a minute!" you say. "How about the pieces that are known to have been in one family ever since they were made?"

Surely, surely! There are some that are known to have descended in a family and thousands that are said to have done that little thing. Of course there are authentic cases of this handing down, but not so many as we'd love to think there are. Except in the very few instances of exceptionally fine pieces, heirloom stuff, such as the very fragile hurricane shields—the large, thin, open-at-both-end bulging cylinders they used to put around a candle to prevent its blowing out—the great cut-glass bowls, exceptional sets of beautifully fluted and etched tumblers, and so on, what reason was there for preserving glass? The average, everyday tableware cost about the same then as now and was just about as highly regarded. There might have been isolated instances of great prescience on the part of Great-great-aunt Martha when she foresaw the enormous present craze for early American glass and hoarded it all up so that her twentieth-century descendants would wax rich. There might have been; but, again, but.

Then again, there is the question of prices that are being paid for real and alleged early American glass. Right here conditions have gone wilder than at any other spot.

In the case of early furniture, American or foreign, there is in the main some little relation between the prices now being paid and the cost of modern pieces of furniture of similar construction and merit. A very good-style, well-authenticated, little-repaired mahogany or walnut chest of drawers can still be had for $150 or more. For a similar piece of a good modern make, one would pay about $100. A pretty good, working grandfather's clock can still be had for $300; a modern one, of like goodness, would cost as much or more.

A good old tripod table would cost you, say, twice as much as its modern counterpart and be superior in style and in construction, unless it had some vital defect. A good restored fan-back Windsor chair can be had at this writing for about fifty dollars. The best reproduction would cost twenty-five dollars at least. Here and in the other items I have enumerated, you are certainly not paying too much excess for beauty, quaintness and, more often than not, durability.

Booz Bottles With Wings

Of course some well-authenticated pieces of early American furniture, such as a table by Phyfe, a highboy by Savery, a block-front desk by Goddard, will run easily into the thousands, but here one is paying for an authenticated maker's name and for proven and excessive rarity, both of which have their intrinsic collector's value. I will admit that in these instances we have run out of the zone of reasonable relation of price to utility value, but we have distinct and worthy substitutes for that lack.

I believe that as much as $10,000 has been paid for a Savery highboy that cost its original purchaser perhaps $200. That is to say it has attained to the distinction of selling at fifty times its cost. It is not unusual for an alleged Stiegel blue sugar bowl in proof—collector jargon for perfect—condition to bring $500. Its original price was probably fifty cents, or one-thousandth of its price as an antique, and its origin is not even sure; not by any manner of means. Some large Stiegel blue sugar bowls in proof condition have sold for $600 and $650, and the end is not yet in sight. Surely that is collecting gone cuckoo, as the savants put it.

A Stiegel flip glass with enamel decorations, in perfect condition, will command from fifty dollars to $100 or more, depending upon how much the seller needs the money or the hang of the buyer's lower lip. That is, conservatively, from 100 to 200 times its original cost.

A Wistarburg green-glass milk bowl in proof condition and authenticated by the dealers' say-so will bring $100, or how much have you? At this rate the Savery highboy, well authenticated by an original label, original bill of sale or, best of all, true family records, should bring $60,000 to $80,000.

In bottles and flasks this price proportion has held as fast, or gone the other glass forms much better. The Booz bottle, perhaps the most famous early American bottle, is a little ugly brown bottle in the shape of a log cabin, put out in the time of William Henry Harrison, our President of Tippecanoe fame, by one Booz of Philadelphia, to contain whisky. The name Booz is suspected by some authorities to have been the origin of our vernacular term for hard liquor. The whole outfit, whisky and all, probably sold for twenty-five cents, and the bottle surely cost no more than five cents. The last Booz bottle I heard awesomely mentioned sold for eighty dollars, or 1600 times its original cost. Not so bad, what?

A pint whisky flask reputedly made by Stiegel or Wistar will nick you for from $100 up—way up—and it probably sold in quantity for two or three dollars a hundred. If the old ready reckoner is still going strong that's about one five-thousandth of its present value as an antique.

Excelsior!

A charming lady I know, who is by way of being an antique collector and, as such only, the butt of all her clever friends' side-splitting sallies of wit, has a friend in Western Pennsylvania who enjoys the absurdities of my friend's antiquing efforts more than anyone else. About six months ago this hilarious Western Pennsylvania lady bought a bottle at random from a dealer in secondhand bottles, wrapped it very carefully and sarcastically fine, tied it up with pink ribbons and sent it to my friend along with a perfectly uproariously funny, gibing letter. My friend showed the joke bottle to a dealer in Philadelphia, who offered her $125 for it as a splendid example of Stiegel glass. The Western Pennsylvania lady is about to write a book called The Wit and Humor of the Glass Age, in which her daughter, who is an ardent early American glass huntress, will smilingly collaborate.

In the above case my friend was offered and did not accept what was about 2500 times the original cost of the bottle. At that rate the Savery highboy would have brought $500,000. Check me up, please.

Maybe you see what I am trying to get at. It is this: I have an idea—a crassly commercial one, perhaps—that articles collected should bear at least some slight relation to their intrinsic value. Much money might justifiably be paid for the item of great beauty, but by no flight of charitable imagination can some of this millionaire glass be said to possess beauty in any degree. Further, much money might justifiably be paid for the item of uniqueness, but here again we find much glass lacking. Some pieces are rare as to color, size and shape, but so far as I know no piece is unique. Much money might justifiably be paid for authenticity, but who of you would care to take a solemn oath that any of his glass is perfectly authentic? I have perhaps 100 pieces, but I wouldn't take an affidavit as to the genuineness of any one item, and I have gone about making my collection as carefully and as thoughtfully as has the average collector.

So, if the cited magnificent sums are not being paid for any of the desirable qualities I have enumerated, what in the name of common sense are they being paid for? I give up. I really don't know! Do you?

The early American glass fad is in the saddle now, riding hard, but I suspect that its seat is none too secure and I predict a great fall. There is, as far as my eyesight will reach, no justification for these prices, especially in view of the cold, hard fact that

The final tribute of love

When comes the time, inevitably, that you and your family can find solace only in a final giving of service . . . it is fitting that this last expression of your love should be also everlasting.

The memorial you choose may be small and exquisite—or one of a stately majesty and strength. But you want it to possess a beauty that shall last forever. That shall not crumble through age; nor stain through dripping rains; nor lose its beauty through the actions of the elements. You want a Guardian Memorial. It is hewn from Barre Granite, in Vermont—one of the most famous quarries in the world. Fine of grain, almost diamond-hard—it is "stone everlasting." It will withstand completely the assault of years.

From smallest monuments to impressive mausoleums—Guardian Memorials are shaped by master craftsmen to a majestic simplicity. The rich gray of the granite is mirror-like where polished. The lettering will remain artistic and legible throughout all time. You have, in a Guardian Memorial, an impression of peace, of steadfast security—of a quiet, uplifting faith.

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GUARDIAN MEMORIALS

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Engineered to a Standard—
Built Complete at the Factory

Kleen-Heet

Why—"The Choice of the Well Informed"

To the understanding eye of the technically trained man, the engineering superiority of the Kleen-Heet oil burner is marked. Such a marvel of fine simplicity! Instantly efficient! Fool-proof! Trouble-free!

For Kleen-Heet is accurately "engineered to a standard"—the standard of perfect, automatic, economical *home* heating. Thus, it provides a size for every need. And it is self-contained—"built complete at the factory" under the engineers' eyes. Its efficiency does not depend upon complicated installation. It requires no change in your heating plant.

That is why Kleen-Heet has so remarkable a record of unfailing performance—in homes of every size—through more than six years.

And why Kleen-Heet is so outstandingly "the choice of the well informed."

For descriptive literature and name of Kleen-Heet dealer in your community, address

WINSLOW BOILER AND ENGINEERING CO.
208 S. La Salle St., Chicago

KLEEN-HEET With Oil

Tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories

the pieces are for the most part not authenticated. They are named and identified mostly by somebody's say-so, and that is surely an untenable position. One expert's guess is as good as another's any time, and when you consider that the early American pieces in question may be of foreign manufacture, their collector value falls away like snow under a hot sun.

And yet, and yet again, I don't know. We celebrated experts have been predicting for many years that each year's high prices were the limit, and they get sillier and sillier all the time.

Witness, please, the following from the final chapter of a splendid book by J. Sydney Lewis, called Old Glass and How to Collect It:

"Personally, I consider that the high-water mark has been reached in the price of ordinary pieces of old glass. There is certainly a great demand for it at the moment, but such crazes are rarely lasting and the time may come when antique glass, which has largely displaced antique silver, will itself fall into disfavor before the onset of some newer fancy."

As an appendix to his book, Mr. Lewis prints a catalogue of prices paid at then recent sales of well-known English collections. Compared with the nowadays American prices, they read like very small change. For instance, he lists this lot:

"A goblet with royal arms and G. R. III and a tall wineglass with royal arms, dated 1761—£1, 15s," which translated means two pieces of fine glass connected with royalty more than 150 years ago for $8.52. Compare this with my friend's whisky flask of questionable origin, for which she refused $125, and weep.

Going After the Big Stuff

Mr. Lewis' book is not dated, but I have owned my copy for three years and I think it was published about six years ago, maybe more.

The craze for early American glass has gone so far that cracked or mutilated alleged specimens are not universally scorned, and even fragments are hugged to the bosoms of some of the more rabid collectors.

One time I was reaching for an object on a high shelf in a dealer's shop, and in so doing my sleeve dislodged something projecting from a lower shelf. This something fell to the counter and landed on an already sadly broken blue sugar bowl.

"Gee whiz!" wailed the dealer. "There goes twenty-five dollars!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that only yesterday I paid twenty-five dollars for that Stiegel sugar bowl," he replied.

"It was already broken into a dozen pieces," I protested, "and now it's only a little more damaged. Did you actually pay twenty-five dollars for those pieces?"

"I did," he answered, "and what's more, I could have sold them at a good profit."

I offered to pay for the added damage even though I could not see where it was much worse off than before. He gamely would not allow it.

Another time, down in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, I saw a pitcher of reputed Stiegel glass broken into about fifteen pieces and all trussed up in a strip-tin frame to hold it together. Its usefulness as a pitcher was, of course, gone; it could only stand on a shelf and bravely try to look pretty. Its price was fifteen dollars and the dealer wouldn't listen to an offer of $14.50. I don't remember that it was I who made the offer; I hope I didn't.

And the things that are being collected in the name of early American glass. Pickle bottles of the vintage of about 1876 are being fought for to be transmuted into lamp bases, the mostly ugly little pressed-glass cup plates of English or Sandwich make, originally given away, doubtless, with a cake of five-cent soap and worth, at a flattering estimate, about one cent apiece, are being eagerly gathered in and tenderly laid in black-velvet nests. I think the rarest of them, absolutely useless except as a holder for the ashes of one's cigarettes, sells for $150—15,000 times its original cost. Reverting once more to our Savery highboy, we find it, if we figure nicely, to be worth, in a like proportion, $3,000,000. And just consider how much more cigarette ashes the highboy would hold! We're going to think pretty well of that highboy if your patience lasts.

These little cup plates are used by some writers as the horrible example in glass collecting, and so far as I can see, they richly deserve the distinction. They began to be used, according to tradition, about 1835 and continued for perhaps fifty years. They were used, so we are told, as bases for the coffeecups or teacups, while the user gurgled his drink from the saucer.

These little glass cup plates are about three inches in diameter, very shallow, and bear on their right faces pictorial subjects of a wide range—Franklin, ships, Washington, Henry Clay, stars, and what not.

Apothecary bottles—the huge globular ones that we remember as holding red, blue and green liquids and stacked one atop the other in the old-style drug stores, where they sold drugs—are quite the fad and fancy among certain, or, if you'd rather, uncertain, collectors. What in the name of sodium silicate they want with them I cannot figure. To me they are of a piece with wooden cigar-store Indians, harness-shop wooden horses, barber poles and iron lawn dogs—all of which are being collected.

The large carboys—huge, squat blown-glass bottles of from one to ten gallon capacity—are being bought up. When their rattan cases are stripped off, they do have a certain decorative value in color, shape and primitive effect. As you might suspect, we own two of them.

The collecting of whisky flasks is a rather older form of early American glass mania, and it is indulged in mostly by men, perhaps in a reminiscent mood.

The more desirable so-called historical flasks were put out as propaganda in presidential campaigns, Zachary Taylor's portrait on one side, morally supported by Washington's on the other, is perhaps the best known of these bottles. They were not confined solely to this type, however. The subject range was wide: Ships, cornucopias, sheaves of wheat, trees, railroad trains and many others. The earliest ones, dating a little before 1800, are often of very lovely glass, and their good shapes and fine colors lift them from the rank of mere quaintness into that of near-beauty. Again you are right, we possess a few flasks.

A Means of Protection

This subject of flask collecting is a big one and its many ramifications entitle it to book size. Barber's concise book on American glass is one of the first, if not the first, to go exhaustively into the topic of flasks.

Old medicine bottles come in for some collectors' petting, and many of the earlier blown ones are quaint and interesting. Yes, we have medicine bottles. Sometimes they took odd shapes, as in the fish-shaped ones for Doctor Fish's bitters and cod-liver oil, queerly built ladies, grandfathers' clocks, animals, and so on and so forth.

If you believe in my line of reasoning and conjecture, you will feel away down in the dumps, as I do, about this matter of early American glass collecting. You will complain, and rightly, that I have written a destructive article so far, with no hope or gleam of promise, and you will think that I am in duty bound to give you a few hints on how to know the genuine from the false; how, in short, to protect yourself against fakes or mistakes in identification.

I wish I could do that—indeed I do. My wish is somewhat selfish too. I'd like to turn any such knowledge in for my own good.

In an article I had published in the Post a couple of years back, I made the statement that anybody could be fooled by a fake if the fake were clever enough, and that the very best protection against the spurious was to pay so little that a fake could not be fabricated at the price. Since then I have seen no reason to change that opinion.

In glass, especially, this low-price protection is hard to achieve, because glass can be made so cheaply, and certainly you cannot hope to buy an allegedly old piece for fifty-five cents that cost fifty cents to make. So that system goes pretty well by the board in the case of glass.

If driven to the giving of advice, I would say that your very best protection is carefully to study the actual pieces of glass in museums and fine private collections, where you are pretty sure that the most exhaustive study has been given the pieces by the curators and collectors. Get all the authoritative books possible on the subject and weigh their conclusions diligently, pitting one against the other and holding to those that seem to you most reasonable. Acquaint yourself thoroughly with all the history of glass you can come by. Get all possible data as to the different kinds of glass and the most widely agreed upon peculiarities of the different makers.

A Matter of Faith

If you bring yourself to the point where you know as much as the most knowing, you are on the ground where a difference of opinion is only a dispute and your dictum is as good as the best. Then you come off believing that your piece is genuine. After that, what's the difference?

If you can honestly feel that your piece of Stiegel is genuine Stiegel and no one can convince you otherwise, you are happy in your possession, and that's the end of the matter. This philosophy is somewhat *laissez-faire* and, perhaps, begging the question; but, really, I ask you, what is the difference? If the piece in question has all the earmarks it should have, if after the most rigid investigation you are not convinced that it is not genuine, then your opinion is as good as the next expert's.

Again, some good collectors and some good museums have come to the point of listing early American glass as early American glass and not bothering particularly or guessing as to who made it.

When buying a piece of glass apply every possible test that you know. If it successfully withstands them all, the price is right and you want it, buy it, and up to a certain point it's any name you want to call it.

Of course no one confuses the type of Sandwich glass with the type of Stiegel, but beyond that and certain other very obvious dissimilarities there is room for argument, and I know of no more fertile ground for argument than that of early American glass.

More than this I have no advice for you. Study it from every angle—the true and the spurious—from specimens and from books, continuously and always. Know so much that you can outargue the other expert and your day is won, your Stiegel is Stiegel, your Wistarburg is Wistarburg, your Stoddard is Stoddard, and your whole collection is still open to criticism and doubt.

Recently I bought a very lovely decanter down in Southwestern Pennsylvania. It has been called by three different thirty-third-degree experts Stiegel, Connecticut, Bohemian; and I think it is Irish. It has all the old-glass tags in plain view; it is irregular, it has glorious bubbles, it has a nice pontil mark, it rings beautifully for a decanter shape—much of the ringing quality depends upon the shape—it has plenty of scratches on the bottom, and it may be a perfectly good, modern fake. I think it is old; no one has yet convinced me that it isn't and I'll be dinged if I ever let them. I paid a big price for that decanter!

I wonder if I haven't gone quite far enough to establish myself firmly in the affections of the myriads of early American glass collectors, experts and dealers. I think I have—quite far enough.

My only intention—let me repeat it—was to go tooth and nail after the bunk, hokum and humbug with which this legitimate form of collecting is infected at present.

"HIGH—VACUUM"

"High—Vacuum"

—harnessed for better, more thorough home cleaning

To realize the tremendous effectiveness of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" principle of cleaning, you need only see the torrent of dust and dirt discharged from the Eureka (with its dust bag off—illustrated above) as it is passed back and forth over a small section of an apparently clean carpet or rug.

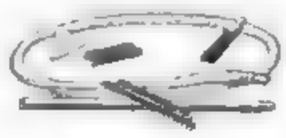
And as this operation of the Eureka is continued on the one small section, dust and dirt *continue* to belch forth in almost unbelievable quantity from the vent to which the dust bag is ordinarily attached.

No, Madam—mere surface cleaning can never explain that *continuous* discharge of stifling, germ-laden dust and dirt. From the base of the rug—from the depths of the heavy pile or nap—embedded dirt which ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach, gives way before the power of Eureka "High-Vacuum."

Do not be confused by conflicting claims and arguments—*see* and *judge* for yourself, as over 1,500,000 Eureka users have already done.

See the Eureka demonstrated in your home; and, remember, you can purchase The Grand Prize Eureka on the easiest and most convenient terms—only $5 down and very low monthly payments. Why, then, delay a moment longer your enjoyment of the Eureka's matchless cleaning help?

FREE
$8.50 SET
of Famous "High-Vacuum" Attachments with each Eureka purchased. (This great offer may be withdrawn at any time.)



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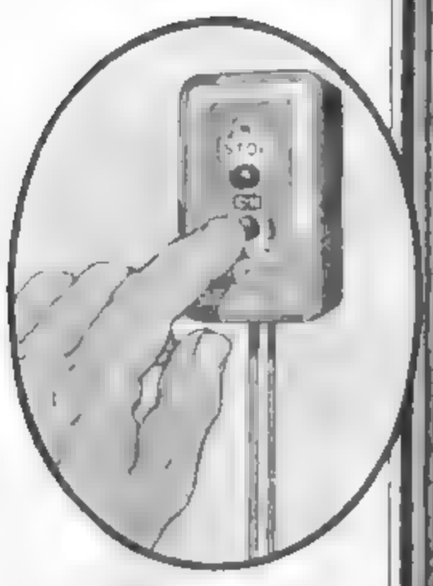
The Grand Prize

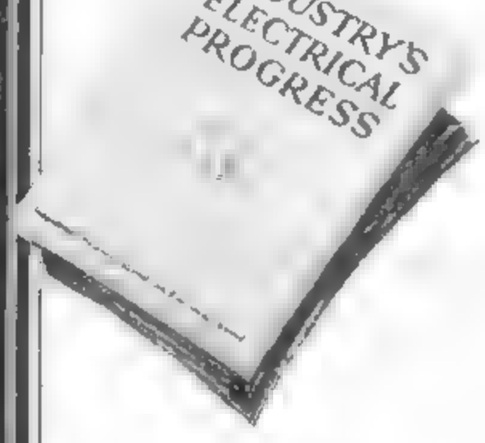
EUREKA

It Gets the Dirt

VACUUM CLEANER



The trend of industry is decidedly toward Cutler-Hammer Push Button Control. Merely a touch of the proper button right at the machine starts, accelerates, decelerates, regulates the speed or stops the motor as required. The controller is placed in any safe, convenient location. Saves time, affords better control and provides greater safety—a logical step in advance.



Send for this interesting book

This booklet "Industry's Electrical Progress" puts into concise, interesting form the story of savings through modern motor control. Write for your copy today.

Industry cannot afford this penalty!

Obsolete motor control takes a staggering toll from many so-called modern plants

ARE labor costs high?

Decidedly so in the plants where labor is shackled to obsolete equipment! It is an overwhelming handicap in the face of competitive conditions today.

This is especially true in the case of motor control equipment. For modern motor control saves where saving counts the most—in the wasted time of labor. And labor cost in practically every industry is usually the major item of manufacturing expense.

Too, it has been easy for plants to fall behind the progress made in the perfection of motor control. Paralleling the increased use of electric power in industry, this progress has been swift and tremendous. Since 1905 the electricity used for industrial power has increased 3000%. In the last ten years alone, it has multiplied by six.

Has industry's electrical progress left your plant behind?

Cutler-Hammer engineers have steadily kept motor control equipment abreast of industry's demands. And each new application—each new problem solved has proved a step nearer maximum economy in production.

Industrial executives today realize that it is high time to determine where their equipment stands in this race for lowest costs. The use of motors is practically universal in industry. Their advantage now lies in the labor saving obtained through their proper control.

Someone in your plant *must* investigate! To add to profits now through economies in production gives any plant an advantage in competition. To wait only postpones progress.

Call in the Cutler-Hammer field engineers! They will gladly counsel with your plant men or consulting engineers in making a survey of your motors to point out places where modern control will reduce costs. Their recommendations are based on control experience as old as motors themselves.

Demand the C-H trademark on the equipment you buy in which motor control is incorporated as an integral part. In the planning of any new drives, remember that motors by themselves are only brute force. The savings they produce depend on the effectiveness of their control.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

"No, ma'am! Don' do dat! Dat niggah wan't no count, nohow. You gib me dat wais'. Hit sho am a gran' color. Fum now on I'll jes' be in mohnin' fum de wais' down!"

In Other Words

PROFESSOR: Can you give me a more elegant rendering of the sentence: "The sap rises"?

STUDENT: The boob gets out of bed.

Pearls of Speech

TEACHER: What part do the teeth play in the utterance of speech?

PUPIL: They chatter occasionally.

Give Him Another Chance!

BE TOLERANT of the erring yegg;
Oh, pity him, and forgive
His slight mistake, when he pulls a gun
And turns you into a sieve.
It doesn't occur to him that it's wrong—
And besides, he's got to live.

But when a mad dog comes your way,
Eradicate him—don't delay.

It shocks my soul to the very core
To think of this hanging stuff;
It isn't a clubby thing to do,
Besides it is much too rough;
You'll never redeem the yegg that way;
Just talk to him—that's enough.

Just read him a poem and cheer his hours
With chocolate creams and lovely flowers.

Oh, never be harsh with the yegg, I pray,
And never eye him askance;
Remember that he has a human soul—
Oh, see how that caged soul pants
For the wide outdoors! Oh, set him free
And give him another chance.

Give him another chance to bust
Some decent citizen over the crust.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Counted Out

"I'D LIKE to go to a football game this fall," remarked the president of the company wistfully, "but I don't like to be away from the office from Thursday till Tuesday.

"I try to let one of the young fellows off each Saturday for a game, with the understanding that he won't leave before Friday and will be back not later than the following Wednesday. In this way I get the campus celebrities who come into the business to stay with me until they are worth the energy they consume in punching the time clock.

"I used to go to football before it became the thing to do. You see, I played when I was at New Haven and I have a technical interest in the game. But when it got to be a matter of closed cars, parking places, hotel reservations, seats on the fifty-yard line, special clothes and gin, I had to retire and let the younger generation have it.

"In my day a football seat was something to see from; now it's something to be seen in." *—McCready Huston.*

Drat the Boys and Girls!

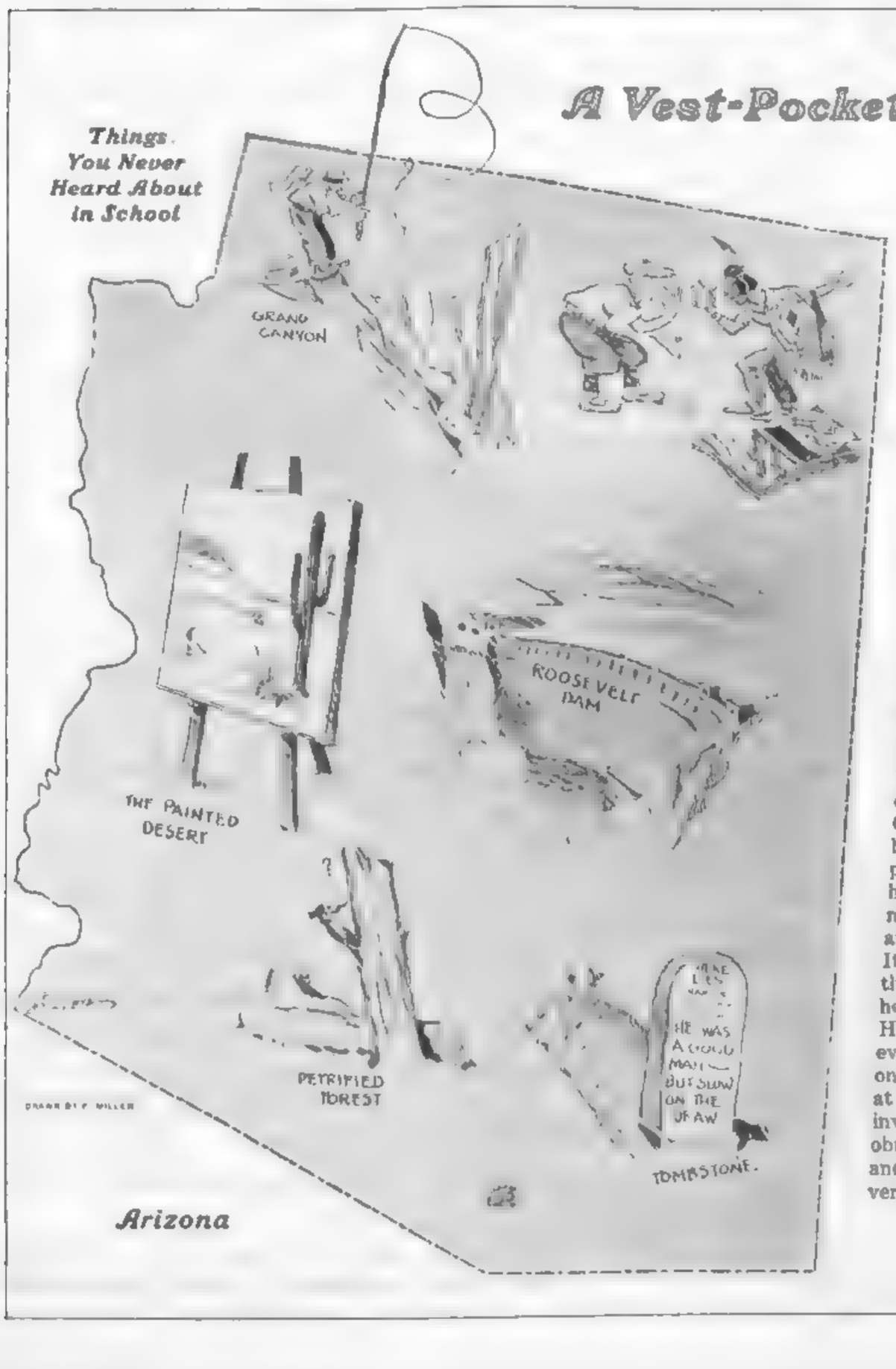
THE modern boys are bold and bad,
The modern girls are worse;
They run around about half clad
And smoke and dance and curse;
They treat life like a pantomime,
No serious things are heeded;
They have a whole lot better time
Than we did.

I rage and ramp and roar and stamp
About the modern youth,
And when they say, "What makes you damp?"
I say, "In simple truth,
Such silly gayety's a crime!"
"You mean," so one concluded,
"We have a whole lot better time
Than you did!"

But they'll grow old, and then I pray
That they will sweat and suffer;
They'll find it harder to be gay
As the long road grows rougher.
Curse them! I can't be certain! I'm
Afraid they'll keep their credo,
And have a whole lot better time
Than we do! *—Morris Bishop.*

A Vest-Pocket Geography

Things You Never Heard About in School



ARIZONA is a lucky state. It has only three congressmen. Two of these are senators. Both voted for World Court reservations lest they offend their Indian constituents. The state is full of Indians and the Indians are full of fine traditions. Arizona is strong on scenery. It has two kinds of scenery, commercial and natural. Chief among the natural scenic attractions is the Grand Canyon. It is 2000 miles long, one mile deep and an average of twelve miles wide. It is even bigger than the dentist makes you regard the cavity in your tooth.

The state also has the petrified forests and remains of cliff-dweller settlements. The commercial scenery is on view at the dude ranches operated for Easterners who go West hoping to see their first Indians in the wild stretches between Chicago and Kansas City. It rides horses and wears cowboy outfits purchased from the mail-order houses. Arizona is noted for its minerals and its pure, healthful atmosphere.

It is one state where none can pull that old saw about not minding the heat so much as the humidity. Humidity is something they have everything else but. Tombstone is one of its most notable cities. It was at Tombstone that a coroner's jury investigated the demise of a generally obnoxious victim of summary justice and higher altitude and returned a verdict of "death by strangulation." *—W. P. Rowley.*

Here at Last/ an all metal weather strip *anybody* can apply Without *removing* Doors *or* Windows

TWENTY million homes need it. Now they can have it—at a price so low anyone can afford it—in a form so simple anyone can apply it. Now you can obtain a practical all metal weather strip that

Will Not "Bow"—Requires No Nailing in Difficult Angles

Comes in wafer thin strips, already measured and packaged. Enough in each package for one window or door. Forms a lasting spring tension between window and casement. Will not "bow." Cannot rust. No nailing in hard-to-get-at places.

No Tools Needed Other Than Scissors and Hammer

Anyone can apply this new weather strip. Ordinary scissors cut it as easily as cloth. Slips under molding. Seals airtight. Stops all drafts, dust and rattles permanently.

Whole Job Done From Inside of House—in 20 to 30 minutes

No removing of doors or windows. No marring of woodwork. No outside work whatever. Any unskilled person can install it in window or door in thirty minutes.

Seals Perfectly and Will Outlast Door or Window

Seals thoroughly because of self-acting spring tension. Efficient. Permanent.

Saves its Cost in Coal

Less than one-half the cost of any other practical, efficient all metal strip.

Complete equipment in each package for one window or door. Also simple fool-proof instructions for installing. All good hardware stores have it. Ask for it by name.

The D. W. BOSLEY COMPANY
Chicago

BOSLEY'S ECONOMY
ANYONE CAN INSTALL
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The All Metal WEATHERSTRIP

A natural way

To Restful Nights *and* Vigorous Days

A new Swiss food-drink to give you sleep that really rests and stores up lasting energy —*a 3-day test convinces*

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative, but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use at your druggist's or store. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send the coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerve

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I have not been sleeping well for about six months, but after using "Ovaltine" I have been sleeping better. I wish I had learned about it sooner. I am telling everyone I know about "Ovaltine." It is a wonderful beverage.
John B. Marshall
New Bedford, Mass.

I needed something for general upbuilding and felt very tired and logy in the mornings and could not sleep well at night. Since taking "Ovaltine" I feel like a new person. I wake up in the mornings now full of pep and fresh and have no more tired feelings.
Mr. J. C. A., Troy, N. Y.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1925
17 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name .....
Street ..
City ..... State
[One package to a person]

Send for 3-day test

MOVIE MAD

(Continued from Page 15)

premier performance makes its appeal by reason of the fact that most of the important motion-picture stars are invited to attend, and on the strength of the invitations large numbers of seats are sold to the eager fans at large prices.

One of the great troubles with the invitation business in Los Angeles moving-picture circles is the natural objection on the part of one producer to advertise the film of another producer.

Consequently the average premier performance is attended by the motion-picture actors and actresses who took part in the film, by the film's producer and his many imported relatives who are trying to help him lift the new art of motion pictures from infancy to senility at one swoop, by the star's husband, by the director and by all the assistant directors and cameramen, and by a few visiting authors who have been given seats to keep them quiet and stop them from telegraphing to the New York office that nobody is paying any attention to them.

It is not essential that movie fans enter the theater in order to see the cogwheels of the movie world at a premier performance. The front lobby of the theater is tastefully decorated with baskets of flowers, Klieg lights, sun arcs, assistant managers, press agents and relatives of the producer who hold more or less important positions in the company that produces so much infant art. There are also reporters and photographers.

To Please the Dear Public

On the evening of the premier performance the street in front of the theater lobby is packed with eager worshipers of the film stars. They fill the street so enthusiastically as to stop nearly all traffic. When the actors and directors and other invited guests drive up in their extra-large and extra-glossy automobiles the lights are focused on them, and they pose carefully in the lobby in order to expose themselves and their costumes to the admiring gaze of the throngs that fill the street, to say nothing of the admiring gaze of the police reserves that are engaged in preventing the crowd from rushing forward eagerly and pulling down the front of the theater in order to get in.

Inside the theater a block of seats in the center of the house is left vacant. Over the stage is a loud-speaker, operated by a keen-eyed announcer who sits in the theater lobby. From time to time he bawls as follows:

"Madame Selena Quigg, the great moving-pitcher writer, has just drove up to the theater with her escort!"

"Madame Quigg has got out of her automobile, follered by her escort!"

"Madame Quigg has stopped in the lobby of the theater to speak a few words to Mr. Nathan Nuth, cousin-in-law of the great producer, Mr. Julius Glom!"

"Madame Quigg has now entered the theater!"

"She will be with you in a few moments now!"

"Now Madame Quigg is taking off her coat!"

"Now Madame Quigg and party is getting ready to come down the left-hand aisle."

"You can tell Madame Quigg from her pale face and the slight tinge of blue to her hair. She has got her finger nails painted purple and is carrying her pet duck, Margot, in her hand bag!"

"She is the lady that does so much hollering when conversing with the rest of the party."

Still another avenue of movie-star adoration is open to Angelenos who cannot see enough of their favorite actors and actresses on the screen or at premiers. When all else fails they can go to the railroad station and attend an official farewell.

The farewell business, due to the movie madness of the Angelenos and the craving of the motion-picture people for publicity, has grown to staggering proportions. Scarcely a day passes that a movie star or near star doesn't leave Los Angeles for distant parts; and an official farewell is arranged for each one. The preliminary publicity work is done by a regular or a borrowed press agent; and the large, noisy farewell at the station is participated in by movie fans, portions of the police department, bits of the fire department, delegations from any convention that may be visiting the city, and a large assortment of relatives of the movie producer who has the star under contract at the moment.

There have been occasions when movie actors and actresses, being out of a job with an unusual amount of emphasis, have employed friendly press agents to stage phony farewells for them—farewells that ostensibly precede pleasure trips to London, Paris and other European centers. The movie fans come out for the farewells in their customary fat-headed manner, an occasional movie producer is favorably impressed, and the actor or actress boards the train and departs amid sympathetic cheers. Before the train has progressed many miles, however, the traveler descends surreptitiously and rides back to a two months' rest in a secluded spot.

Since these movie farewells are organized for the benefit of the actor as well as for the benefit of the public and the press agent, they cannot be treated carelessly. Nighttime farewells, for example, are unthinkable. For one thing, the audience would be so busy attending movie theaters that they would be unable to attend the farewell in large numbers. For another thing, the pictures of the farewell for use in newspapers and on the screen might not register so well at night as in the daytime.

Some months ago a prominent screen actor embarked on a trip to the great Eastern centers of civilization. His train, unfortunately, left at night. The farewell, none the less, was set for midafternoon; and a mighty and enthusiastic crowd appeared to do homage before him and bid him farewell. The fire department turned out for the occasion; there was an eight-piece band; and twenty baskets of flowers, actually purchased with real money by bona-fide admirers, instead of being paid for by himself, as is frequently the case in farewells, were passed up to the rear platform on which our hero stood.

For the Producer to Command

The train pulled out, the declining sun cast a golden aureole around the head of the screen actor, and the clicking of the cameras rang out loud and clear above the noises of the train. It was a noble farewell; but when the train reached Pasadena, a few miles out from Los Angeles, the actor climbed down off the afternoon train and waited patiently for the night train to come along.

Angelenos both in and out of the movie professions may have some control over their appetite for farewells. They may even be able to take their farewells or to leave them alone. To the casual observer, however, they seem to be hopeless farewell addicts.

There is no way of determining the number of residents of Los Angeles who came to California for the purpose of entering the movies. Many of the Los Angeles movie theaters have girl ushers of unusual pulchritude. Almost any one of these young ladies, selected at random, is sufficiently equipped with good looks to win the Great Crown in the Hammer Corners or Aluminum Beach Beauty Carnival.

The standard of beauty among the Los Angeles waitresses, cigarette girls, door-to-door canvassers and other girl-employing

(Continued on Page 153)

What WILL Prevent Tooth Decay?

See how scientific facts are taking the place of misleading claims and confusion

only 1 in 20

IN ITS RECENT examination of nearly 17,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the Life Extension Institute dealt a body blow to *pyorrhea-panic* by finding that only 1 in 20 had pyorrhea—*only 7.4% at the age of highest susceptibility.*

Again, such an authority as Dr. Thaddeus P. Hyatt, Dental Director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, points out that the wholesale loss of teeth from childhood on can be greatly reduced by proper preventive measures in early life. The first permanent molars of most children, he explains, have fissures that cannot be reached by a toothbrush. Food particles hide themselves in these cracks and ferment, and decay obtains a foothold.

THE STORY ABOUT FISSURES

Fill these fissures promptly before decay sets in—then only the twice-daily use of a good, safe dentifrice will be needed to keep every tooth thoroughly clean, healthy and sound.

4 Constructive Dental Don'ts

Don't be confused or led astray by claims having no scientific basis.

Don't reasonably expect self-applied medication to arrest or prevent decay in teeth that can be saved only by expert *operative* dentistry.

Don't reasonably expect more from a dentifrice than to keep your teeth clean, white, polished and beautiful. And be sure that it does even these things *safely*.

Don't gamble with dentifrices at the expense of your teeth and gums. *The favorite of dentists themselves* is DR. LYON'S.

Sixty Years of Dr. Lyon's 1866-1926

DR. LYON'S is not the best because it is the oldest, but the oldest because it is the best.

It is an eminently fine, sensible, sure, safe dentifrice for protecting the enamel from the inroads of film, tartar and the bacteria of decay. It preserves the teeth, and keeps them white and gleamingly beautiful.

For 60 years, DR. LYON'S has been building the confidence that millions now place in it. And its really delicious flavor lures heedless youngsters into the twice-a-day toothbrushing and *toothkeeping* habit.

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER

DENTAL CREAM

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

Now *every* family can afford to have *plenty* of hot water

$16.50*

Slightly more with laundry top and legs. Also made in larger sizes and capacities.

Guaranteed 125 lbs. working pressure.

Write *today* for descriptive booklet.

HOT water used to be considered a luxury. It still is by people who don't know about the Novelty Hevy-Dutee Tank-Heater.

This heater keeps the house supplied with hot water 24 hours a day. It takes only a bucket of coal to keep it going and a moment's time night and morning. The cost, about 5c a day. It is the most efficient small water-heater ever produced.

Hot water and plenty of it is the slogan of families who have this economical heater in their houses. The Novelty brings plenty of hot water within the reach of every home—and remember, hot water means not only comfort but health!

Novelty Tank-Heaters are sold by your dealer. He can obtain them from his jobber or from The Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company.

ABRAM COX COMPANY

Established 1847

American & Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia

51 E. 42nd St., New York 736 W. Monroe St., Chicago

BOILERS FURNACES **NOVELTY** RANGES TANK HEATERS

(Continued from Page 150)

pursuits is higher than anywhere else in the world a statement that may cause the city fathers of San Francisco to emit harrowing roars of protest, but that is none the less true. Some of these young ladies deny that they came to Los Angeles with the intention of entering the movies; but the fact remains that if almost any one of them is offered extra work at a movie studio she jumps for it so feverishly as to burst herself out of her garments in several places. The services of a judge, banker, policeman, professor, choir singer, manufacturer, barber, bootblack or housewife in Los Angeles can be obtained by any movie studio at a moment's notice.

So violent and persistent is the movie madness of Los Angeles residents and new arrivals that the motion-picture producers, under the guidance of Fred Beetson, Hollywood representative of Will Hays, have been forced to protect themselves by forming a Central Casting Bureau to supply all motion-picture companies with extras - extras being the technical name in movie circles for all actors and near actors outside of regularly employed leading characters.

The Good Old Days

In the good old days every motion-picture company had its own casting office, and there were scores of independent casting offices in addition. If an extra girl who was somewhat short of cash and hadn't eaten any nourishing food for three or four days wished to make the rounds of the casting offices in which she was registered, she was obliged to travel from ten to thirty miles. The chances, furthermore, were about fifty to one that the answer handed to her in each casting office would be: "Sorry; there's nothing today; but keep in touch with us."

Some of the independent casting offices were as crooked as an agitated angleworm, having been conceived and fostered by human parasites who ran fake schools that purported to teach the art of motion-picture acting and movie make-up. For a few dollars they would register a lady with a face like the conventional horse and buggy and assure her that she would soon be playing ingénue parts. As a result of this, Los Angeles was crowded with misguided and misfit individuals who hung on and hung on and hung on in the hope of landing a movie job that never came.

"Sure," said the fake casting offices to former servant girls and manicurists and dishwashers—"sure, we'll get you a job in a few weeks now. Abe Gallup is talking about putting on a picture that will have to have somebody just your type. Sure, lady; we'll let you know."

Some of the legitimate casting offices were just about as bad in their way, with their mistaken kindnesses; their polite statements that there was "nothing today, but keep in touch with us." When the casting office of a big moving-picture company told a hungry and penniless girl to "keep in touch with us," she took it literally and kept in touch with them on the chance that recognition and fat parts and fame and expensive automobiles and Paris frocks and three or four prominent husbands in quick succession lay just around the corner.

The truth seldom landed on the ears of these movie-maddened throngs. If one casting director steeled his heart and told a would-be actress that she had neither the brains, the personality nor the physical attractiveness even to play the part of a wooden Indian in a cigar-store scene, the lady merely burst into tears and got herself registered in another casting office, where the casting director was willing to register her in order to keep her quiet.

In addition to these things, the old-style casting office deducted a fee of at least 8 per cent of an extra's salary whenever he was sufficiently fortunate to get work; and he was paid for his work in nonnegotiable scrip—with an agency voucher usually. If he needed money badly—and most extras needed money badly in the old days, just as they do today—he was frequently obliged to pay somebody a percentage to cash it for him. Extras were constantly complaining to the State Labor Bureau about the amount of money they received, whereupon the State Labor Bureau would subpœna everyone who could possibly have anything to do with the extras' employment, and thousands of dollars' worth of everybody's time would be wasted.

The number of extras registered ran well above 100,000, and out of this number less than 4000 got work with any regularity whatever. Yet the movie-maddened throngs poured into Los Angeles by every train, and there was no way to warn them off; no way to drive them back to their former jobs; no way to keep track of the number of times they succeeded in getting before the camera in the course of a year. They ran hog wild through Los Angeles and Hollywood; and why more of them didn't go wrong is still a dark mystery to the most optimistic observers.

The formation of the Central Casting Bureau by the Association of Motion Picture Producers eliminated evils right and left. Since the bureau is supported by the association, its services go to the extras without charge. Every extra is paid at the end of his day's work in cash or in a negotiable studio check. Since all the motion-picture producers have agreed to work through this bureau, all other casting offices have been eliminated.

For the first time since audiences marveled at a motion picture of an express train in action the moving-picture industry is obtaining full information concerning the economic status of the extras. Since all the producers go to one source for their extras, it is easy to keep the records of the number of times each extra obtains work in a year's time. Thousands of them, during the past few years, have worked as little as four or five days a year, and even less—an unimpressive total when one is trying to live on genuine food. Under the new system these persistent persons will be gently edged out of the movie industry, art or trade, and herded back into their former vocations, professions and callings—such vocations, professions and callings, for example, as pie making, bookkeeping, schoolteaching, dressmaking, and so on.

Weeding Out the Extras

There is little mistaken kindness in the new Central Casting Bureau. Young ladies who come in without previous experience and demand that their names be registered as prospective movie timber are confronted by the benevolent but probing eye of Miss Marian Mel, former Secretary of the Industrial Welfare Board of the State of California. Miss Mel looks them over with some care; and if it seems obvious to her that the young ladies are better equipped for the cooking of hash or the making of beds than for a career on the silver sheet, she tactfully but firmly informs them that such is the case, and they aren't registered.

The goal toward which Beetson and Miss Mel and the Central Casting Bureau are working is very simple. The motion-picture industry will spend $3,000,000 on extras during the coming year. If it spends this sum among 3000 extras each one of them will average $1000 a year, which is a pitifully small amount when one must eat and sleep and provide oneself with the sort of wardrobe that is needed in the movies. Consequently the Central Casting Bureau proposes to keep weeding out the extras who get little work, and finally reduce their numbers to such a point that most of them are working regularly and steadily increasing their value to themselves and the industry.

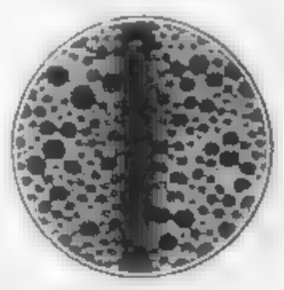
In the Central Casting Bureau one may daily observe the more violent types of movie madness—types that seem normal when encountered in scenes far removed from the movie atmosphere. Most of them are very firm about wishing to know why they haven't received work. They are not

"Small Bubbles"

the reason why this lather gives such remarkable results

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



A discovery by Colgate chemists that means quicker, smoother shaving for you. Read how this new method softens your beard at the base, where the razor does its work.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

HERE is a real contribution to the comfort of shaving—perfected for you by a company with over 100 years of soap-making experience.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in scientific beard-softening methods.

The name of this product is Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It was designed to soften the beard at the base scientifically with moisture.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form. In the lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows. This gives two distinct advantages: (1) Small bubbles hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard. (2) They penetrate right down to the base of each tiny hair.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair in the beard.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where cutting takes place. "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

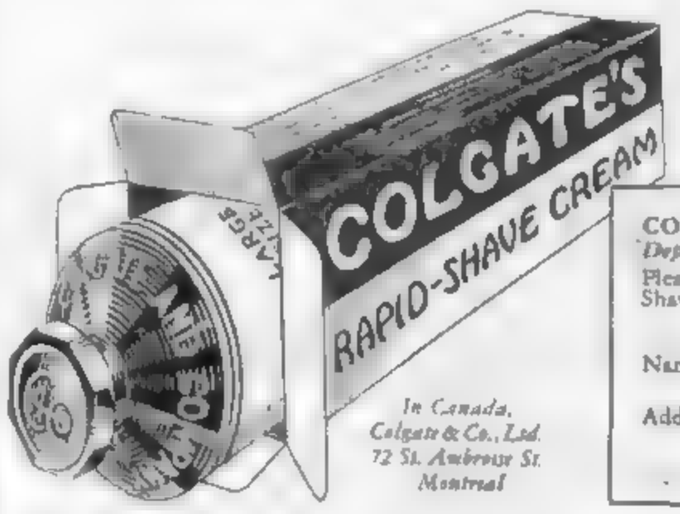
In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

Unlike any shaving cream you've ever used

It is interesting to note the difference in the comfort of your shave when you lather up with Colgate's—to discover how clean and cool it leaves your face, how smooth without the usual dryness.

You can prove these truths to your own satisfaction. Just clip the coupon—and let us mail you a generous trial tube. It will give you an entirely new conception of shaving comfort.



In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St. Montreal

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 140-H. 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

© 1926, C. & Co.

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

content to ask for a job; they demand a job. They haven't eaten for three or four days, they may explain, and they've got to have a job. What is more, they've got to have it right away.

So far as is known, the motion-picture industry is the only one in existence in which applicants for jobs feel free to make fretful demands. One never finds a newspaper office besieged by job hunters who declare loudly and firmly that they must be given reporters' jobs because they are hungry or because the seats of their pants are wearing out. The United States Steel Corporation is seldom berated in public by would-be employes because of its failure to find room for them on its pay roll. If the United States Steel Corporation or the newspaper is unable to supply the required job and the applicant is genuinely hungry, he will hustle out and get a stevedoring or snow-shoveling job.

Not so the extra, however. He may claim to be starving, and yet he will refuse to take any job except one with the movies. One Central Casting Bureau applicant who claimed to be greatly in need of work refused to accept eight five-dollar-a-day jobs in succession. His excuse was that he was worth $7.50 a day. Any extra who goes two weeks without a job is convinced that the Casting Bureau is discriminating against him.

One can't tell anything from looking at the extras. One young extra made such an impression on a director, and seemed so fitted for a big part that the director had in mind, that he told him to come around the next day prepared to try out in some scenes. The extra showed no elation, though his fortune would be made if his tryout was successful. On his way out he got mixed up in the interior of the studio, made his way to the inner offices, and was finally ejected for attempting to borrow $3,000,000 from the heads of the company for the purpose of producing a picture of his own. He had an advanced case of movie madness.

Refined-looking young ladies calmly announce to Miss Mel that they are thinking of shooting themselves if they don't get jobs, and that they will shoot her at the same time. Male extras make the same threats to Messrs. Wyman and Allen, who have charge of registering the men at the Central Casting Bureau. When the bureau sends out a call for 100 extra women between forty and fifty years old, at least 200 girls from between seventeen and twenty-two appear and ask querulously whether they won't do. They are movie mad.

Many of them know next to nothing except that they want to be in the movies I sat beside Miss Mel one afternoon, idly tossing a few questions to the would-be stars who passed in review before the desk. Two hard-looking young misses—sisters stepped into range and viewed their surroundings with blank and henlike stares. There were globules of mascaro on their eyelashes, and there was so much paint on their cheeks that any respectable painter would need a blowtorch in order to remove it.

"Have you girls ever been in New England?" they were asked.

"No," said the elder, concentrating her henlike stare on me. "My father came from England, though."

"Not England—New England," she was reminded.

"New England?" she asked blankly. "Where's that at?"

"Why," she was told, "it includes Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and so on."

"Oh, gee, that's a hot one, ain't it?" she cried merrily. "No, I and my sister come from St. Louis."

Fond fathers and mothers haunt the offices for days on end to get their little darlings registered, and the little darlings act all over the place with tremendous violence, hoping to catch the eye of one of the gods of the machine. One proud and beautiful mother complacently awaited the registration of her two-and-one-half-year-old daughter. The child's hair was hennaed the same shade as that of its mother; she wore a blue silk dress and a white lace coat with pink marabou feathers at the neck, and she carried a gold vanity case. Even at her tender age she had fallen a victim to movie madness.

Possibly the microbe hunters can find a specific to alleviate this madness that consumes young and old alike. The only other remedy is to use a club.

THE BURLY

The newest Fall Walk-Over for the Younger Man. Walk-Overs are styled to suit every taste, in the newest of collegiate styles, or the most aristocratic shoe made. Walk-Overs are price graded for every purse. $7, $8.50, $10 and $12 are the leading Walk-Over prices.

This style in this grade, $8.50

Fitting companions for the New Yorker--- *and* You

THEY'RE made for smart company, the shoes you see here, and that is where you'll find them. In New York, or your own town, the men who know shoe style know Walk-Overs.

These are Walk-Overs—the shoe with the exclusive pear-shaped heel, the personal fit and comfort, and the half-century-old quality that has made the Walk-Over name known wherever shoes are worn.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

Look for this trade-mark.
Walk-Over
on every shoe
© 1926 G. E. K. Co.

The diagram at the left shows, in black, the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder shoes gape. See, at the right, how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits.

"I'll Take This Little Bone, Tommas, While Ye Grab the Big One Yonder. We Can Divide the Spoils When We Get Them Hame"

Some men know how to overcome Fatigue!

for quick energy!

When fatigue hits a man, *he slows up.*

Some men, wilful, try to ignore fatigue. Others, more self-accommodating, simply accept it.

But other men, wiser and more careful, know that fatigue is the body's S.O.S. for food, a warning that energy is ebbing—and that a moment's rest and a few mouthfuls of pure candy will refresh them!

For that one reason, more men are eating Oh Henry! during the day, in offices, plants and shops, than ever ate candy before!

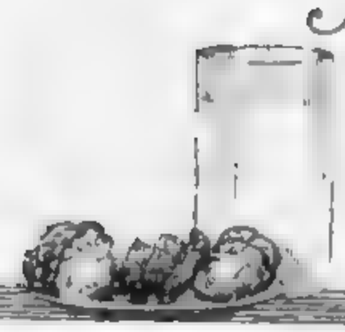
For pure candy is QUICK ENERGY. Pep!

That is why the English Channel swimmers are fed sweets. That is why the college athletes are given chocolate during a game.

And Oh Henry!'s purity means that the readily assimilated foods in it—rich, creamy milk, pure sugar, fine nuts and milk chocolate—are quickly, easily turned into immediately usable ENERGY!

For mid-afternoon pep, slice OhHenry!

THE WILLIAMSON CANDY COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.



A sensible lunch

for a man who has a busy afternoon ahead of him is a nice, long, cool glass of milk and a bar of Oh Henry! Try it!

SPARE TIRES AREN'T NEEDED SO MUCH BY PEOPLE WHO KNOW THEY HAVE 84 CHANCES OUT OF 100 OF GETTING MORE MILEAGE FROM MICHELIN TIRES
76543
S-H-H, FATHER'S LOST THE KEY TO THE SPARE TIRE
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84%
said Michelin Tires gave more mileage

This statement is based on facts. Our investigators secured written reports from over 1500 motorists picked at random except that they were all testing Michelin Tires against other makes. 84% said they obtained more mileage from Michelins than from any of the other makes tested.

The world's first pneumatic automobile tire was a Michelin — and to-day Michelin Tires are still first.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 54)

nonexistent. Today hunting is better in New Jersey than in Colorado. Though New Jersey is but one-thirteenth the area of Colorado there were four hundred more deer taken in the New Jersey season's kill than in Colorado during its season.

Nor does the comparison stop with these two examples. Pennsylvania, two-fifths the size of Colorado, has eight times the deer kill in its season that Colorado has in hers. Michigan kills twenty-seven times the number of deer in season that Colorado kills. But Michigan is but half the size of Colorado. Maine with a third of the size of Colorado kills nineteen times the deer that are killed in Colorado's season; while Massachusetts, a thirteenth the size of Colorado, kills twice as many deer as are killed in the Western state.

The greatest point of interest in these figures lies in the fact that the nation owns the game ranges of the West. Practically every acre of the Western big-game country is in National Forest and other public domain. In National Forests there are something in excess of 150,000,000 acres of land, most of it suited to the production of some type of wild game. On the other hand, the states own and administer the game.

The same cover that protected the former uncounted herds of deer, elk and sheep still exists on these Western mountain slopes. Many ranges, ideal for big game, are covered with thickets of aspen, willow and other browse. The hunter is impressed with the ideal conditions existing there for game; but hunting, day after day, will disclose that there is little game to make use of this range.

Gameless Game Ranges

Something over a score of years ago Roosevelt made camp on the White River Plateau. Hunting was good. Game was plentiful. Settlers who have lived for years in that section relate that herds of deer and elk could then be sighted on the plateau practically every day, grazing on the luxuriant meadow grasses. The Flattop Mountains of the White River Plateau were a hunter's Mecca.

In 1919 a four-day pack trip through this territory revealed far different conditions. The meadows were cropped close by cattle and domestic sheep. There was little forage left. And there was practically no game to use any remaining forage. Only several fresh deer tracks, an old elk track and no mountain-sheep sign were noted during the entire four-day trail trip through the heart of this famous game range.

This is not an isolated case. It is typical. The game ranges still exist as formerly; much of the forage is grazed from the forests, under permit, by domestic stock. But the game is not there to take what little is left by domestic stock.

These National Forests, owned equally by every citizen of the nation, represent the finest game areas in the country. They are under public control. In them might be developed the greatest opportunity for big-game hunting the nation has ever known. But the present trend will not produce this condition. While the New England and Atlantic Seaboard states, with far greater population density, are increasing their game resources, many sections of the West, where big game was abundant not many years since, are gradually losing even the breeding stock which might bring back these areas as hunting grounds.

Hunting in the Wild East

Big game has a definite value to the nation. Hunting is a worthwhile outdoor activity. America without hunting will not be the America which has produced a great nation. Hunting is a man's sport, and game of any sort is a genuine economic asset. To permit extermination of Western big game, or even to allow any of these ranges which we own to remain as depleted as are some at present, is bad public policy.

The big-game situation on our Western public lands is not a local problem. It is national. For in these public lands lie the greater game ranges of the country. They have been depleted of their stock of game. But properly handled they will insure hunting for future generations living in all parts of the United States for all time to come.

There has been great agitation concerning the establishment of nationally owned public shooting grounds. No one conversant with the need will question their value. But to center all thoughts of game enthusiasts on these grounds while the public-owned great Western game ranges are slowly slipping into sterility, so far as game worth hunting is concerned, is not a rational procedure.

Colorado, with as much acreage in public lands as the entire area of some Eastern states, does not offer big-game hunting in all this area equal to that found in these same Eastern states. And this Western state is not an isolated example of what is happening on Western game ranges.

Plan your next Rocky Mountain game hunt in the Adirondacks. The nation owns ideal game ranges in the West, but these ideal ranges now lack the game which makes even reasonably good hunting. What they may offer in the future is problematical.

ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART.

A Scene in Zion National Park, Utah

An Ideal Place for Your ATWATER KENT Receiving Set

Beautiful duo-tone cabinet—powerful Pooley floating horn—ample battery space—(without receiving set)

$50.00

POOLEY CABINET SPEAKERS with ATWATER KENT UNIT

WHAT could be more attractive, more useful, more convenient? A handsome wall cabinet on which to place your set—and a new enjoyment of radio from the golden voiced Pooley amplifying horn.

Pooley tone is a joy to hear day after day, always clear and gracious and mellow, with reserve power when wanted. The built-in Pooley horn is exceptionally large. Like a violin, it gains resonance and beauty of tone from the spruce of which both are made. It rests on cubes of soft rubber, to prevent vibration. It cannot wear out or get out of order.

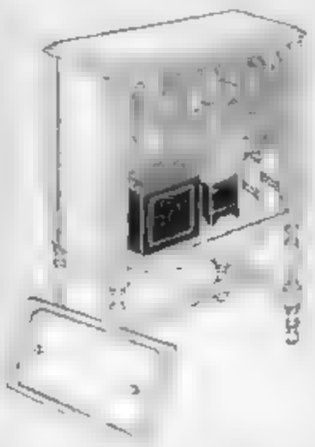
A good receiver deserves a good speaker. Place your set on a Pooley Cabinet Speaker—you will have radio both practical and ornamental, and Pooley tone will add lasting pleasure.

Pooley Cabinet Speaker Model 2200

(showing battery compartment open)

Ample room and ample strength for all batteries and charger. Finished in English Brown Mahogany. Built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Reproducing Unit. Without set, tubes or batteries

Price $50



The new Pooley Cabinet Speakers are shown and described, with the Pooley Radio Cabinets, in a booklet that is waiting for you. Send for your copy.

THE POOLEY COMPANY

1604 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

Canadian Pooley Cabinet Speakers are manufactured by Malcolm & Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

Think of It!

A Room at one of the World's Greatest Hotels

for

$2.50 $2.95 $3.50 $3.95

all with Bath!

New HOTEL SHERMAN

CHICAGO

Because of its refinancing at low interest rates, New HOTEL SHERMAN *announces the following reductions*

	NOW	WERE
150 rooms . .	**$2.50** . . .	$3.00
350 rooms . . .	**2.95** . . .	3.50
500 rooms . . .	**3.50** . . .	4.00
300 rooms . . .	**3.95** . . .	4.50

FAMOUS FEATURES

CLUB Breakfast at 45, 65 and 75 cents in the *Celtic Restaurant*. The "All You Can Eat for $1.00" Luncheon in the *College Inn*. The $1.25 Table d'Hote Dinner in the *Coffee Room*. A floor for tall guests. A floor exclusively for women. A housekeeper and clerk on each floor.

New HOTEL SHERMAN

Randolph, Clark, Lake and La Salle Sts.

CHICAGO

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 52)

a man, she can tell him better than he knows himself what his wife or daughters or sister will require. It is generally conceded that women have more imagination than men. A woman will visualize the possibilities in an apartment or house or a piece of land, oftentimes, and so open the eyes of the prospective tenant or purchaser to opportunities he had not realized before.

"To illustrate this," she went on reminiscently, "a man who had converted his four-story private house into two duplex apartments listed them with us for rental. He said that it had been empty for two years, notwithstanding that he had the house on the books of four different agents, all men. I suspected what the trouble was, as we have had numerous experiences of this kind, and we have always succeeded in renting any fairly desirable apartments promptly.

"The address was on a quiet side street, one of the very few residential blocks in midtown not yet given over to business. Many of the homes were still occupied by the descendants of those who had built them. A church and several studio apartments completed this desirable and accessible neighborhood, one of the last American colonies surviving in New York today. There must be something lacking, if not actually undesirable, in the apartments, we thought. My friend, who has charge of my rental department, urged me to go with her to solve the mystery. Were the rooms small, dark or lacking in modern conveniences? They were not."

Making a House Livable

"We found spacious living and sleeping rooms, lofty pillared ceilings, long French windows with both northern and southern exposures, open fireplaces, hand-carved woodwork, antique mirrors, modern plumbing and electric fixtures—everything to make a home unusually attractive and homelike, especially in a great city; but only after we had penetrated the gloom and dust that shrouded the interior in perpetual twilight. A man would have given one look at the first room he entered and refused to consider it as livable.

"The beautiful woodwork was smeared with grime. Dirt festooned the walls. The acrid odor of an unaired dwelling made us sneeze as we hurried to open the south windows, through which the sun poured as we flung back the blinds. Boxes and piles of old newspapers littered the floors. The fireplaces were choked with trash. We put cleaners in the house for a week and induced the owner to paint the woodwork and repaper some of the rooms. In two weeks we had rented both apartments to reliable tenants, who have lived there now for four years and have just renewed their leases for three years more.

"Sometimes we scatter a few pieces of furniture through an empty apartment or house—perhaps only a few rugs, a highboy, a davenport, with an end table and a lamp on it, an easy-chair with a smoking set beside it—only two or three articles in a room—and men wonder how we rent and sell our listings so readily.

"In the suburbs we always urge owners to keep up the grounds about the houses they wish to dispose of, even if it's only a small front lawn. We also advise showing the house partially furnished, whenever possible. Various advantageous partnerships can be formed in this field. A friend of mine is doing a fine business over in New Jersey, cooperating with an interior decorator. This is an especially happy combination, as these two vocations are almost interdependent."

Fitting Homes to People

"Another woman I know has fitted up her office as a studio. She is not an interior decorator. Her license hangs conspicuously in the foyer as you enter. She merely acts as an agent for well-known professional painters, sculptors and craftsmen who decorate her rooms with their *objets d'art*, bric-a-brac, rugs and wall hangings. Thus, the articles are on daily and informal view. She has a wealthy clientele and in the course of a year makes a neat sum from the commissions on her furnishings as well as on real estate. At Christmastime she sends out a notice on her personal stationery that she has a few choice things for sale at her studio, suitable for gifts, and cordially invites inspection. A list of the articles is appended to her letter.

"This woman has also branched out into distant localities. Her professional announcement, beautifully engraved, informs the public that Miss —— considers the assembling and distribution of homes an art, and her endeavor is to fit homes to people, not people to homes. Introduction of Eastern clients to residence properties of Los Angeles and Pasadena, also Florida—east and west coasts—is a special feature of her organization; also town and countryside homes in England.

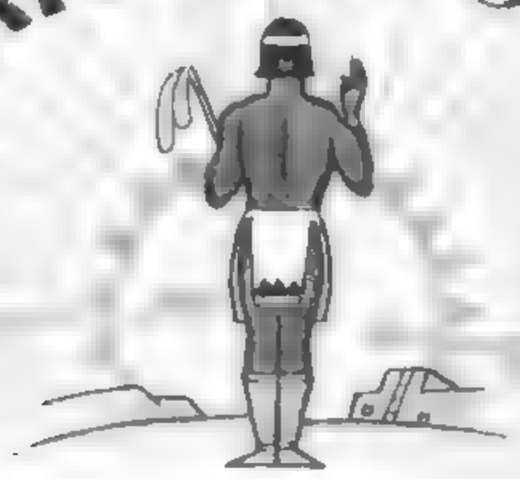
"Then there are the women realty brokers out in the country, whose offices we see located on the main highways and in villages and towns on the line of automobile travel," she continued. "It is the rule rather than the exception to find tea rooms, specialty shops of some kind—candy, antiques, and so on—being run in conjunction with these real-estate offices. There are so many ways to attract the prospective customer by opening a side line that appeals to the average person. Women are proverbially resourceful in such matters."

I asked Miss R. to give me a few general rules for women who are planning to enter the real-estate field.

"First, I would say, before everything else," she replied, "make all the friends you can in your community and try to widen your circle of acquaintances constantly. It's a friendly business—be friendly. Never make misleading statements about a piece of property. Be friendly toward your competitors. Don't knock. Words, like birds, come home to roost. Remember that all true success is based on service to others. The quality of your service will determine the strength of your place in this still uncrowded field for our sex. Be patient but resourceful. He serves who only stands and waits. This frequently is a waiting game. Big sales aren't made in a day. Meanwhile work hard on the little ones, and you'll succeed."

—FRANCES FISHER DUBUC.

WARM WORDS



IMAGINATION is a marvelous faculty, but a poor heat substitute.

You may tell yourself you're not chilly while shaving in a bathroom that's hard to heat.

You may pat a clammy radiator and reassure yourself it soon will pulse with fervid cheer.

The millions of little temperature "buds" within your epidermis don't understand that kind of talk, however. They say to the good red fluid that permeates your cuticle, "eschew this place." Forthwith it retires to your inmost anatomical recesses. It congests the delicate membranes of your nose, throat, and lungs. Then a cold germ wanders in—and the apothecary has a customer.

BECAUSE THEIR FOREFATHERS—

Because their forefathers dressed in drafty cabins and washed their hirsute jaws at frozen pumps, many a son of toil today thinks it a mark of hardihood to shrug at chill.

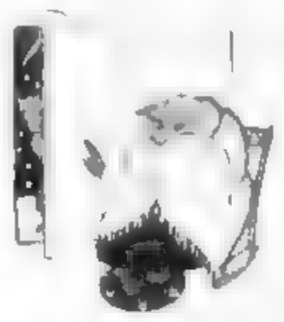
Because the house is weatherstripped—the heating plant effective — many a party-of-the-first-part to a mortgage contract concludes that hereafter all will always be warm enough for him.

NOT SO, NOT SO

Not so, however, when the baby needs a bath, or the lady of the house must dry her hair.

Not so on the "morning after the night before," when the family must dress and breakfast while the furnace is getting under way.

Not so, if grandfather and grandmother shiver when their room is what the rest of the house finds comfortable.



Wherefore Westinghouse steps forward with a whole line of electric heaters — starting with Cozy Glow at easy-on-the-purse-strings prices, and rising in full crescendo to Solar Glow, that fits into a fireplace, or can be built into a bathroom wall.

Wherever there's an outlet, Westinghouse puts instant heat —the kind you can bask in—at a very moderate price.

And there's no tax on the imagination. At the touch of a toe or the flip of a switch, Solar Glow suffuses you with unmistakable tropical cheer. Bathe, dress, eat breakfast, sit within the focus of a Cozy Glow and you're in the latitude of the equator. Six feet from its gleaming center you can bathe, dress, eat, and sit literally in a seventy-degree aura.

Westinghouse

© 1916, W. E. & M. Co.

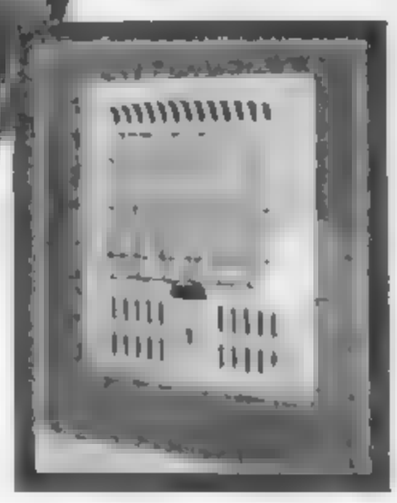
COZY GLOW

COZY GLOW, JR.

In smaller corners, and around smaller people, Cozy Glow Junior lays down a heat barrage. A true chip off the old block—with a big chip off its price. Can be hung on the wall like a miniature sun, if you don't want it sitting on the floor

COZY GLOW

Here's Balm in Gilead for the coldest blooded pirate that ever trod a floor. Envelops you in torridity from foot to beaming physiognomy. Built on the assumption that winter comes every year—and lasts a long, long time



SOLAR GLOW

Solar Glow is a heater—accent on the heater—that literally hurls heat rays. Can be built into, or screwed onto, the bathroom wall. The heating element is so arranged that, when lighted, it represents the play of tiny flames. The pure white enameled finish enhances the appearance of the finest bathroom

Automatic!

With Unipower, one click of the set switch automatically *control Unipower, "B" power and set!*

Rich RADIO POWER—*that cannot fail*

Unipower assures permanently *finer reception from your radio set*

DOES this sound like magic? . . . . use your radio set night after night, yet never have your "A" power fail! . . . . It probably reads like a fairy story to most radio users, but that is identically the kind of performance Unipower makes possible from *your* set!

Never again need you approach your set fearing that the "A" battery has run down—or worn out. With Unipower you click on the radio set switch with full assurance—full confidence that it cannot fail. *And Unipower never does!*

Three simple motions in three minutes make Unipower a *permanent* part of your set. Hook two wires to your set, plug in on a light socket, and Unipower is connected. Then—forget completely "A" batteries and the trouble they cause—the fussing and fixing they require. Begin to enjoy the thrill of undisturbed reception that only never-failing "A" power can give.

Designed by engineers endorsed by experts

Unipower was designed by expert radio engineers to supply any radio set with constant, unvarying "A" power. It first converts your electric light current into perfect radio power. Then, more important, it feeds that power to your set in the exact amount required to insure the highest quality reception at all times.

Never, as before, need you be without radio reception for days—or even hours at a time. Unipower keeps your set always at full power—even under unusual conditions caused by overwork or neglect.

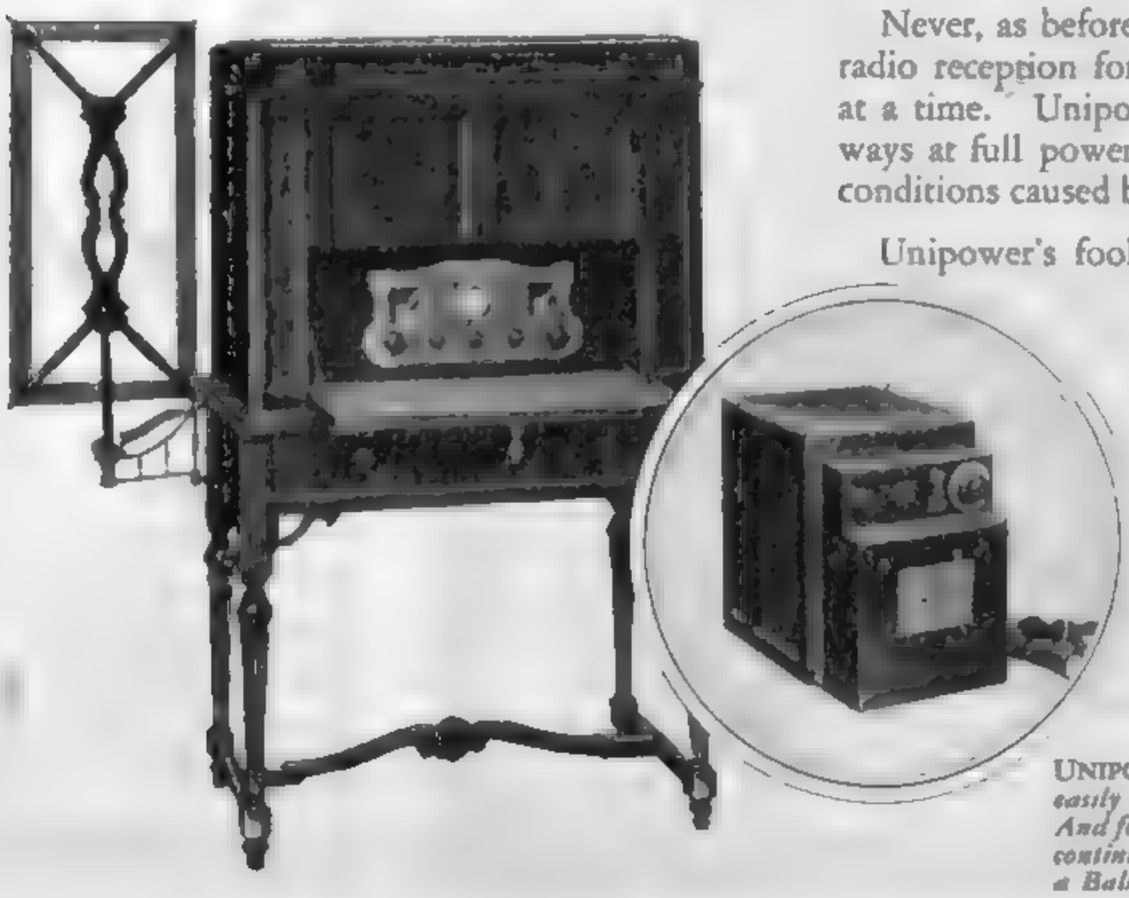
Unipower's fool-proof construction—plus its everlasting performance—has earned it the praise and endorsement of radio experts and manufacturers.

An economical Unipower for your own set

Unipower is ideally suited for *your* set—whether you have a set now, or intend buying it soon. And you'll find Unipower economical. The complete absence of breakable parts makes its upkeep practically negligible. A slight monthly addition to the light bill is all the expenditure Unipower requires.

Any reliable dealer will demonstrate Unipower for you. Or, if you prefer, a post-card will bring you interesting and complete information about the radio "A" power that cannot fail. Start today to feel the relief of unfaltering power—of undisturbed reception.

The Gould Storage Battery Company, Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York.



Radio "A" Power That Cannot Fail

Unipower

A GOULD PRODUCT

UNIPOWER, *in its patented gas-tight cover, is safely, easily installed in the new 8-tube Fada receiver. And for any set of 3 to 10 tubes Unipower furnishes continuous, unvarying "A" power. Unipower contains a Balkite charging unit of special Gould design.*

THE MAN WHO FELL OVER BACKWARDS

(Continued from Page 43

"Then we'll make it ministerial by getting the Board of Estimate to pass a special appropriation for the teeth in question," retorted Mr. Tutt.

"Take it from me," answered the D. A., "he'll never certify it, no matter what you do."

"Don't be so sure!" replied the senior member of Tutt & Tutt. "If there is still such a thing as law in this land of ours the city shall pay for Swackhammer's set of teeth, or I'll know the reason why!"

Controller McGraw was just selecting a carnation from the official bunch upon his desk when Mr. Ephraim Tutt was announced.

"Mr. Controller," said he, "let me hasten to assure you that this is not a social visit. I have called in a purely professional capacity regarding the bill of one of my clients, approved by the district attorney for furnishing to the city a set of false teeth."

Instantly the controller's face assumed an expression of defiance.

"Mr. Tutt," he replied in his most aloof manner, "you need not go any further. Up to this time I have certified all Mr. Peckham's expenditures in the Kantor case without question. But this time he has gone too far. If he wishes to buy false teeth or false hair for any of his witnesses, let him pay for them out of his own salary."

"But the witness would have been useless without them," asseverated the lawyer.

"I am not responsible for that," retorted Mr. McGraw. "Peckham should have thought of that before bringing Swackhammer back. Imagine my position before the public if I should permit the city's money to be used for any such purpose!"

Mr. Tutt shrugged his ramshackle shoulders. "Imagine your position if you don't!" he muttered to himself. "Don't you think, Mr. Controller," he asked aloud, "that not to do so would be rather funny?"

"I don't see anything funny about it," cried the official. "It's a palpable misuse of the public funds. It reflects no credit on the district attorney. It makes me suspect the propriety of a lot of items that I was lenient enough to pass heretofore without question."

"But Swackhammer couldn't testify without them," insisted Mr. Tutt. "They were absolutely necessary to justify the cost of extraditing him from California. What is forty dollars compared with thirty-five thousand?"

"It's a matter of principle," declared the controller with emphasis. "I say with Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for'—false teeth!"

"Did he say that?" inquired Mr. Tutt, palpably surprised.

"In substance he did," rejoined Mr. McGraw, adjusting the carnation. "If I certified this bill it would be paying tribute to Peckham, which I refuse to do. That's all there is to it!"

"Very well, my dear sir," answered Mr. Tutt affably. "Since you emphatically refuse to perform what the district attorney and I regard as your plain official duty, I shall be compelled to resort to legal means to compel you to do so. Please do not lay it up against me that I have not given you fair warning in this matter."

"I don't care what you do!" returned the controller icily. "You can mandamus me if you like, or"—and he hesitated as if conscious of a slightly unbecoming vulgarity—"any other damn thing you choose!"

"It will probably be some other damn thing," remarked Mr. Tutt as he picked up his hat. "And the Lord have mercy on your political soul!"

Sometimes a chance word from an adversary will suggest a hitherto unthought of line of attack. Up to the controller's final shot it had never occurred to Mr. Tutt to pursue any other course than to attempt to procure a writ of mandamus by which the Supreme Court should order McGraw to certify the disputed bill. This would have involved a somewhat elaborate procedure, including proof of the necessity of the goods ordered, the summoning of expert witnesses as to the reasonableness of the charge, and in general the education of the court in the qualities and attributes of false teeth, their construction, composition, history, market value, and the anatomical fitness for the mouth of P. F. Swackhammer of the special set involved. But as Mr. McGraw uttered his pregnant phrase Counselor Tutt, as in a lightning flash, perceived that here was a man whose strength lay in an artificial dignity, of which once bereft he would be as helpless as a beetle turned upon its back. Enter the legal lists with this official, fight him armed cap-a-pie in the chain mail of his own importance and red tape, and you yielded to him every advantage of ground and weapon. Mandamus? The very word dignified McGraw and the whole proceeding! The question instantly became one of law and not of fact. As one of law, it might be entitled to consideration; but as one of fact, of petty-minded punctilio, it could be dismissed with a laugh. All that would be needed was to bring the issue before the bar of public opinion.

V

"BOYS," said Mr. Tutt as the office force of Tutt & Tutt, augmented by two reporters, Deacon Terry and Charlie Still, gathered about Miss Wiggin's tea table at five o'clock one afternoon about ten days thereafter, "I don't say that it would be worth your while to attend the meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment tomorrow morning—but it might be."

"I never decline one of your invitations, Mr. Tutt," replied the Deacon, accepting a cup of tea from the presiding goddess of the law and a cigarette from Bonnie Doon. "But in order that I may be properly dressed for the occasion, don't you think it would be as well to state whether it is going to be a wedding or a funeral?"

"The latter," replied Tutt, entering at that moment from the adjoining office. "I've looked it up, and if McGraw won't certify we can get a writ of mandamus and compel him to do so or go to jail."

"For what?" asked the Deacon. "He hasn't been making anything out of the public feed bag, has he?"

"Oh, no!" chirped Tutt. "He merely won't pay the city's honest debts."

"I didn't know it had any honest ones," retorted Still.

"You remember the set of teeth Peckham ordered for P. F. Swackhammer?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"I'm familiar with the facts up to where McGraw refused to certify the bill against Peckham's special thirty-five-thousand-dollar appropriation," answered the Deacon, salvaging a piece of toast *en passant*. "But I haven't heard what's happened since. What has?"

"I didn't know Tutt & Tutt were in it!" exclaimed Still. "How did you get that way?"

"They're in everything worth while," replied Miss Wiggin. "Wherever an injustice is contemplated, wherever the poor and weak are being imposed upon by the rich and powerful, or wherever a helpless dentist is about to be defrauded by a soulless municipal corporation—page Tutt & Tutt!"

"Oh, this is no charity case!" protested her employer. "If we win it we get five whole dollars!"

"The story," complained the Deacon, "is getting lost in the shuffle."

"Well," answered Mr. Tutt, draining his cup and holding it out to Minerva to be

If you're "all at sea" about your pipe tobacco...

MAYBE you've sailed the seven seas searching for perfect pipe pleasure... Maybe you've tried oceans of tobacco without hitting on one you can anchor to... but don't give up the ship. Plenty pipe-pilots were once in the same boat...

Just shoot an s. o. s. to G. R. C... for Granger Rough Cut is a *life-saver* to pipes in distress. It's rich and spicy—and mellowed by the old "Wellman Secret" it's so mild you can stoke-up and fire away at full sail!

Then jot this down in the old log: Granger's slow-burning (*rough cut*) flakes smoke as cool as a zippy sea zephyr... So cool and sweet your old smokestack puffs wreath after wreath of perfect pipe satisfaction.

And don't wait till your ship comes in to take on a cargo of Granger. The pocket-package is not high-priced... not one cent is spent on costly tins. The inexpensive foil-pouch makes it possible to sell this quality tobacco at ten cents. Load up today... and bon voyage!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

Where Attacks Start

Nasal catarrh spells trouble, the source of which should be located at once. Yet few persons realize the danger and neglect catarrh because they believe it to be the inevitable result of the climate in which they live. Some kinds of catarrh are affected by climate, others are not. But the point to remember is that catarrh is not a disease. It is a symptom of disease which is often curable when properly treated.

NO one will gainsay the desirability of topping off the body with a head. From the esthetic point of view it makes a symmetrical and sometimes attractive finish to the body. But heads must be considered from another angle. The head is like the main office of a great business corporation. Orders originate there which are sent throughout the body. Located within close range of each other are the organs of sight, hearing, smell and taste.

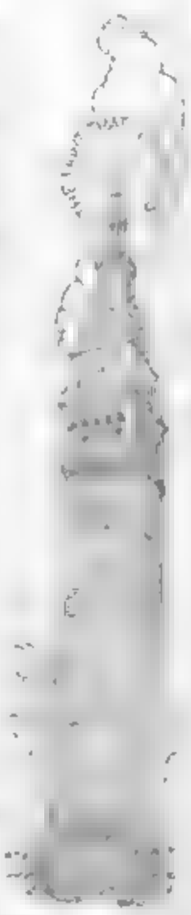
When things begin to go wrong with the head, disturbances may be expected in remote parts of the body. An apparently slight local infection in the head may cause grave physical damage—even death.

Myriads of germs live in infected noses and tonsils and adenoids, and at the roots of diseased teeth. These germs often pack up their families and travel to adjoining sinuses—the cavities in the bones of the face and forehead. Some journey to the ears and set up housekeeping.

Eventually these germs get into the blood and embark on a cruise of the body. Some get off in the joints, others in the heart, and still others select the kidneys. Heart disease, arthritis, deafness, failing eyesight, neuritis, anemia, rheumatism and even appendicitis may be traced to head infections.

Colds are frequently the beginning of serious nose, throat and ear troubles. The sequel to neglected snuffles of childhood is often the hearing-horn of old age. Do not ignore what seems to be "merely a cold".

Now—before cold weather sets in—have your nose, throat and teeth thoroughly examined for any possible diseased condition. Do not go through life suffering from handicaps that reduce your chance of happiness—that may shorten your life.



A famous authority states that thousands of deaths annually, among those of working age, are caused by organic conditions largely due to what the doctors call focal infections. In plain words, this means the diseased spots where germs lodge and multiply and start spreading their campaigns of trouble.

Most cases of focal infections are located in the head—teeth, tonsils and sinuses.

Authorities agree that infections of the head and nose in the early autumn frequently lead to attacks of pneumonia, which with appalling regularity appear in January, February and March.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail you, without cost, two valuable and helpful booklets—"Common Colds" and "Care of the Teeth".

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

refilled, "it occurred to me, in spite of what my partner has just ascertained to be the law, that it would be much more effective if I had Peckham make an application to the Board of Estimate for a transfer of the sum of forty dollars from his general office equipment account to his contingencies account for the specific purpose of paying for this set of teeth. So Peckham made his application in writing to the board last week and in due course it was referred to McGraw as controller for his report. He has naturally disapproved it, and it comes up on the calendar tomorrow for hearing and action. This requires an official statement from him in regard to the matter—he's got to stand up and be counted. It ceases to be a question of law and becomes, so to speak, one of teeth."

"Oh, my aunt!" ejaculated the Deacon. "You don't really mean to tell me that that idiot is going to make a public exhibition of himself by reporting against Peckham's application for a forty-dollar transfer!"

"That's exactly what I mean," returned Mr. Tutt. "Here's the calendar for tomorrow's session of the board and here's the item itself in cold print. Read it for yourself."

And the Deacon thereupon read aloud, that all might hear, the printed proof of McGraw's misguided obstinacy:

"No. 49-A

"Report of the controller referring to the request of the district attorney for a transfer of forty dollars within his appropriation from account Code 3566, Office Equipment, to replenish account Code 3569, Contingencies, to provide for the payment of a bill for one set of removable false teeth, upper and lower, for P. F. Swackhammer, a witness, the available balance therein being insufficient, and there being an available balance in Code 3566 which the district attorney certifies will not need replenishing at a later date.

"On April 19—Cal. No. 167-E—this request for this transfer was referred to the controller.

"The controller states that the examiner who investigated this claim reports that there is no precedent for payments made for the reconstruction, repair or rehabilitation of the interior parts of the bodies of human beings or of animals by the City; that to create such a precedent would be inadvisable; that there is no evidence that said teeth were necessary or of the value of forty dollars; and that the application by the district attorney is frivolous and should be refused.

"Resolution for adoption."

"Would you believe it?" exclaimed Charlie Still.

"It's there!" said Mr. Tutt. "Had I the time, gentlemen, I would point out to you the many illustrations afforded by history demonstrating that obstinacy and the lack of a sense of humor are often associated. Now my excellent friend McGraw is sincerely convinced that a great public wrong would be done if the city paid for Swackhammer's teeth. He has spent days satisfying himself of the soundness of his position. He is a good man, but a dull man, and dull men are dangerous men. They take themselves and everybody else too seriously. They swallow camels and strain at gnats."

"That's better than swallowing false teeth, isn't it," interposed Miss Wiggin. "Have some more tea, boys, before it gets cold."

"You interrupted me right in the middle of an idea," sighed Mr. Tutt.

"Never mind," chanted the Deacon and Charlie Still in unison. "Leave McGraw to us!

"We're sorry for the controller, we're sorry to give him pain,
But a terrible spree there's sure to be when he bobs up again!"

VI

"WHAT'S this in the paper, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. McGraw at breakfast next morning, "about your being penny wise and pound foolish? I do wish they wouldn't print such things!"

"I am surprised if they have printed anything of a hostile nature. They've always been good friends of mine," replied the Honorable Josiah

"Well, just listen to this!" adjured his wife irritably:

"CITY SAVED FROM RUIN!
Controller McGraw Defeats Raid on Treasury!
Declares He Will Not Stand for Alleged Graft in False Teeth!"

The Honorable Josiah became faintly pink. "That is abominable!" he sputtered. "I never said a word about graft! Peckham must have given out that story! It's a ——"

"Josiah!" interposed Mrs. McGraw. "Remember that you are a public officer!"

"I'm not likely to have a chance to forget it!" he rejoined disgustedly. "What a rotten trick! Making political capital out of my refusal to stand for an inexcusable expenditure! I see now why Peckham made that utterly unnecessary application for a transfer—just for publicity."

"Here's another on the front page of the Banner!" exclaimed Mrs. McGraw:

HE NEVER SLEEPS!

McGraw Unearths Conspiracy to Defraud City!
Declares Swackhammer Shall Not Chew at Municipality's Expense!

The Banner has learned on reliable authority that Controller McGraw discerns behind an innocent-looking application for a transfer of $40 from one account in the district attorney's appropriation to another the first step in a conspiracy to have all public officials and city employes masticate at the public expense. Upon the calendar of the Board of Estimate, which meets as usual this morning, under the caption of 49-A appears a report by our lynx-eyed watchdog of the municipal spondulix adverse to the application in question, which is for the purpose of legalizing the payment of a bill for a set of removable false teeth, upper and lower, furnished to P. F. Swackhammer in the Kantor case. In order to save the board, and especially our energetic young controller, from further embarrassment, the Banner herewith starts a popular fund to pay for the molars in question, limited to a maximum of one cent from each contributor.

"I'm glad they're not taking up the collection to buy you a set of false teeth!" sniffed Mrs. McGraw.

"Don't suggest such a thing! They really might do it, you know!" he gasped.

VII

CONTROLLER McGRAW was still smarting when he entered the chamber sacred to the meetings of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and he returned the genial greetings of his fellow members quite stiffly. He even suspected the friendly grin upon the rubicund face of his friend the mayor, who usually voted with him; in fact, he suspected 'em all that morning, each and every one. So resentful was he of his treatment by the press that he paid little attention to the various matters under discussion.

Then, as in a pantomime, he saw His Honor reach for the official calendar and heard him say: "49-A. Report of the controller upon the application of the district attorney for a transfer of forty dollars to pay for a set of removable false teeth, upper and lower, for P. F. Swackhammer. We shall be glad to hear from the controller."

The sergeant at arms rapped loudly for order.

"I have nothing in particular to say," said the Honorable McGraw curtly, "except that in my opinion the application is frivolous and the expenditure in question entirely unwarranted."

At this point Mr. Tutt reared himself from the bench upon which he had been reclining.

"If Your Honor please," he began, "I should like permission to be heard upon this highly important matter."

"Whom do you represent?" inquired the mayor in a friendly way.

"I appear for the district attorney and also for Dr. Amos Bangs, who furnished the teeth in question," replied Mr. Tutt in a grand manner. "There is evidently a misconception upon the part of the learned controller as to the principle involved in this case."

"You're quite mistaken!" retorted McGraw sharply. "There isn't any principle involved except that of refusing to stand for foolish bills."

(Continued on Page 164)

Voted by his fellow graduates the best-dressed man in the Class of 1926, Mr. August P. Knatz is seen here on the campus before the famous Library of Columbia University.

Being "Well Dressed" at Columbia

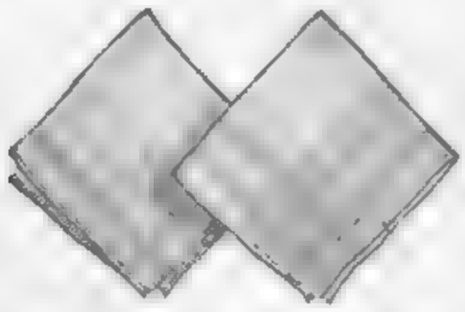
"ALL Columbia men—students and faculty alike—show some trace of metropolitan correctness in details of dress," points out August P. Knatz, voted by the graduating class of 1926 the best-dressed man in College. "The shirt, the collar or perhaps the pocket handkerchief gives them a touch of smartness."

Illustrating what Columbia men wear, Mr. Knatz' own selection of linen from Ide haberdashery for his personal use is here pictured for you.

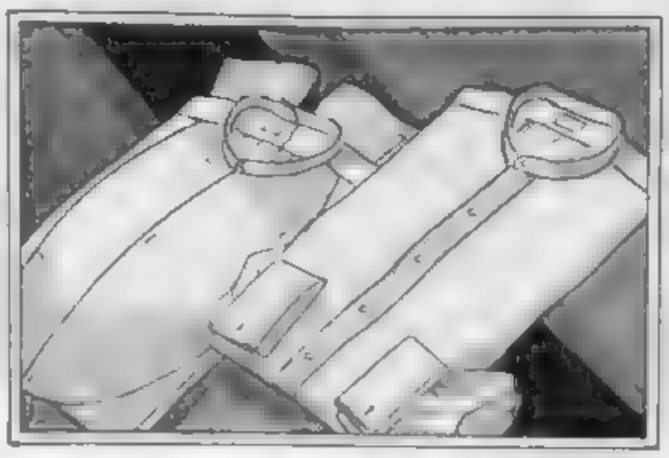
"The good taste evident in Ide collars and Ide shirts has made them the choice of the well-dressed man anywhere. I particularly approve the Ide wing collars and Ide evening shirts. I think that these new styles will become more and more popular."

Mr. Knatz' selection from Ide styles and others selected by the best-dressed men at ten universities are fully described in a booklet which will be sent you on request.

The taste of men from Princeton, Yale, Brown, Chicago, Williams, Pittsburgh, Dartmouth and Cornell is a guide to personal linen that any well-dressed man will find interesting and helpful. Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.



"The perfection of metropolitan taste"



(*Above, right*) "The Idetus is the shape that New Yorkers are seen wearing in the smartest places," says Columbia's best-dressed man. "And for a daytime collar, I have selected Ide's Glengair for its pleasing, widespread points."

(*At left*) "There is an air about this evening shirt," remarks this popular Columbia graduate of Ide's Monocourt 500, "that is unmistakably authentic The Harrowstreet for daytime wear I have chosen for its refinement and quality."

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(Continued from Page 162)

"Give the man a chance, can't you?" snapped a member of the board who detested McGraw. "I don't see anything so tremendously foolish about the bill except your refusal to certify it."

"Well, you have some record for foolishness yourself!" remarked McGraw witheringly. "How about those municipal bathing tights?"

"Oh, cut out the bathing tights!" protested the mayor, banging with his gavel. "We're discussing teeth. . . . Now do you claim there was anything the matter with the teeth?"

"I say," returned the controller, controlling himself with difficulty, "that irrespective of whether they were good teeth or bad teeth, the district attorney has no business to go around buying teeth for anybody. There's a limit somewhere. I put it at a man's mouth."

"I wish we could limit some folks' mouths!" remarked another member of the board, smiling at the audience in a faraway but significant manner.

"Are you referring to me, sir?" demanded the controller.

"Oh, quit it!" ordered His Honor, leaning forward and brandishing his weapon.

"You say the limit to municipal expenditure is a man's mouth?" inquired a third member. "How about meals for witnesses?"

"Of course, it's all right to pay for meals for witnesses," responded the controller. "We have always done so; but that doesn't involve reconstructing the whole digestive apparatus."

"May I interrupt one moment?" inquired Mr. Tutt amiably. "If the controller is satisfied that the city should pay for P. F. Swackhammer's meals, why should he not be willing to enable Mr. Swackhammer to eat them? He could not do so without teeth."

"Hear! Hear!" remarked the second member with an air of conviction. "Now you've said a mouthful!"

"What was the matter with this fellow Swackhammer anyhow?" inquired His Honor curiously.

"He was sans eyes, sans taste, sans teeth, sans everything," commented Mr. Tutt.

"How did he get sand in his teeth?" asked the mayor of nobody in particular.

"He didn't have any. The district attorney bought him a set," whispered the clerk excitedly from behind his hand.

"Well, I don't see why the district attorney shouldn't have bought him a set of teeth if he wanted to," said the mayor. "But why did he want to?"

"So that Swackhammer could talk and be understood on the witness stand. He was a witness in a criminal case," explained the member who detested McGraw. "I agree with our friend Mr. Tutt, if we can buy food for a witness, we certainly should have power to fix him up so that he can eat it—or what's the use?"

"Would you buy him a glass eye, Mr. Mayor?" argued McGraw earnestly. "The United States Government may have a right to go in for reconstruction, but we haven't."

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," someone murmured.

"I suppose you think that's funny!" sneered McGraw, losing all sense of propriety. "If we allow bills for false teeth ——"

"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," concluded the second member, with a wink at the benches.

"I say," roared McGraw in fury, "if we allow bills for false teeth for the district attorney's decrepit witnesses, we'll be paying for false eyes, false ears, false hair and false limbs before we get through!"

"May I ask why not?" said Mr. Tutt. "If Mr. Swackhammer was a necessary witness for the people—and I observe that the controller has certified some thirty-five thousand dollars of expenses disbursed for getting him back to New York and buying him food and clothes—if, I say, he was so priceless a witness for the prosecution, I contend that nothing necessary to qualify him for his appearance upon the stand was either unreasonable or ill-advised. Were we to bring Swackhammer here at an expense of thirty-five thousand dollars and leave him unintelligible to the jury for lack of teeth? Were we to ——"

"Hold on a minute!" mused a fourth member. "How about a leg—would you buy him a leg?"

"You have paid for shoes—why not for feet?" queried the lawyer.

"I didn't buy him any shoes!" returned member number two. "This is all new to me. If a witness can get all this graft I'd like to be a witness myself!"

"The city shoes its work horses, why not its witnesses?" insisted Mr. Tutt. "But however you may feel about shoes or artificial limbs—without which, it must be confessed, a witness could still testify—we have a very different situation where a witness cannot talk for lack of teeth."

"He could make some sort of a noise, couldn't he?" demanded McGraw unguardedly. A shout of joy arose from the benches.

"Would you want him to grunt like a Hottentot?" inquired someone with sarcasm. "If he made the same kind of noise that some people make ——"

"He could make signs anyhow," persisted the controller, incoherent with rage. And again the audience cheered delightedly.

"Stop that!" shouted the mayor. "This isn't a beer garden!"

"It's preposterous—buying false teeth and charging 'em to the city!" yelled the controller, goaded almost to desperation.

"May I most respectfully ask a question?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Certainly!" said the mayor.

"I should like to ask the controller," went on Mr. Tutt in his most conciliatory tones, "whether if Mr. Swackhammer had been unable to testify on account of having a tooth too many—a troublesome tooth—a wisdom tooth, say—he would refuse to certify a bill for having such tooth removed?"

"Hear! Hear!" came from the member who detested McGraw.

"Why, I don't suppose so," admitted the controller. "That would seem a reasonable expense, so long as we pay for the ordinary medical treatment of witnesses."

"Then," cried Mr. Tutt exultantly, "if you are willing to pay for taking out a tooth, why aren't you willing to pay for putting one in?"

At this there was prolonged applause from the floor—led by the bench upon which sat Tutt, Miss Wiggin, Scraggs, Bonnie Doon and Willie—which for some reason the mayor made no effort to stop.

"Well"—he grinned at McGraw—"how about that? What have you got to say to that? Shall I put the vote? All in favor ——"

But McGraw was no longer coherent. His last shred of dignity had departed. They were all against him! They were absolutely unfair, rottenly malicious! He could swear that old Tutt was making faces at him! He wouldn't stand it! Apoplectic with rage, he rose in his place and shook his fist in the general direction of Mr. Tutt.

"I—I ——" he began. Then the words slowly died upon his lips.

From the rear of the room two colored men in scarlet liveries were making their way forward toward the dais, bearing unsteadily between them a gigantic floral emblem—in form a set of teeth, upper and lower—bearing, in letters large enough for all, a placard reading:

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HON JOSIAH P. MCGRAW
BY THE TAXPAYERS
IN RECOGNITION OF HIS
UNTIRING DEVOTION TO DUTY

"Carried!" said the mayor.

"Say, Mr. Tutt," remarked the Deacon as later that afternoon the usual party forgathered around Miss Wiggin's tea table, "that grand-stand play of yours has killed McGraw politically forever."

"How is that?" inquired Mr. Tutt innocently, as he clipped off the end of a particularly vicious-looking stogy. "I kill—McGraw? I don't know what you are talking about. I dimly remember seeing some rather beautiful flowers, but I was only interested in the vote in favor of Doctor Bangs' bill."

"Which I suppose you noticed was unanimous," commented Charlie Still; "and that McGraw, in his excitement, voted against himself!"

"Did he now?" responded the old lawyer. "I suppose he is a good illustration of the truth of the old saying that pride inevitably goeth before a fall."

"He fell hard!" quoth the Deacon.

"Yes backwards!" added Charlie Still.

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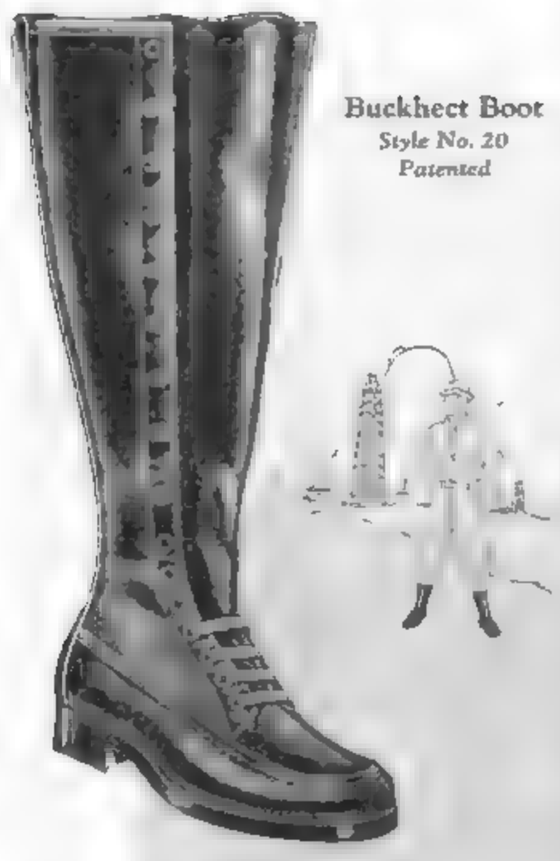

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BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 38)

Barbara. She was instantly wild to touch it. So Bethlehem, muttering forebodings, squatted down on the wharf and Winthrop Evans gave Barbara the puppy. The cunning thing cuddled down under her gentle little hands and she crooned to it and patted it, making an exquisite picture. I had never seen anything prettier in my life. Looking up suddenly I caught such a strained, dismayed look in Winthrop Evans' dark eyes that I felt sick. Plainly, the man was overwhelmed and aghast with the situation to which he had so firmly bound himself.

"Are you fond of children, Mr. Evans?" I asked casually.

"Why, the truth is, Mrs. Douglas, I've never had anything to do with children. I really think this is my first exposure. But I can't imagine a more fascinating race of people than children if they're all like this. Might she come for a little ride up the stream with us?"

"Oh, good Lo'd!" said Bethlehem. "No! Dis chile ain't strong, Mistah Evans, an' her mother don't 'low for her to have no 'citement, ebber. Her's all a-tremblin' dis minnit. Her's got a valve-trubble heart."

At this, Barbara, who was supported by Bethlehem's knee, straightened from petting the puppy and twisted herself about to look Bethlehem sternly in the face. "Why, Bethlehem, I'm not trembling at all! It's your knee that's wabbling. And my heart's most well, you know it is. I'm even going to walk in two months, maybe."

"You is if you'se good and you isn't if you'se ain't, honey. An' 'citement's bad fo' you."

"But Margo is the one to say if I may or may not do things." She put one pretty pink little hand softly on Bethlehem's big cheek to soften her reproof. "You're just to do the work and be nice to me. Mayn't I go, Margo?"

I was so certain that the threat of a tantrum would melt Bethlehem's decision that I risked telling Barbara no, that I thought Bethlehem knew best.

Barbara wasted no threats this time. She raised her small fists, drew in her breath and grew rigid. It was a most distressing exhibition, her delicate beauty making it seem worse. She forced swift little hacking coughs from her throat, until a real paroxysm took her breath with shocking swiftness and brought a terrifying blueness under the lovely transparent skin. If there hadn't been such evident grave and immediate danger I should have been tempted to spank her; but as it was, I was even more frightened than Bethlehem, whose black cheeks actually seemed turning to mulatto

Winthrop Evans and I exchanged one swift horrified glance which told me we were both thinking the same thing—that his uncle was quite right in believing Jean would not be able to deny this terrible child anything that Barbara demanded of her.

"Stop her!" he said. "Stop her! She'll kill herself!"

But after the first few instants the situation was quite out of our hands or Barbara's. She lay limp and blue and exhausted, but triumphantly so, in Bethlehem's arms. And after a few minutes we all embarked and went sailing up the stream, exactly as it had been planned we should do that night in Bruce MacIntyre's library. The whole situation was like a tragic farce, if there are such things. I never felt more miserable or ill at ease, and Bethlehem's face was dismay itself.

Winthrop Evans made a great feature of examining the property along the creek, paying no attention whatever to Barbara, and she watched him curiously, with a weary little pout, as if she were offended at his indifference. She was in no way diverted by Jim Hatton's cheery chatter, which she did not always answer.

"Queer youngster, all right," he said to me in a cautious undertone. "But I believe she's sure enough taken a fancy to the young man. He, though, don't act to me like he knows much about handling kids."

It was plain, however, that Winthrop Evans needed no technic other than to ignore Barbara completely. We had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when he stood up in the bow of the boat and announced: "Now right there, by Jove, on that little molehill, which I suppose you call a mountain down here, I am going to build my last earthly residence!"

"Will you please lift me up so I may see the little molehill, Mr. Evans?" asked Barbara in a weakened eager little voice.

He reached down for her awkwardly, leaving the puppy to Bethlehem. For the first time I realized his illness. The child was very heavy for him, and he steadied himself with difficulty, while he showed her the ridge of palmetto and pine which he had chosen.

"What is a last earthly wesidence?" she asked, repeating it precisely.

He laughed. "Well, it means the last house you live in before you—die."

"Oh! When will you make it?"

"Right away."

"Before my mother comes back?"

"That depends. When is your mother coming back?"

"Not for a whole week. She's gone to get a new tooth."

"I see. Well, I expect I'll begin it before that, yes."

"Oh! I expect she will be very surprised to see your last earthly wesidence, don't you? She just loves surprises, doesn't she, Bethlehem?"

"Her sho does, honey; but I reckons dis'll be de one dat'll cure her o' lovin' 'em," Bethlehem dourly prophesied.

It was Jean's liking for surprises that brought the first hitch in our plan. Everything had worked out as well and even better than we had hoped. Barbara had seen Winthrop Evans every day and she talked, thought and dreamed of nothing else. I wanted Jean to hear all about him from Barbara before she saw him, but she spoiled that by coming home too soon. We expected her on the late Saturday evening train, but on Saturday morning she walked quietly and unsmilingly out on the balcony of the Aircastle, where I was reading to Barbara. We had heard steps, but thought they were Bethlehem's. It was a depressing surprise.

I knew the instant I saw her that she had seen Winthrop Evans, for the hunted, desperate expression which I had not seen before and which Annie had well described as her mad look was in her eyes and gave her face a tightened, furtive look.

It was not until several days later that I had an opportunity to learn from Jim Hatton about their meeting. Jean had walked in on them as he and Winthrop—in one week I had come to think of him by his first name—sat talking together in his small office. Jim Hatton sat facing her, but Winthrop's back was toward her, and as she opened the door it obscured him from her.

"I got up right quick, not having any time to get my wits to working," Jim Hatton described it to me, "and went to the door to shake hands with her. She looked pale and pretty well done out, but she said in that bright, joky way of hers, 'Good morning. I've come to beg a ride home, unless you've sold my land to your last-legged man for so much that I can afford to hire a car.' By Jiminy, Mrs. Douglas, I was that scared I stammered! I said, 'You—you mean that Evans man I told you about?' She laughed and said she could see I hadn't sold it, and she looked as disappointed as if she really was as poor as she pretends. I said, 'Well, Mrs. Mack, the miserable Yankee came all right, but he turned down all the good land I showed him and bought some creek jungle right up above your place.' That did make her open her eyes. 'Oh, no, Mr. Hatton!' she said. 'Not after all your promises never to bring any neighbors to my precious wilderness!'

"'I couldn't help it, Mrs. Mack,' I said. 'He found the creek by himself and wouldn't listen to reason. I didn't sell the land to him He bought it direct from the real-estate company.' Well, right then she began to look peculiar, as if she smelled trouble ahead, and she dropped her hand off the door knob. I wasn't going to let her know Evans was there; but the door began to swing back, so I said as quick as I could, 'Here's the guilty party right now, Mrs. Mack, and it's up to him to exonerate me. Mr. Evans,' I said, 'meet Mrs. Mack.' He stood up, and the way he looked was enough to tell her it was a put-up job. I like the young fellow right well, but the Lord knows he's a darn poor actor; and besides, while I don't claim to know anything about this psychiatric"—he pronounced it painstakingly—"stuff, I think they made a big mistake to hunt around for a chap that resembled the scoundrel she married. I wrote Doctor Meres so right from the first. Looks to me like whetting her trouble instead of helping it. And they'd have thought so, too, if they'd been in my office.

"He got behind his chair and hung on to the back of it and said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Mack? I'm glad indeed to meet Barbara's mother.'

"Then there was a thump, and, by Jiminy, Mrs. Mack had fainted, slipped down beside me right on the floor! I don't think it was more than two minutes before I had her round again, and we put her in my desk chair. Evans looked like a corpse walking around. I guess if he could have caught a train right then he'd have bolted the whole business.

"When she came to she didn't seem dazed but a second or two, and then she stared right at Evans and said, calm as you please, 'I'm so sorry if my greeting disturbed you. I'm still foggy with the anæsthetics that wretched dentist has fed me on all week, and it happens that you resemble, remarkably, a man who—isn't living.' I gave Evans' arm the devil of a pinch to remind him it was his time to say something, and he muttered a few words that she didn't pay any attention to, and then she said in the pleasantest kind of a voice, 'He was a despicable cad.'

"Evans cleared his throat and said, 'I hope you'll forgive my unfortunate resemblance then, Mrs. Mack, since I'm to be a neighbor of yours; and your little daughter and I have already become great friends.'

"She didn't say anything to this, and we could see she was getting sick and dizzy again; she dropped her head down on the desk on her arm and asked me if I could drive her home; said she would feel all right in the fresh air. Evans spoke up and said he was going right out that way and would be glad to take her. I thought it was the worst thing he could have done right then; but, by Jiminy, Mrs. Mack said very well she'd appreciate it! Anybody in town that saw her with him must have had the surprise of their lives, for she's never said a decent word to a good-looking man since she's been here."

Now, of course, I knew nothing of any of this when I looked up to see Jean standing in the doorway, pale and unsmiling and remote. Without smiling or speaking, she lifted the ecstatic Barbara from her high pillowed chair and sat down with her, holding her close and yearningly, bending her head down over the radiant, lovely little face. I don't know if we gave each other any greeting or not. I was stupefied by the look of her. She kept repeating, "Oh, Barbara, Barbara! My Barbara!"

I hoped desperately that the child would be overjoyed to the exclusion of everything else by the return and kisses of her mother.

(Continued on Page 168

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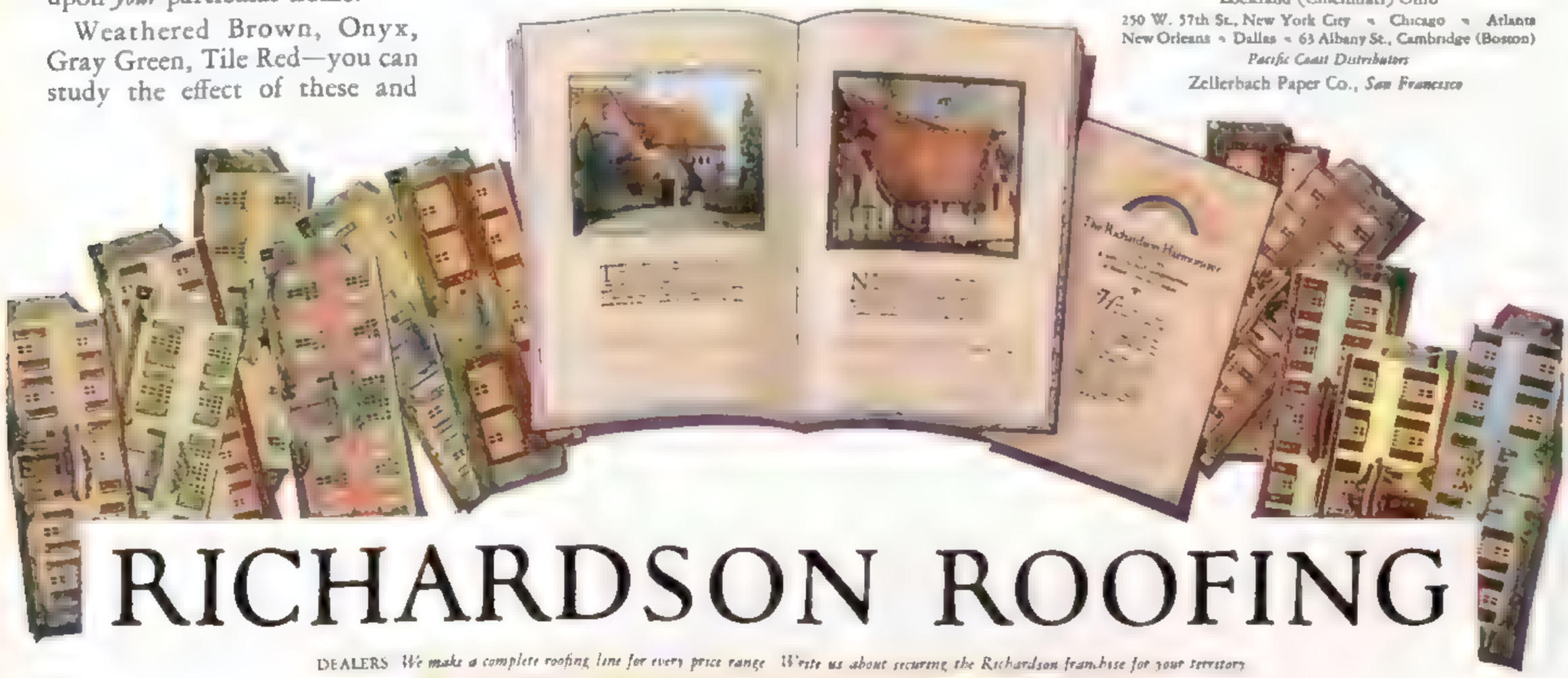

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(Continued from Page 166)

Jean needed just that. But not Barbara. She struggled feebly to free herself.

"Oh, mother, listen! Don't —— Listen! We've got the most be-au-ti-ful surprise for you! Wait a minute. Now — look!"

In pushing her mother's head up so that she might blind Jean's eyes with her soft little palms, she pushed off Jean's small black traveling hat and it rolled under the chair and she rocked on it. I couldn't even move to rescue it. I shall never forget the agony of pain, as visible as a wave of color, that passed over Jean's drawn tired face at the child's long-drawn-out word "beautiful." Barbara twisted Jean's head about so that she faced the north end of the balcony and drew back her hands as she cried "Look!" pointing with a rigid, eager finger to the framework of Winthrop Evans' small tall house which peeked through the pine trees across the stream like a skeleton. Jean looked, and closed her eyes.

"I know all about your surprise, little Miss Barbarian," she said in a lifeless voice. "He was in Mr. Hatton's office when I went in to beg a ride, and since he wasn't busy, he saved Mr. Hatton the trouble of driving me out. And here you're not even glad to ——"

"Oh, where is he? Is he here? I didn't know he had an automobile. I thought he had just a boat. Is he here, mother?"

"No." She rose and put Barbara, unprotesting, back in the pillowed chair. "Jerusalem was working by the gate, so he brought my bags in and I walked over."

"Isn't he nice, mother? Oh, mother, he's got the darlingest little puppy and a parrot that weally talks! I wish he'd come with you. Margo was horrid. She wouldn't one time ask him to come up."

"Margo was quite right." She turned slowly and seemed to see me, consciously, for the first time. I went to her quickly and kissed her. She kept her arm about me and leaned on me slightly.

"Barbara's made great friends with your new neighbor," I said, "and he seems a nice young man; but I didn't know if you'd want strangers invited up here or not. Do you think he's a relative of the friend you spoke of?"

"Sally? Oh, heavens, no! This man's very ordinary, don't you think?"

"I like him," I said weakly. "But, Jean, you certainly look worn out. Lie down here in the swing. I'm going to get you some spirits of ammonia."

She let me put the cushions comfortably about her, and drew my head down to her hot cheek in an impulsive caress. "Thank God for you, Margo," she said. Barbara watched sullenly; she often made me think of her grandfather.

"If you love Margo more than you love me," she said warningly, "I shall just love Mr. Evans more than I love you."

"Oh, Barbara, don't, dear, don't!" The words came sharply and helplessly and she covered her face with her hands. "You know you're the whole world to mother." She tried to lighten her voice. "But, you see, Margo is glad to see me, and you didn't even have time to kiss me."

Barbara looked at her, elfishly speculative. She was the strangest child I've ever known—one instant enchanting with innocent compassion, the next instant cruel with unnaturally mature malice. "Why, mother, I did kiss you lots of times; but you hugged me so tightly, mother, I was distwessed, weally."

"You little heathen!" Jean laughed brokenly. "Now go ahead and tell me all about your wonderful Mr. Evans with his boat-riding pups and parrots."

This started Barbara off on a half hour of radiantly enthusiastic reminiscences. I don't think she forgot one detail of the wonderful week's adventures. She had a remarkable mind and memory. I left them together and went down to pick some fresh clusters of the gorgeous wild poinciana, whose blossoms are the loveliest color on earth, having all the vividness of orange and scarlet so delicately blended that they have the garishness of neither. I gathered them mechanically, trying desperately to decide what attitude to take with Jean about Winthrop Evans. If only I could have known then what had been said between them on their ride out! His self-consciousness was so evident that I feared he had given us away.

In a little while Jean came down and joined me. She had taken off her dark traveling dress and had put on her usual working clothes - high laced boots and khaki bloomers and blouse, with a wide, heavy straw hat. She said Barbara's pulse was bad and her color too fitful; she thought Barbara had had altogether too much excitement and she was worried about her. "Has she had any attacks at all, Margo?"

I told her about the day of Winthrop Evans' coming and of Barbara's tantrum. Then she said, "Margo, if I go away tomorrow night and take Barbara, will you go with us?"

"Go away?" I gasped. Not even the renowned Doctor Holmquist had foreseen such a contingency. She stared at me intently.

"Yes; and this time, really away. I shall never find myself to anyone again. Will you go?"

I tried to meet her eyes with all the quietness I far from felt. "Why, Jean, I shouldn't want to. It sounds unthinkable. I don't know if I could or not, though there's nothing left in my life so important to me as you are."

She smiled queerly. "Not even my father?"

"No, Jean. My love for your father has become a steadfast thing now. It doesn't need the personal expressions that youth does to sustain it. If I can help you, that's part of it."

A sort of tenseness went out of her slender cheek-hollowed face. "Oh, Margo, I— I think you are saving my very soul," she said with trembling lips, and she turned abruptly and walked away from me.

Now, of course, Doctor Holmquist had told me that I must expect and strengthen myself for a possible violent reaction from Jean; but what to do now? I was to use my own judgment in emergencies. I went back to the Aircastle with my faith in psychiatrists depressingly low. While I blindly arranged my armful of bright blossoms Barbara chattered untiringly about Winthrop Evans and their anticipated trip to the new house that afternoon. I was frightened and heartsick and wholly at a loss to know what to do.

Jim Hatton telephoned to ask heartily how Mrs. Mack was feeling. It was a rural party line; nothing could be asked or advised. I told him Jean had looked tired, but was now out in the grove working with Jerusalem.

"Well, Mr. Evans just stopped by," he said, "and asked me to have you tell the little girl that he can't come by in the boat for a few days. His carpenters have got into some sort of a wrangle with the gang of darkies that are clearing and he's got to be on the job. So he's driving out in his car; it's so much quicker."

That was all the information I had at that time to help me. While I was telling Barbara what he had said Jean came up with her tray of luncheon. It was then about 1:30. Barbara was sitting in her own tall cushioned chair out on the balcony. Her soft dark eyes widened and her lips quivered. Jean stood in the doorway with the tray, watching her.

"He promised he'd come wight at two o'clock," Barbara said. I explained again how busy he must be with the new house; how long it took to come in the boat. She looked suddenly at her mother.

"Did you tell him not to come, mother?"

"He didn't tell me he was expecting to come, dear," Jean evaded. "But I bought you some lovely new puzzles in Tampa and—oh, lots of things. We'll have a jolly time unpacking my bags."

"I want him to come, mother"

"But if he can't, Barbara, there's nothing we can do about it. And we'll have a nice time here. I won't work in the grove this afternoon. Let Margo put your table up. There." She set the tray in front of her and kissed the pretty pouting little mouth.

"You can so do something about it, mother. You can tell Jerusalem to wo in our boat and bring him down to see you. He said he would come to hear me play on the piano just as soon as you asked him to come to see us. I want him to come to see us."

"But Mr. Evans sent you word that he was busy, dear. Besides, he isn't mother's friend, and we don't invite anyone to see us who isn't our friend. Now eat your peas while they're warm. And I'll sing you a brand-new little song before you have your nap." Barbara pushed the peas into my rescuing hands.

"I don't want any horrid peas. I want Mr. Evans to be your friend and come to see us. I told him you would come wight away to see his nice earthly wesidence. I want you to wo up your own self and get him. He's Margo's friend. Isn't he your friend, Margo? Isn't he?"

"No!" said Jean, her voice breaking control so that Barbara shrank back, startled. "He isn't Margo's friend. She's only been afraid you'd make yourself ill if you didn't have your own way about seeing him. But now, Barbara, my dearest little Barbara, listen very carefully." She took Barbara's shoulders in firm gentle hands and leaned over her. "I will not send for that man now or ever! This is one time, Barbara, when you cannot frighten me into giving you your own way, even if you cough until your poor sick little heart stops."

Bethlehem had come up, and she stood transfixed in the doorway, waiting to stay with Barbara while Jean and I went for luncheon to the bungalow. Jean straightened and turned to her. "Bethlehem, if Barbara wishes to cough and kill herself, let her do so. I don't want you to call me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, my Lawd, Mis' Mack, you-all stay wiv her; I's gwine bring yo' lunch up heah. Her'll kill herself sho!"

"Perhaps she will. But I may just as well lose her one way as another." She bent quickly down and kissed the staring silent child, who was baffled by sheer surprise; she let us go without a protest. "Come, Margo, our luncheon will be cold. Now remember, Bethlehem, don't call me, no matter what happens, for I shan't come if you do." If nothing else had convinced Barbara of her mother's astonishingly inexorable mood, Bethlehem's face must certainly have done so; or perhaps even my own, for my hands were clammy and my cheeks burned. I knew from Doctor Merea how very, very frail were the bonds that held Barbara's life within her beautiful little body. As we crossed the gardens I said gently, "Jean ——"

"I cannot talk about it, Margo," she said in a tight hard voice. "Please don't say anything to me at all."

Oh, that ghastly luncheon in the bare clean-scrubbed little dining room, with our ears tensely listening, and two yellow butterflies dancing tirelessly outside the window screen! Finally another one joined them. Jean said, "Always an inevitable third one, isn't there, Margo?" And green peas. They will nauseate me for the rest of my life. Jean ate very slowly, ate bread and butter, bite after bite; and green peas, spoon after spoon; and round red slices of tomato—while that strange other self which threatened her sat with us like a shadow.

We heard Bethlehem's shrill weird whistle by which she always summoned Jerusalem from the grove or gardens. Jean went on eating, not noticing that I did not touch my food. Lettuce salad—she took those plates away; then dessert, berries and cream, spoon after spoon. It seemed to me that luncheon would last forever. I could think of nothing but Barbara's lovely little face, distorted, turning that horrible blue color; and Jean talked on and on, in a monotone, about the week's work in the grove. I don't know anything she said; I heard a word occasionally—"fertilizer"—"tractor"—"red spider."

All at once she gave a little cry. I screamed twice as loudly, and she looked at me wonderingly. Her thin cheap water glass had broken in the grasp of her hand. It cut her hand slightly in several places and we both went quickly to the kitchen sink. I could hear her sharp uneven breathing. "Blood," she said, and laughed. "Funny. I was just thinking of blood—but not my own. I wonder why ——"

She stopped abruptly. The kitchen door opened and Bethlehem came in—but another Bethlehem than we had left, panic-stricken. This woman was brave with the righteous fulfilling of responsibility. She sank down on a chair just inside the door, exhaling an enormous breath.

"Is Barbara asleep?" Jean asked as quietly as if nothing unusual had happened. We both relaxed, visibly, with relief.

"No'm, her ain't; an' her ain't daid, neither, which is 'cause I done sent papa for dat white gempman 'thout any arg'ment whatsomever."

"You —wh-at?"

"Yassum, I did. You never said nothin' 'gainst me sendin' fo' Mistah Evans. All you done tole me was not to go sendin' fo' you. An' I tell you true, Mis' Mack, if you wants to kill yo' chile you bes' stand by an' do it yo' own self. I ain't nobody to leave wi' chilluns what knows how to kill theirselves as good as she do. . . . What you-all gone done?" Jean had raised her hand a little from the sink and Bethlehem's eyes glassed with horror at sight of the dripping blood.

"I cut my hand on a tumbler; it's nothing at all. Sit down there. Did Barbara make any fuss after we left?"

"Her made enuf fuss to satisfy me, Mis' Mack. Her jus' said, still an' quiet like, 'Bethlehem, if you don't send for Mistah Evans I'll cough till I weally, weally die, an' then my mother'll be punished.'"

"'Punished.'" Jean repeated the word slowly. "He is there—with her?" She suddenly jerked a tea towel from the rack and whipped it round her bleeding hand. "I told him this morning what to expect," she said in a startlingly loud voice, and was out the door before I could move.

"Do somethin', Mis' Douglas, do somethin'!" groaned Bethlehem. "Dis trubble ain' begun yet—it ain' even begun! Do somethin'!"

"Use your own judgment," Doctor Holmquist had authorized me, with a manner of professional superiority, after the eternal method of men. But being a woman, my impulse saved me; I had no time to summon judgment.

"Bethlehem, if I call you, you come!" I ordered as I ran through the door. "Jean!" I heard unsimulated anger in my voice. Jean stopped short and half turned, a boyish, khaki-clad figure silhouetted in the sunshine of the opening in the hedge. I remember that I shook my finger at her ludicrously; exactly as I had used to do, long ago, at my son Robert in exasperated moments. "Jean, you're not to go over there and be rude and insulting to that young man who wouldn't be there except he thought you had sent for him! You've got to stop this ridiculous behavior! I won't have it! Do you hear me?"

It broke her mood. At first merely a normal reassuring astonishment replaced the desperate, irrational look in her face. "Of course I hear you, Margo. You're yelling." And she laughed! This was one of the most disconcerting things about Jean—comedy and tragedy were such close kin in her nature. I don't think, at the time, that I quite knew, myself, what I was doing. I took her arm in a tight grasp and shook her. All my helpless fright of her that had gripped me during luncheon vanished entirely with my open challenge of it. "You shan't risk that baby's life again! I'll call Bethlehem and we'll tie you in the bungalow. I mean it, Jean! You shan't go up there unless you promise me you can control

Continued on Page 173

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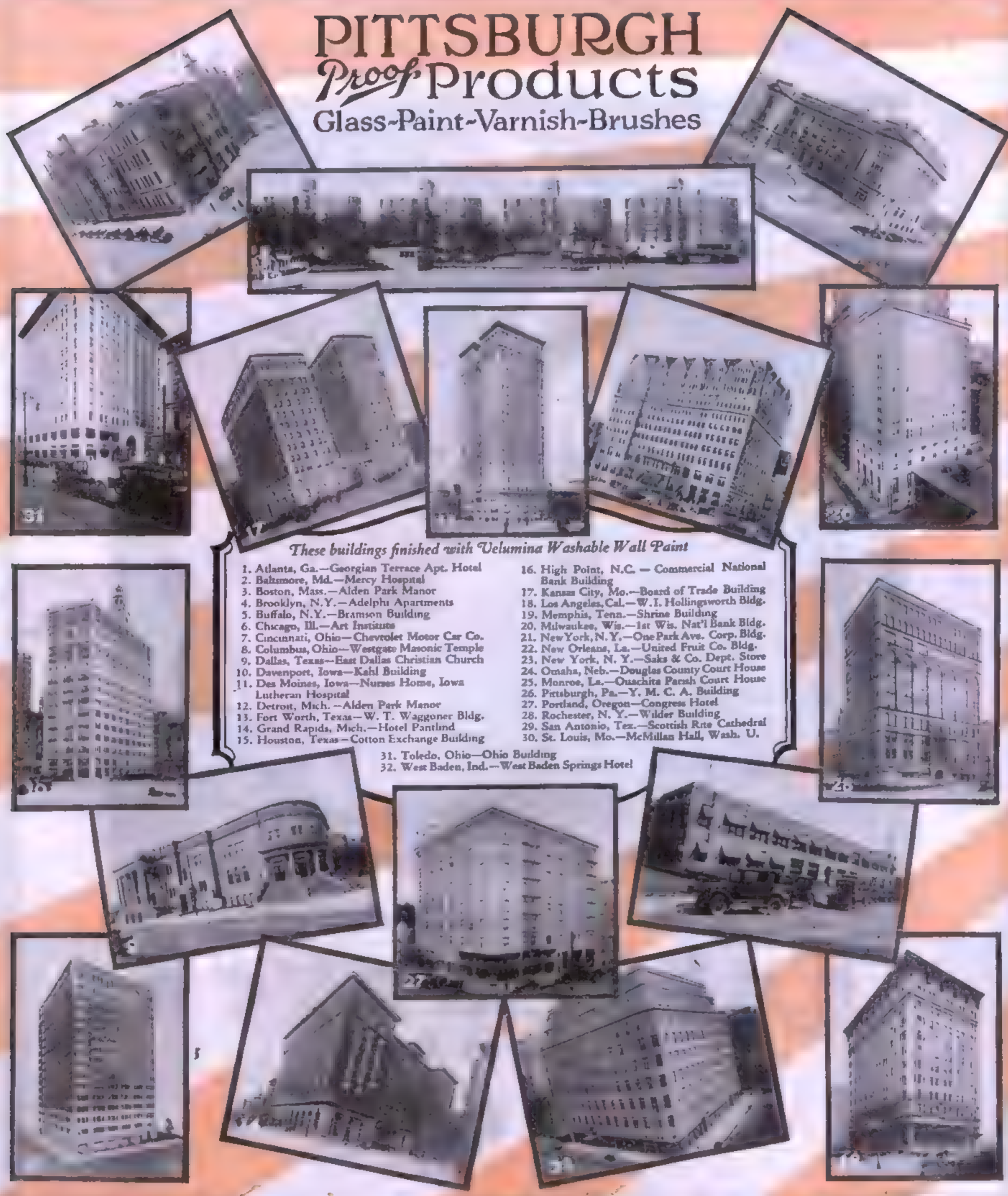

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2. Baltimore, Md.—Mercy Hospital
3. Boston, Mass.—Alden Park Manor
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12. Detroit, Mich.—Alden Park Manor
13. Fort Worth, Texas—W. T. Waggoner Bldg.
14. Grand Rapids, Mich.—Hotel Pantlind
15. Houston, Texas—Cotton Exchange Building
16. High Point, N.C. — Commercial National Bank Building
17. Kansas City, Mo.—Board of Trade Building
18. Los Angeles, Cal.—W. I. Hollingsworth Bldg.
19. Memphis, Tenn.—Shrine Building
20. Milwaukee, Wis.—1st Wis. Nat'l Bank Bldg.
21. New York, N. Y.—One Park Ave. Corp. Bldg.
22. New Orleans, La.—United Fruit Co. Bldg.
23. New York, N. Y.—Saks & Co. Dept. Store
24. Omaha, Neb.—Douglas County Court House
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26. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Y. M. C. A. Building
27. Portland, Oregon—Congress Hotel
28. Rochester, N. Y.—Wilder Building
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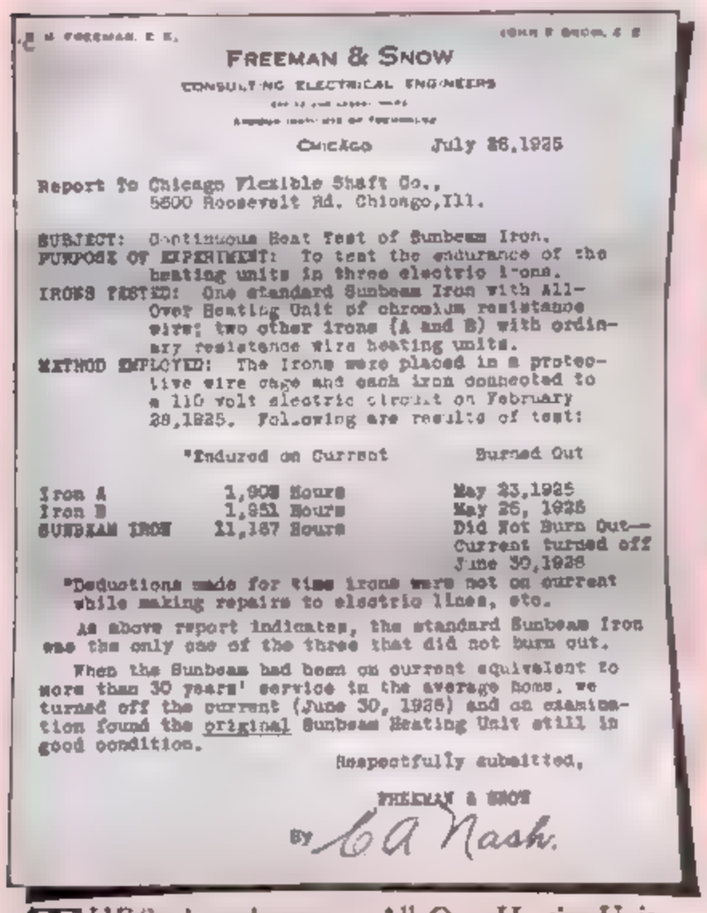
11,167 Hours on Continuous Current *Failed to Burn Out the Sunbeam*

Test by Engineers of Armour Institute of Technology Proves This Iron Good for 30 Years

Two Ordinary Heating Units Collapsed in a Few Weeks



FREEMAN & SNOW
CONSULTING ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

Chicago July 26,1925

Report to Chicago Flexible Shaft Co.,
5600 Roosevelt Rd. Chicago,Ill.

SUBJECT: Continuous Heat Test of Sunbeam Iron.
PURPOSE OF EXPERIMENT: To test the endurance of the heating units in three electric irons.
IRONS TESTED: One standard Sunbeam Iron with All-Over Heating Unit of chromium resistance wire; two other irons (A and B) with ordinary resistance wire heating units.
METHOD EMPLOYED: The Irons were placed in a protective wire cage and each iron connected to a 110 volt electric circuit on February 28,1925. Following are results of test:

	*Endured on Current	Burned Out
Iron A	1,908 Hours	May 23,1925
Iron B	1,951 Hours	May 26, 1925
SUNBEAM IRON	11,167 Hours	Did Not Burn Out—Current turned off June 30,1925

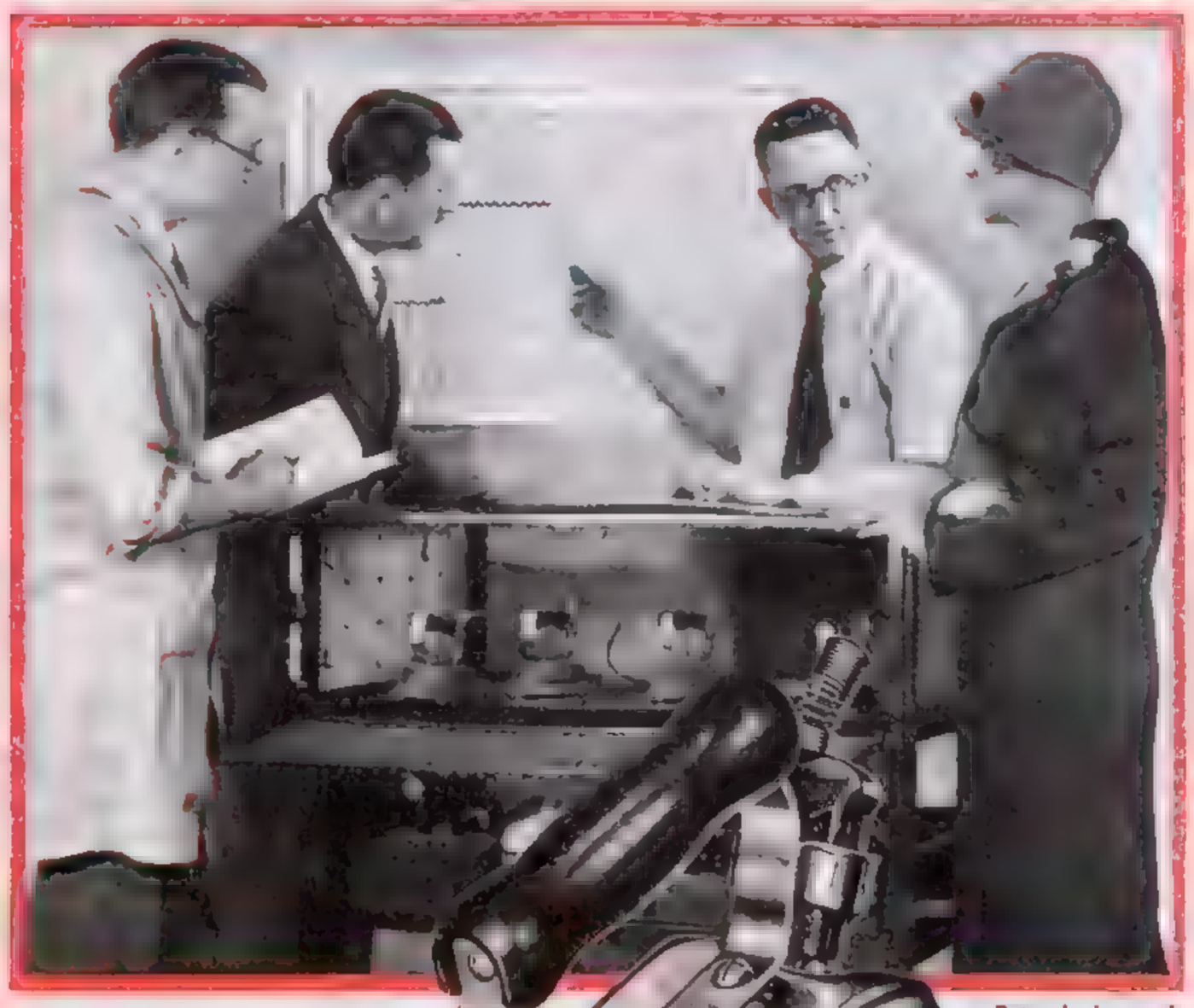
*Deductions made for time irons were not on current while making repairs to electric lines, etc.

As above report indicates, the standard Sunbeam Iron was the only one of the three that did not burn out.

When the Sunbeam had been on current equivalent to more than 30 years' service in the average home, we turned off the current (June 30, 1925) and on examination found the original Sunbeam Heating Unit still in good condition.

Respectfully submitted,

FREEMAN & SNOW
By C A Nash.



Pictured above — the apparatus used by the engineers of Armour Institute of Technology in testing the Sunbeam Iron.

THE Sunbeam's 30-year All-Over Heating Unit has now defied the severest test ever given an electric iron. Not tests we made ourselves, but tests conducted independently by electrical engineers of Armour Institute of Technology.

Two ordinary heating units stood this continuous current for less than three months. Then they were done for, forever. But the Sunbeam kept on, month after month, day and night, a year and a half. Then the engineers decided it was useless to continue, and they turned the current off.

Hence, if any one tells you, even with good intentions, that some other iron is as good as this, remember that learned engineers know otherwise. Don't commit the folly of accepting misguided advice. Insist on the iron with the 30-year tested unit. For 11,167 hours is quite as much current as an iron receives in 30 years' home use.

And bear in mind this—the Sunbeam's All-Over Heavy-Duty Unit covers the entire bottom of the iron—hence heats not only the point and center, but the EDGES, too, where the iron meets the damp cloth first.

So Sunbeam stays hot where most irons cool. That's why the Sunbeam enables a woman to sit, if she likes, and iron restfully. Its constant heat and balanced weight relieve her of arm-aching pressure. And she never need stop in the midst of her ironing to let the Sunbeam reheat.

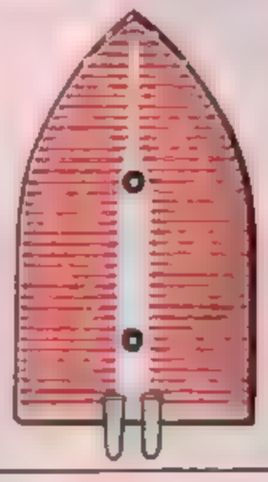
Thus she saves many hours of her time and an equal amount of electrical current. Indeed, the Sunbeam in six short months will, on the average, save its full cost.

Good dealers everywhere have the Sunbeam in stock, and many sell it on convenient terms. Write us without fail if you do not find it nearby.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
36 Years Making Quality Products
5542 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois
349 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Ordinary Heating Unit too far from the edges to KEEP *them* HOT *when they come in contact with damp cloth.*

Sunbeam All-Over Heating Unit comes to the very edges, and KEEPS *them* HOT *when iron meets damp cloth.*



Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON
IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 MORE

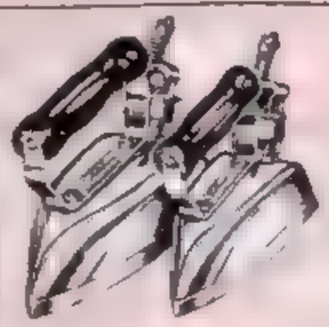
The 6 lb. Princess Complete with Stand, 6-foot Cord, etc., $4.25

Sunbeam Toaster and Table Stove with exclusive Turn-over feature

Sunbeam Toaster and Table Stove with exclusive Turn-over feature enables you to toast bread both sides without touching it, or burning your fingers. Has oven pan below for preparing light meals. Only $10.50 complete.

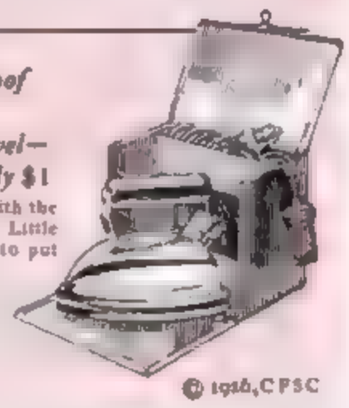
Little Sunbeam $5—the Traveler's Joy. In Art-Steel Fire-Proof Case, Only $1 more.

Illustration at the right shows relative size of Little Sunbeam and Heavy-Duty Sunbeam for home and boudoir.



Art-Steel Fire-Proof CASE *for Home or Travel— a $2.50 value at only $1*

but only in combination with the Heavy-Duty Sunbeam or Little Sunbeam. Enables you to put away your Hot Iron the moment you're through ironing. Iron, Cord and Stand thus ever protected and never in the way.



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(Continued from Page 168

yourself! You shan't go another step!" I was pulling her back. I felt stronger than Samson. She took a few unresisting steps toward me as I pulled at her, but a new expression was creeping into her intent speculative gaze.

"Margo, I'm going to ask you something, and I'll be able to tell by the way you answer if I can't trust—even you."

I braced myself for what was coming. A swift strengthening foresight told me that she had suspected our deceit, but I think I could have lied convincingly just then about anything to anybody.

"Margo, before God, had you ever seen that man before he came here?"

"Why, of course I hadn't, Jean! Now there's just no sense on earth in letting your selfish emotions drive you into this half-crazed state!"

She believed me. Oh, it was such a blessed truth that I had been able to answer!

My body went hot and cold, hot and cold. "There's no use going up there, dear," I said gently, "until you've conquered yourself."

She dropped her head on my shoulder. "Oh, Margo," she said weakly—"oh, Margo, I guess God Himself sent you to me now." But even as I put my arms about her, I could sense that doubt was again possessing her. She pushed slowly away from me. "No, I can't help it, Margo. There's something—something not usual in your feeling toward that man. I feel it, Margo. I know it!"

Again truth was miraculously available for my evasion. I told her, simply and quickly, about the day Winthrop Evans had first come, when, looking down at his black head and supple young shoulders and the vague Roman profile of his face, he had reminded me of my dead son Robert.

"He doesn't look like Robert," I said; "his features are entirely different. But it was such a strong suggestion that day that I still connect it with him."

For an instant she seemed almost revolted; I knew she was thinking of that other resemblance which made her hate him.

"Reminds you of Robert," she repeated incredulously; and then, slowly a smile of such tenderness for me came to her lips that I gave a little cry and threw my arms about her. "I will try very hard to remember that, Margo. It may help me. Surely your son must have been fine and honorable." She gently pulled free from me, flung back her head, and characteristically threw off her mood with the same gesture by which she might have shaken off a garment. "Come on, Margo. I'll be controlled. I promise you. But it's a shame to disappoint Bethlehem. I'm sure she hoped you were going to spank me, and I certainly thought you were. . . . Listen, Barbara's playing for him."

We went on quickly and quietly, but Barbara's uncanny ears caught our footsteps on the stairs. The simple little melody stilled startlingly. What an astonishing child she was! "Mother, don't come if you're still horrid," she called.

But Jean was still more astonishing. She showed neither embarrassment nor disgruntlement. She smiled, shaking her head in tender reproach at Barbara, who, twisted half about on the piano chair, studied her with pretty perplexity. The child had never looked so lovely, flushed with her excitement and triumph. Jean stopped an instant by a round table and unconsciously gave the flowers I had stiffly arranged a deft touch here and there with her unhurt hand. They looked like another bouquet. It was always so; whatever she touched took on beauty.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Evans. Don't let us interrupt the musicale. If you've enjoyed Pansy Pranks, I'm sure you'll appreciate Barbara's interpretation of Swim, Fishie, Swim." She avoided looking at him by fussing with the flowers; and I was glad she did, for he looked miserable enough to be guilty of any suspicion she might have about his reason for being there. He had stepped sharply backward, in the manner of one dodging a missile, until he was pressing hard against the protruding corner of the piano. His straight thinning hair was mussed a little and a few threads of it dropped over his sunburned high fine forehead like black crayon marks. He glanced at me frequently as if to reassure himself with the surety of my presence. He wore his usual high boots and riding breeches, with no coat; the sleeves of his white soft-collared shirt were rolled above his elbows and the long shrapnel scar on his left forearm showed jagged and red. I saw Jean's half-lifted eyes fasten on it for an instant.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mack, if I've intruded. I supposed, of course, that you had sent your man up to get me—until I got here."

"Of course," she agreed pleasantly, going to the window seat across the room, where Barbara's big dark eyes peeked at her over the back of the piano chair—"of course you would think so, after our conversation this morning." He flushed scarlet.

"I knew he could come down just as well as not, mother, if Jerusalem went and got him," Barbara opportunely explained; "and now I want him to be your friend so you can invite him lots. He says he will like to be your friend when you want him to be, and you do want him to be now, don't you, mother?"

"But, Barbara"—he spoke quickly, and his rather husky voice was exaggeratedly reproachful—"you promised me you wouldn't speak about it. I'm surprised!"

She was staring up at him, her lovely little face glowing with all the hero worship that an intense child can give. Jean glanced at her, shrinking against the wall as if with acute physical pain. I went over and sat beside her. She reached out and I took her hand tightly.

At Winthrop's reproving words, Barbara's dark head drooped with amazing penitence. "I'm sorry, Mr. Evans. I didn't mean to. I forgot—weally."

Jean seized her small advantage eagerly. "You were quite right to tell me, Barbara," she interposed in a bright hard voice. "I'm sure we wouldn't want any friends who'd teach you to deceive me. Now finish your concert, dear. Mr. Evans must soon be going."

Barbara revived with quick protest. "Oh, why can't you stay—why?"

"Because your mother doesn't want me to."

"Don't you, mother?"

"Mr. Evans says not."

"But, mother, I want you to play and sing for him—please! I told him you would. Oh, Mr. Evans, you ask her to! It's just be-au-ti-ful when she does."

There was a miserable silence, Barbara looking perplexedly from one to the other of us.

"I'm sure it is," Winthrop Evans said, actually growing a little pale, for he had been told the significance of the word "beautiful" to Jean. I felt her hand tighten like a vise. But her voice was cool and careless. "I shan't test your politeness," she said. "Barbara hasn't yet learned that you men apply the word 'beautiful' only to certain standardized arrangements of female flesh."

For the first time I felt some confidence in the man; he managed to show only the surprise that one ordinarily would at such a remark, and he replied simply, "Oh, I must disagree with you there, Mrs. Mack; I'm sure we apply that word, of all others, to whatever we most love."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE WATER CART

(Continued from Page 13)

The trains came suddenly to the end of the track and hurtled to the street below.

The driver of the water cart, shouting above the turmoil, clubbed frantically at the backing horse. Poke, aghast at the roar of sound, at the frightful crashing, by instinct seized the horse's head, then the reins, and tried to drag him forward. The horse resisted, rolled up his eyes and, jerking his head, tore the reins from Poke's hands. He heard one of those aerial trains coming, that by the sound was coming right for him. Where could he go? The train arrived, howling and shrieking like a mogul for a grade crossing. Poke felt the blast of air from the explosion, heard the sharp slap of the fragments finding a target, then stones, dirt, wood, bits of leather, wheels and portions of horse began to rain down from the sky. The shell had struck the escort wagon just ahead—a direct hit—and the wagon, its driver and orderly, with the four horses, were instantly removed from the list of the effectives of the United States Army.

The column no longer had form. The first salvo of shells had been well aimed. Far ahead, in the artillery, numbers of carriages had not turned even out of line, but still remained one behind the other, their teams stretched before them, struck down in their tracks. The horses of a few had turned off into the fields and, their drivers run away or killed, stood quietly eating grass while the shells burst around them.

Others stampeded madly. The brown tops of wagons could be seen pitching and rolling across the fields like ships in a tempest, and, like ships also, many of them tipped over, anchoring their frantic teams, that leaped and plunged and wound themselves in their harness and finally died from pure fright.

The shelling continued, and the Germans in the balloon, watching the catastrophe that they had planned, congratulated themselves that they had done a good job. A battalion of artillery and a wagon train had been destroyed forever, a machine-gun column had been dispersed so that it would take the rest of the day to reassemble it, a column of infantry had disappeared into the fields at the first sound of shellfire, and it was safe to say that no traffic would venture on that particular road for twenty-four hours. Give them, then, a few more rounds, to drive home the lesson that the German was a better soldier than the home-town papers gave him credit for.

The water cart went into the fields. The driver had dropped his reins and clung to the tank, but Poke had again secured a grip on the bridle, and he led the horse, which went fast enough now. Murphy and Nordstrom followed, hoping they were assisting by shoving on the rear platform with all their strength. There was no reason why they should follow the cart, but they were only children after all, horribly afraid, and clung instinctively to the water cart, as though it would protect them.

Poke noticed suddenly that the creaking of the cart and the sloshing of its contents seemed very loud. It was half a minute before he decided that this was because the shelling had stopped. He looked back at the road and listened as well as he could. He did not look long, nor did he listen either. The shelling had indeed stopped, but there were other sights and other sounds on that road that would come to him in his sleep as long as he lived.

"Whoa!" cried Poke. "Whoa up there! You was hard enough to make run a few minutes ago! Now, whoa, I tell yuh!" He jerked with all his might at the reins and finally the horse stopped. "Well, fellars,"

(Continued on Page 175

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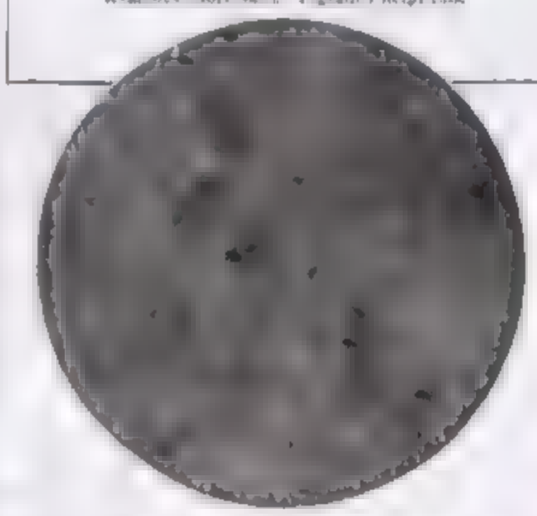

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(Continued from Page 173)

he went on, attempting to grin, "we're still alive. I got yuh outta that in good shape. I'm a veteran, yuh see, an' know what to do when these here things start."

The two men from the back of the cart came forward, but they did not seem to hear what Poke had said. Their faces were white and drawn and their eyes staring. The driver let go his death grip of the tank and stood up, examining his left arm.

"Fellars," said he in a tone of infinite satisfaction, "I think I'm hit!"

"No!" cried the others with horror.

"Yup!" said the driver. "That one that banged down on the escort wagon. I felt it sting, but I didn't have no time to look then."

"I don't see no blood," protested Poke.

"Don't make no difference. I c'n see the hole in my sleeve where it went in. Whaddyuh s'pose makes the edges o' one o' them holes all gray that way? I've noticed it before." He began to remove his blouse. "There," he cried, displaying a shirt sleeve that bore a splotch of blood about the size of a silver dollar, "what did I tell you?"

"Turn up your sleeve," urged Poke. The driver complied. There was a ragged tear in the flesh; a small one, which, when the driver squeezed it, oozed a few drops of blood.

"The bullet's in there!" said the driver emphatically. He leaped to the ground, not bothering even to pick up his blouse from the top of the tank. "You c'n have the horse an' cart," he went on. "I'm off for hospital."

"Gwan!" cried Poke. "That ain't a wound! There ain't no bullet in there! A little piece of tin off that shell just knocked the skin off! Boy, don't go to hospital with that. You'll be sorry. Hospital ain't what you think. Look at us; we deserted outta hospital an' come back to the front again to get a rest!"

Nordstrom looked around at the hot fields and at the wreckage-strewn road, where men called for first aid, and stretcher bearers were beginning to assemble. "I shouldn't wonder if we made a mistake, though," said he.

The driver laughed harshly. "They won't cut off no leg for me," he remarked, "an' I'll get three meals a day. There'll be no damn bunch o' looeys that'll draw off all my water to take a bath in an' me have to get up at three in the morning to haul another load for breakfast coffee. When a guy wants water in hospital he'll draw it out of a pipe an' not have to harness a horse an' club the horse ten kilometers to a place where someone heard of a well, but it ain't there when a guy gets there. I done that once. Then I went another ten kilos and found a well an' there was fifteen carts in line. I waited two hours, an' then when the fourteenth cart goes to fill up the well is dry." He smiled a satisfied smile. "When you birds are lyin' up there in the woods tomorrow night wonderin' which one o' them shells has got your name on it, think o' me holdin' hands with a nice nurse!"

"Yuh better stay outta hospital," said Murphy. "Don't let no nurses lure yuh to goin' there. Buck privates ain't allowed to go out with nurses. Only officers. There's an order out against it."

"I don't suppose no one ever disobeys that order!" sneered the driver.

"No," said Poke and Murphy together, "never!"

The driver laughed again. "S'long," he said, "see yuh in Hoboken." He went across the field and they could hear him calling for first aid.

"Well, that ends that," said Murphy. "Here we find a cart to follow to the outfit you're always tellin' us about an' the driver goes off an' leaves us. An' now we begin to play button-button-where's-the-outfit again."

"I move we turn right around, go right back to the railroad, right back to hospital an' turn ourselves in," said Nordstrom.

"Now, now," protested Poke, "don't get discouraged. It'll be easy to find the outfit. We can't be far from 'em now. An' when we get there you'll think you're the periodical son come home. Man, I ——"

"Aw, save it," interrupted Nordstrom, "save it. 'Come back to the front,' says you, 'an' live the life of Riley.' I don't see any Riley in tryin' to mooch hand-outs with no travel orders. An' I don't see no Riley in wanderin' around in the heat. An' that handful o' posies the Heinies tossed us ain't my idea o' the life o' Riley. I'm goin' back to the hospital."

"No, no," protested Murphy, "give the guy a chance. We know what hospital is; it ain't the life o' Riley no more than this. C'm on, now, we're gettin' a dollar an' thirty cents a day to be soldiers; let's be 'em. We don't want to go home an' say we never heard a shell go off nor never seen a boche. Let's get away from this cart before we get detailed to look after it." He started to walk briskly away, Nordstrom turned doubtfully to follow, but Poke still lingered.

"This cart," said Poke, "I think we ought to take with us."

"Huh?"

"It would give us a good drag," said Poke. "An' I'll tell yuh another thing: One guy could lead the horse an' the other two could ride. Orders out against it wouldn't bother me none."

"That's a good thought," agreed Murphy, but Nordstrom seemed unconvinced.

"We'll have to stick on the roads," said he, "an' after what I seen I don't crave it."

"We'll be done walkin' though."

"C'm on," urged Poke. "I'll lead an' you two can have first ride."

"Naw," said Nordstrom, "I'd rather walk. I don't want to be bothered with no horse an' team. He's liable to die an' you'll find him on the pay roll."

The three of them went away, however; Poke and Murphy leading the horse and Nordstrom following stolidly along. They were going through the fields, since the road was still cluttered with all sorts of débris, and none of the three had any desire to pick their way amidst the wreckage, human and animal, of the artillery column. Hence, as Poke had delicately pointed out, it would be well if all walked until they were able to get back to the road again. This they were unable to do until they arrived at the village they had seen from the hilltop. The houses had suffered, and the one street, narrow enough at best, was now impassable, filled with débris from the shattered houses, tangled beams, broken furniture, and the remains of a German-built barricade of wine barrels.

"We can't get through there," said Nordstrom, "so we might as well not try."

The other two halted and looked doubtfully at the littered street. Some infantry were in the town, and harassed corporals were going from wrecked house to wrecked house, trying to find a roof large enough to shelter eight men. The place was small, inhabited formerly by poor laborers, and the houses had no cellars, much to the disgust of the infantry.

"Hear what these doughboys are sayin'?" inquired Nordstrom. "You two let loose o' that horse's head an' listen. They're sayin' this town will be a hell of a place to stand a bombardment in."

"We ain't got to stand no bombardment in it," replied Poke. "Never get excited your first hitch. If you'll shut up a minute and let a man think, I'll dope out some way to get through here."

"I know a way," said the other; "let go o' that horse an' let's run."

Poke disdained to reply. He was remembering that the artillery column had been heading for this town when it had been fired on, and that the French cavalry had disappeared in this direction. There must, then, be a way through; but where?

"Get along with that cart!" cried a harsh voice. "Don't you know you're liable to draw fire? Get out of here!"

All three looked up. There was a man leaning out of an upper window, and though he bore no marks of rank they could tell from the cloth of his uniform and from his general attitude that he was an officer.

"We were trying to get through, sir," replied Poke, "but we don't see how we can get down the street."

"Didn't you see the road?" demanded the officer. "You blind, or what? I can see what's left of the head of that artillery column standing on it from here."

"We come up through the fields, sir," said Poke sadly. It occurred to him that the road forked outside the town.

"There ain't no other road," remarked a new voice. This speaker leaned familiarly out of a window that had neither roof above it nor wall beside it, and the casing framed his figure against the sky beyond. "Them guns was goin' into position back o' the town. You can get through. This is the worst place. Farther along the houses ain't banged so."

Blong! Another shell. A big one, too, for the smoke of its bursting resembled an elm tree, rather than the usual black fountain.

Kerblam! The ground trembled. The face in the houseless window became anxious, and turned up to the sky as if to see from whence these tokens of ill-will were coming.

"Get to hell out of here with that cart!" cried a faint voice.

"He's gone to his hole," whispered the man in the window, "but if you're here when he comes out, it's your neck!"

"Where'll we go?" cried Poke almost tearfully.

"Down the street! You can make it. Here, we'll give you a hand. Up, gang! Come outta that! Let's give these lads a hand with this cart before they get us all killed."

A number of men suddenly appeared from the far side of the roofless wall and fell upon the water cart. Two beat the horse with bed slats, while the rest shoved on the wheels. The horse was nearly thrown to his knees, but he recovered and the wagon moved on. Bump! It careened against the first pile of wreckage, but the men strained on the wheel and the cart passed over. Slosh went the water against the front of the tank, and the wagon nearly upset. A beam that lay across the road was almost impassable, but they hastily built a sort of ramp with broken stones and the wagon bumped over. A little way farther on, one wheel was abruptly raised in air, and the sudden rush of water to the side nearly upset the cart, but the men, shouting and yelling, holding up the tank with their backs as Atlas is pictured holding the world, kept it from overturning. Finally the going became easier, there was less débris and fewer beams across the road, then they glimpsed the end of the town and the broad road stretching deserted up the valley.

"By golly," began Poke, "you fellars are white men. We'd never got ——"

A sudden purr, like that of a kettle beginning to boil. It seemed to the men that their ears were right beside the stove on which the kettle bubbled and danced. They became instantly motionless, listening. More kettles, one even just beyond them, behind a three-cornered remnant of wall. A gigantic bullfrog began to croak—kechung! Pause. Kechung! The men who had helped with the cart looked up into the sky, and the other three followed their gaze. And even as they looked there was a great booming hum that drowned all other sounds. A shadow fell across the town. Then, with the speed of a darting fish, a long tapering shape shot overhead, glinting in the sun, the draft of air from its passing fanning the men's faces.

"He's flyin' low, ain't he?" gasped someone. Several discreetly took shelter under the lee of a wall. Z-z-z-z-o-o-om! The fish returned, going in the opposite direction. The kettles boiled furiously, the bullfrog croaked himself breathless, but the darting zooming fishlike shape kept coming and going, the thin black cross outlined in white on its fins plainly visible.

"Come on with the cart!" urged the man who had first come to the aid of Poke and his companions. "Shove her along!

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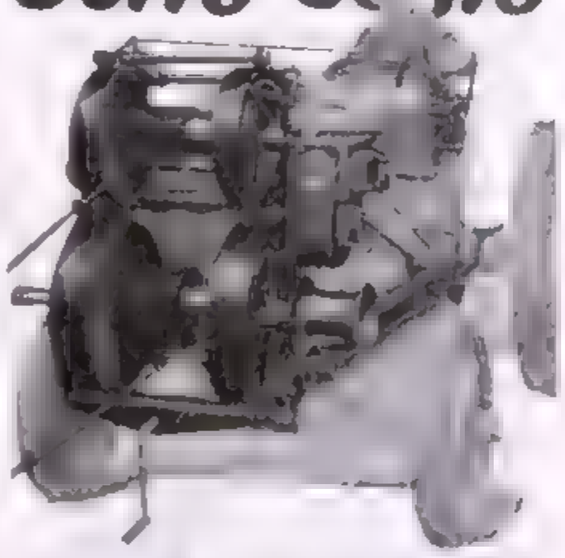

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Now wasn't I right? Fritz is gonna lay down on this town an' roll around on it!"

"Let's go," agreed one of the others. "That's the second plane been over today an' we're in for fun. If them machine guns or antiaircraft was any good they'd have him down. He ain't so high but what a good strong guy could hit him with a can o' termatters."

"An' when it starts to shower down," remarked another, "we'll be outside the town with a good alibi that we was helpin' with this water cart an' couldn't get back in."

"Let's make the horse trot," suggested the first speaker. "We'll get out faster. Bear down on him with them clubs."

The men beat with their bed slats, Poke and Murphy dragged at the bridle and the rest shoved on the cart. Behind them the machine guns still boiled and the antiaircraft cannon kechunged shrapnel into the heavens, but the plane circled and circled, marking for future use half-prepared artillery positions, a courtyard where motorcycles and horses betrayed a post of command, and the spot where a pile of planks, two gashes in the river bank and some bumpy-looking camouflaged objects indicated preparations for the building of a pontoon bridge.

"Now then," said the man who had summoned the infantry to help with the cart, "we're outta the town an' the road is straight. We can't go no farther with you. Gang, us for the wheat field."

"Hey," cried Poke, "what outfit you fellars out of?"

"H Company," called one of the men over his shoulder.

"Oh, sure," yelled Poke; "H Company from Stoneham. Hey, where's C Comp'ny?"

"Up the road in the woods," yelled someone faintly.

"Forward the light brigade!" recited Murphy, beating upon the horse with a bed slat. The horse trotted forward a few yards to the accompaniment of great sloshing from the tank, but Poke, at his bridle, suddenly dragged him to a halt.

"Gwan!" yelled the other two, Nordstrom shoving on the platform and Murphy beating with the slat. "What's the idea o' holdin' him back? Ain't he hard enough to make go anyway?"

"There's a crossroad here," cried Poke, "an' I got to think which road to take."

The other two ran up. The road, indeed, forked, two identical-appearing arms running off in different directions. At the center of the intersection was a signpost bearing the unintelligible names of unknown towns, with a ragged bullet hole through all to show that there was a war on.

"It's up there," said Poke, indicating the left-hand turn, "because the Stoneham fellar said the company was in the woods, an' there ain't no woods down the right-hand road." This was true. The right-hand road stretched straight as a string down the valley, but the left-hand one mounted to forest-clad heights.

"Gee, hang your eye on that hill we got to climb!" remarked Murphy.

"Come on," cried Poke, "hit him a couple o' cracks! Let's get away from this crossroad. Up the hill we go. Crossroads is bad stuff." They had gone two lengths up the left-hand road before Murphy cried out that Nordstrom was no longer with them.

Poke turned. Nordstrom was standing where the cart had stopped at the crossroads and was gazing behind him toward the wheat field where their late helpers had taken refuge.

"C'm on," yelled Poke. "What's the idea? Git a move on!"

"Naw," replied Nordstrom, "I'm sick o' chasin' around in the hot sun. I don't think you know where you're at. You think I'm goin' to break my back pushin' that cart up the hill? Well, I ain't. I'm goin' to go back an' stay with them Stoneham fellars. They won't let a guy starve to death. I got an aunt lives over there, in Woburn. It's right the next town almost. Gwan, I'm off you for life anyway."

He started to trot back to the town, but before he had taken many steps, and while the others still took breath to call to him again, Nordstrom suddenly halted, and, turning, affected an intense interest in the sky. The German plane had gone gliding away down the valley, still followed by machine gun and shrapnel. In the other direction burned the fires where the enemy destroyed his supplies, but Nordstrom had eyes for none of these. His face was turned to the heavens, but his eyes remained fixed on the entrance to the town.

A rough-appearing, vulgar-looking man had risen from a hole in the ground there. This unpleasant person bore a band on his sleeve bearing the letters in red on a black field – M. P. He was armed with a bayoneted rifle. In the hole Nordstrom could see two more helmets, undoubtedly worn by persons similar to the one that had emerged. The hole was a post of the military police, there to direct traffic, perhaps, or to arrest all persons wending their way to the rear without written authority therefor, or perhaps waiting to take over the duty of guiding back prisoners to the pens. The M. P. with the rifle might have no malicious intentions, the thought of asking Nordstrom for a pass might be furthest from his mind, but there was no use in taking chances. Nordstrom turned and ran back to the water cart. Its two guardians were already moving away at the horse's best speed, Poke pulling and Murphy clubbing. They, too, had seen the M. P. and had decided to move on without taking a second look.

"Gimme that slat," said Poke, as Nordstrom panted up. "I'm goin' to get on an' drive. You kinda shove, will you? We'll get up the hill quicker if we do that."

"Come on now," agreed Nordstrom. "Murph, let's you an' me put some beef into the end o' this cart an' let's get outta sight as quick's we can."

Poke looked around open-mouthed, but the distant M. P. still regarded them with interest. He thereupon climbed to the seat, took the slat, and thumped the horse with it.

"Git up there'" yelled Poke. "Come on, thousand dollars, giddap! Shove away, gang!"

They shoved and the horse leaned into the traces. The hill was long, the road dusty, and the heat, as the afternoon advanced, increased in intensity. The horse pulled manfully, but not fast enough to please Poke, who beat lustily and jerked on the reins.

"Garn! Git up there!" he cried. The road became steeper and the horse lagged. The cart rocked up and down like a boat, the water rushing from front to back, sloshing and banging. The horse lagged more and more, and finally halted, nor could a hurricane of blows with the bed slat move him.

"Well, catch your breath," said Poke. "Get your wind back an' we'll go again." The cart began to roll backward an inch at a time, but rolling just the same, and gradually drawing the horse after it.

"Hey," cried Poke, "put a rock under the wheels!" He heard muttered exclamations, the thud of a stone, and the cart became stationary.

"See any signs o' this outfit o' yours?" demanded Nordstorm, leaning his elbows on the tank.

"You don't mean to say you an' Murphy are ridin'?" cried Poke. If Nordstrom could so lean, he must be standing on the little platform in rear.

"Why, sure," the other replied. "Wasn't that the idea? You said to take this cart an' we could ride on it. Well, we thought it was about time to get on an' ride. You got on to drive an' there was no reason why you should ride an' us walk. You ain't no better'n anyone else."

"Is that so?" yelled Poke. "Well, you wait till you get to the outfit an' you'll see what the difference is between a damned john recruit an' an old ——" The horse went down suddenly, with a crash of harness. Thump! He lay there on the shafts without moving a muscle, dead. The three men went from cart to ditch like divers from a springboard into a pool. They were sure that the unseen blow that had stricken that horse had been meant for them.

Five minutes, ten even, they lay in the ditch, then Poke raised his head and looked cautiously around. There was nothing to see but the cart, the dead horse, empty fields and distant woods quivering with the heat waves that rose between.

"Horse dead?" asked a voice. The three turned. A man stood above them on the bank. This man was a warrior, a sergeant of infantry by the uniform. He wore a sort of armor made of a vest, the innumerable pockets of which were filled with rifle clips, and which had a short skirt that contained grenades. There was a pistol in his belt and a rifle with the inevitable bayonet was slung over his shoulder.

"Yes," said the three together, "a sniper just shot him."

"Sniper, hell!" scoffed the sergeant. "They ain't that near. The boche are a mile or so away. That horse dropped dead. They get a habit o' doin' that. Old age, or overwork, or just plain cussedness. What outfit you lads out of?"

"We're huntin' for C Company," said Poke.

"It's down the road," said the sergeant. "They're holdin' the front line right now. I'm outta B. We're in support. When did yuh leave 'em?"

"We ain't never left 'em," said Nordstrom. "This egg here lured us to come up and join 'em. He said life at the front would make Riley jealous."

"I left 'em on the Chemin des Dames," explained Poke. "I got hit. These two fellars are friends o' mine I brought back with me. They want to join a real outfit." He laughed a forced laugh in which the sergeant did not join.

"You got your orders?" asked the sergeant.

"Well, not exactly," began Poke, "but Cap'n Rutledge is one o' my best friends and I know all the other fellars. Why, they used to say in Framin'ham that they couldn't run the company without me. I don't need any orders, no more'n I do to go to my own home."

"There's a man named Somers in command o' C Company," said the sergeant; "and I ain't kiddin', he's a horse. If you go sailin' into his outfit without orders, you'll be as welcome as a couple o' Y. M. C. A.'s at a keg party."

"There, you was the guy," protested Murphy to Poke, "that had the big drag. Everyone in the outfit was his cousin, he tells us. An' now he ain't been able to find a single man in it he knows."

"Well, they musta had a lotta casualties," said Poke faintly. "They're shock troops, you know. They never go but where the fightin' is the hottest."

"Why didn't you tell us that in hospital?" demanded Murphy.

"Well, we won't go any farther," said Nordstrom; "we'll just turn around and beat it outta here."

"Can't do it," put in the sergeant; "there's M. P.'s at the foot o' the hill. If they catch yuh, it's a stone wall. Desertion in the face o' the enemy!"

The three men in the ditch groaned aloud.

"Why don't yuh take 'em up the water cart?" inquired the sergeant. "That'll give yuh some kind of an excuse."

"Yeh, but the horse is dead," replied Poke.

"Well, it ain't far from here an' downhill most o' the way. Why don't yuh drag it by hand?"

The three men in the ditch groaned again.

A mile and a half farther on was a field of wheat, and in this wheat lay C Company. They had been there since dawn, without food, without water, under the blazing sun. Before them was a ridge, and when it became dark enough they were going to

(Continued on Page 181)

1,000 steps a day

saved for you with a HOOSIER

HAVE you ever *watched yourself* get a meal? Is this the way you do it?

Always on the move—from pantry to table, from table to cupboard, from cupboard to pantry. Here, there, everywhere at once! Always *getting ready* to cook!

Or do you go into the kitchen, take your place, and *start right at your cooking job?* No running around, no darting here and there for a forgotten pan or ingredient!

What makes the difference in these pictures? Just one thing. One all-inclusive piece of equipment—a Hoosier working center!

Only in a kitchen that has a working center, can you get ease and system into your work. Do you know what a working center saves in steps and time?

A careful test made not long ago showed that a real working center in your kitchen saves you at least 1,000 steps a day in the preparation of three ordinary meals!

1,000 steps and 40% of your time! Saved with a kitchen cabinet—*a Hoosier!*

Steps that you might take in a lovely garden, through interesting streets and stores! Time that you might have for play, for reading, for other work you want to do!

Unless you have a Hoosier in your kitchen, you perhaps don't realize how much extra you are doing. Only your tired feet and aching muscles tell you at the end of a busy day.

The Hoosier working center, you know, was designed by domestic science experts. They knew the needs of the woman in the kitchen.

They knew that while a pantry has its storage value, a pantry alone is not enough. That while a built-in cupboard is of use for storage, it can never serve as a working center. And that shelves and tables can't save work.

So they planned the Hoosier to give the *combination* service every kitchen needs. To give in one concentrated center, storage space, working space and the things you need to work with!

But easier work is only half the Hoosier story! A Hoosier means *pleasanter* work. Work that loses its drudgery because it is done in a neat, orderly, attractive kitchen.

Hoosier Cabinets bring fresh beauty to the work room—beauty of color, design, line. The two-tone grey enamel, white enamel and silver oak—all are lovely and so restful to the eye!

Home Builders:

If you are planning to build a new home or to remodel your old one, ask your architect or builder about installing a Hoosier Cabinet and Units as a permanent part of your kitchen equipment. Building experts advise it as superior to any you can plan and build—and the cost is less! You can have it installed unfinished and finish it to match your own kitchen color scheme.

Mail coupon for booklet

The Hoosier Manufacturing Co., 926 Sydney Street, Newcastle, Indiana
British Address: Louis Matthews, Hoosier Store, 3/5 Preston St., Liverpool
Please send me, free, your new booklet, "Fewer Steps in Your Kitchen."

Name

Street

City *State*

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New low prices

Don't think a Hoosier kitchen "costs too much." Hoosier prices are now on an unprecedented low scale, because of quantity production. You can choose a model for as little as $37.25, plus freight. And you can have it put in your kitchen for just a small down payment and manage the balance to suit your own convenience. See all the new models at the Hoosier store near you.

Select the

Peaslee-

COLOR

When you see the Pee Gee Label you needn't concern yourself about the quality

IT'S enough of a task to select the color or colors which will harmonize without trying to determine if the quality of the paint, varnish, stain or enamel is what it should be. There is no way of knowing before using if paint is right except to take somebody's word for it, or subject it to laboratory tests and nobody wants to do that.

After paint has been applied you can tell if it has these necessary quality characteristics: covering capacity, color permanency, durability, protecting and preserving elements, and beauty. But this may prove a costly experiment and it really is uncalled for.

More than half a century of paint-making has taught us how to make good paint and no matter how much you pay you can't buy anything better.

The Pee Gee dealer—a responsible merchant—will give you his assurance too; he knows the Pee Gee line and the responsibility of those producing it.

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"Save the surface and you save all" Robt. Mackay

PEE GEE FLATKOATT
For walls and ceilings. The vogue of painted walls with rich mottled or stippled effects makes this long-life flat wall paint most desirable

PEE GEE FLOOR VARNISH
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PEE GEE MASTIC PAINT
For home exteriors. Retains its luster long after inferior paints have gone dead. Economical because of its great covering capacity and unusual durability.

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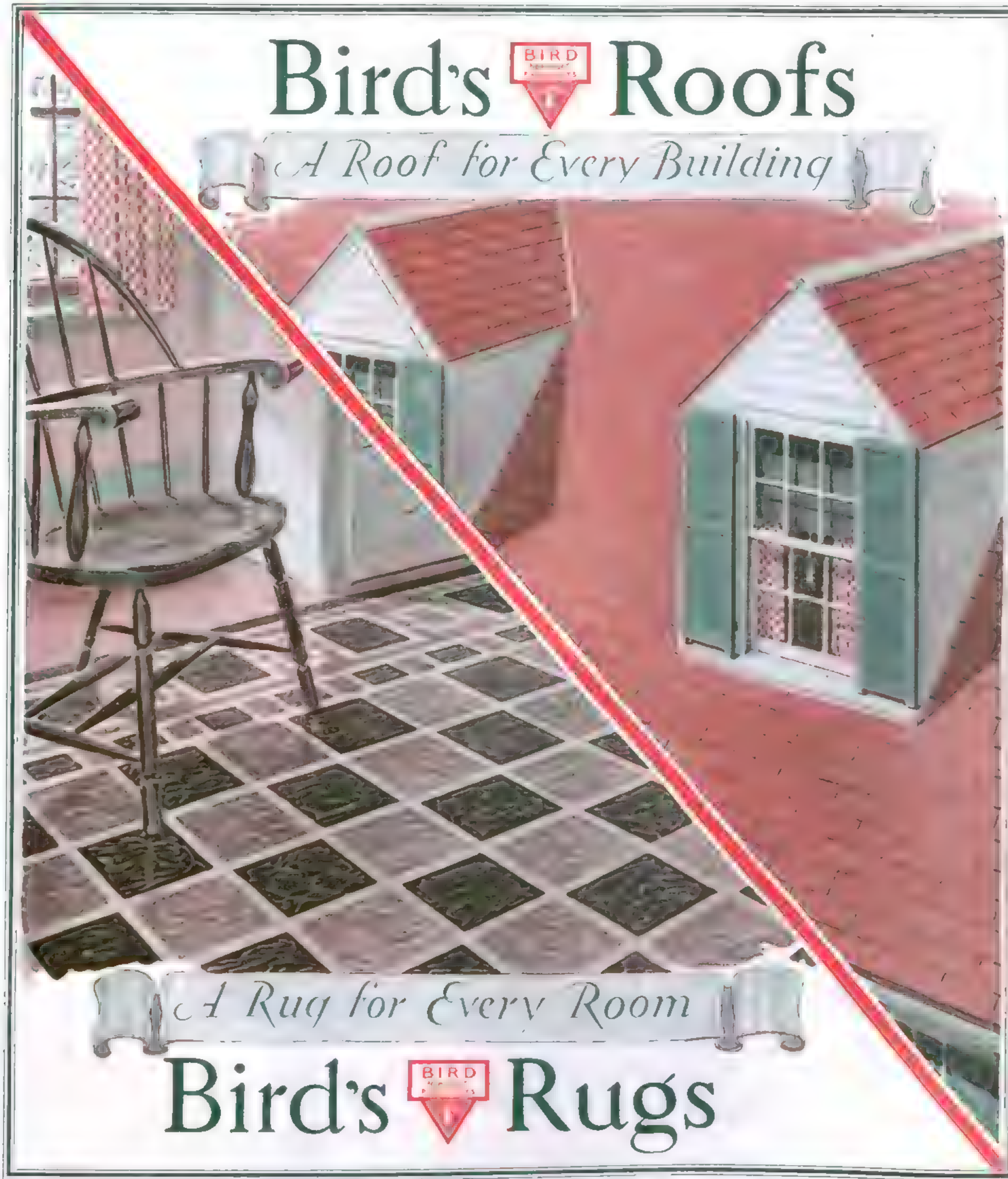

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CHICAGO • NEW YORK ⇒ *Warehouses in principal cities*

BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 176)

attack this ridge. An attempt to do it by daylight had failed badly; for the field and the road and all that section of country were under direct observation by the German artillery that was on a second ridge beyond the first. The road to this wheat field was not downhill, as the sergeant had said, but uphill all the way from the river; steep and hard, baking in the sun. Two officers lay in the corner of the field, just off the road, searching with their glasses for signs of enemy gun emplacements on the ridge.

"Well, I'm damned!" suddenly cried the lieutenant. "Look at what's coming up the hill."

The captain swung about and the two men focused their glasses on the strange object.

"It's three men," exclaimed the captain, "and they're shoving a water cart up that hill by hand!" He licked his dry lips with a sandpapery tongue, and his throat tightened at the thought of water. In the long hours since morning that the company had spent in that blazing field the last drop of water had long ago been drained from the last canteen, and tongues were beginning to swell from thirst.

"Who are they?" asked the lieutenant. "I can't make out."

"I can't either," said the captain. "Whoever they are, they're brave men. They've taken that ridge for us already. I'll make 'em sergeants, and I'll recommend 'em for the Cross too. You know that road is in plain view of the boche guns for every foot of the last half mile? It's a miracle they weren't killed long ago."

"They aren't here yet," muttered the other officer.

"True," agreed the captain. "Crawl back and pass the word to have every squad send one man with the canteens out to me. Have your platoon ready to rush out and drag in the cart in case fire is opened and the men are hit. Shoving it by hand all the way up that hill! That took guts!"

The captain, alone, watched the slow approach of the cart. It dragged forward by inches, one man in front holding up the shafts and the other two pushing from behind. The men's voices were audible now. Slowly—oh, so slowly—the cart came nearer, and the captain held his breath while he watched. The shadow of death was on those men; the captain dared not call to them, dared not make the slightest sign. Hadn't four of his runners been killed trying to get down that very road that morning? Nearer, nearer, came the cart. The officer could hear the men panting, hear them groan.

"Come on, fellars," the captain heard the man at the shafts say, "just a little more, just a couple o' more shoves, an' we'll be up at the top o' the hill an' can let her roll down the other side. Then we'll be at the outfit. It's hot, but maybe they'll have some cold beer laid away in some bubblin' spring. That's what we always had when I was with 'em before."

The men who pushed cursed horribly. The cart came nearer, and as it reached the place where the captain lay in the wheat he called softly:

"Here we are! You men! That's my water cart! Bring it in here. Get into the wheat, for God's sake!"

"Here's the outfit!" cried Poke. "Here we are! Man—I mean cap'n—we're sure glad to see you!"

"Never mind that," said the captain. "Roll that cart off that road before the boche make a sprinkler out of it. You men have saved all our lives. We were dying of thirst in this heat. Come in here!"

The three swung the cart; a heave, and it was in the wheat. The captain led them downhill a way, where there was a depression, and in its shelter he halted. "We're safe in here," he continued, turning, "although if a plane sees those cart tracks in the wheat we'll have trouble. Who are you, and how did you get hold of my cart?"

"My name is Poke Magnus, sir. I left the outfit on the Chemin des Dames. These here fellars are friends ——"

"Chemin des Dames?" repeated the captain. "We never were on the Chemin des Dames. This is our first time on the front!"

"Ain't this C Company o' the 77th?"

"No, it's C of the 301st."

"But you said it was your water cart!" protested Poke almost tearfully. "An' it says 77th on the side of it!"

"Oh, sure," agreed the captain. "We relieved the 77th day before yesterday and took over their rolling material. They went out to rest billets."

The other two men looked murderously at Poke, and started to speak their opinion of him through gritted teeth.

"Never mind, though," went on the captain, "you've earned a right to shelter and a rousing welcome from this outfit if anyone ever did. We'll get you some rifles and you can go over with us at dusk to take the ridge."

There was a sound of men crawling and a gentle clinking. "Here come the men with their canteens. We've been twenty-four hours without water and I wanted this cart more than anything else in the world. I sent five runners back for it and only one of them got back alive."

A man with a handful of canteens suddenly emerged and dashed to the back of the cart. He turned the faucet there, holding a canteen beneath. Pause. Another man appeared with more canteens.

"Hold up the shafts, Pete," said the man at the faucet, "an' make the water run out."

The newcomer raised the shafts, elevated them above his head even. A single drop formed on the edge of the faucet, wandered slowly around, and then fell.

"The water!" croaked the captain. "Where's the water?"

Poke looked around helplessly. Nordstrom and Murphy had disappeared, but the way was closed for Poke by many dusty-faced, red-eyed doughboys, their hands full of canteens that clinked emptily.

"The water," gasped Poke, "ah, the water! We let the water out so's we could shove the cart easier."

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 27)

least different in their actual make-up, or heredity. It is a crystal-clear illustration of the natural law which, intelligently applied by man, with a definite purpose in his mind, would eventuate in new forms—in what I call new creations.

The poppy is an example of the variations caused by varying climatic, moisture and soil conditions, and by altitude; there are other variations in plants that are due to environmental conditions which modify the plant or its structure or its habits to fit it to receive help from friendly surroundings and to ward off injury from unfriendly ones. Forget everything, for example, but the leaves of plants and trees. Notice those in your garden or a park or along the streets, or in the country. No two just alike. So different in shape and form and thickness and texture and length and position on the tree or the plant or the twig or the stalk as hardly to be the same sort of thing. Why?

Always there is a cause; if not in the present history of the plant, then sometime in its past history. Nothing about a plant or an animal or a human being exists by chance. Nature may select by chance or she may develop an unexpected and apparently accidental characteristic, but if you look far enough you will usually find that everything about a plant or an animal is the result of the working of some clear law. And so there is a cause for the leaf—its shape and form and texture—and I know of nothing more interesting than to speculate on that cause and to determine it if you can.

The needlelike leaf of the pine, for example, is the result of the need the pine had for sunshine bathing it, in the comparatively short season that it lives in the sun, and of the need the tree had to shed the great loads of snow that fell on it in wintertime. If it had had a leaf like the banana palm, how long would the pine have lasted under a two-foot fall of snow? Also it is a tough leaf—take two or three green needles in your hand and twist and pull them and you will see they will stand pretty rough usage. Well, there is the leaf to bear up under driving wind and pelting rain and heavy snow and cold, and even the intense midsummer heat of the mountain home of the pine.

The banana leaf is exactly opposite—broad, tender, casting a great shade, catching whatever moisture there is for it to catch, and never having to bear up against wind or snow. Go on to the desert and there examine the leaves of the native growth. You could not expect to find a thin delicate leaf on any desert that had been desert long, because of the sandstorms, the terrific heat, and the lack of moisture. So you find tough pachydermic skin, like that of the elephant, or else covered with fine hairs, or some substance to protect it. What we call the ice plant, which grows along the coasts, has a tough skin on its leaves, and it grows low and sprawling because of the wind and the sharp sand blown against it by the wind. There is not a single plant or tree that does not have an absorbing story in its leaf structure, if you will take the pains to study it.

Now here is something to learn from Nature. We scientists have names and phrases for such matters that appear difficult and tiresome, but they are not if you know what it is all about. There is a very interesting theory, supported by some of the facts before us and apparently denied by others, that is called the theory of use and disuse. That theory holds that when need creates a certain kind of leaf, for instance, in a plant, that certain kind of leaf persists as long as the need for it exists—that is, as long as it is used; it goes on to the corollary proposition that, if the need ceases to exist and that certain kind of leaf is no longer used, it will eventually cease to exist and the plant will have another kind of leaf.

This theory of use and disuse leads us to another theory of biologists; namely, that need can create a function in an animal or a plant, and that function can and does create an organ to take care of it. As an illustration we may take the time when certain sea animals came out to live on the land, as they did centuries and centuries ago. In the sea they need gills to breathe through and fins to swim with. On land they breathed without gills; they swam no longer, but instead they walked and needed legs and feet, and their fins were useless to them. The need of legs, these theorists maintain, was apparent before the actual legs were; the need created the function of walking; the function of walking brought about the structure with which to walk—that is, the legs. You will find scientists who deny this theory, but my work demonstrated its truth to me beyond any questioning or doubt.

You can put it down as a very good rule: The structural always follows the functional. In other words, the necessity of a thing is exhibited as functional and afterward the structure arises. Structure—the shape of the pine leaf, for instance—is built up by function—the need to shed snow, in the pine leaf, and to stand wind, let us say—and the function or power to shed snow is upheld by structure—that is, the

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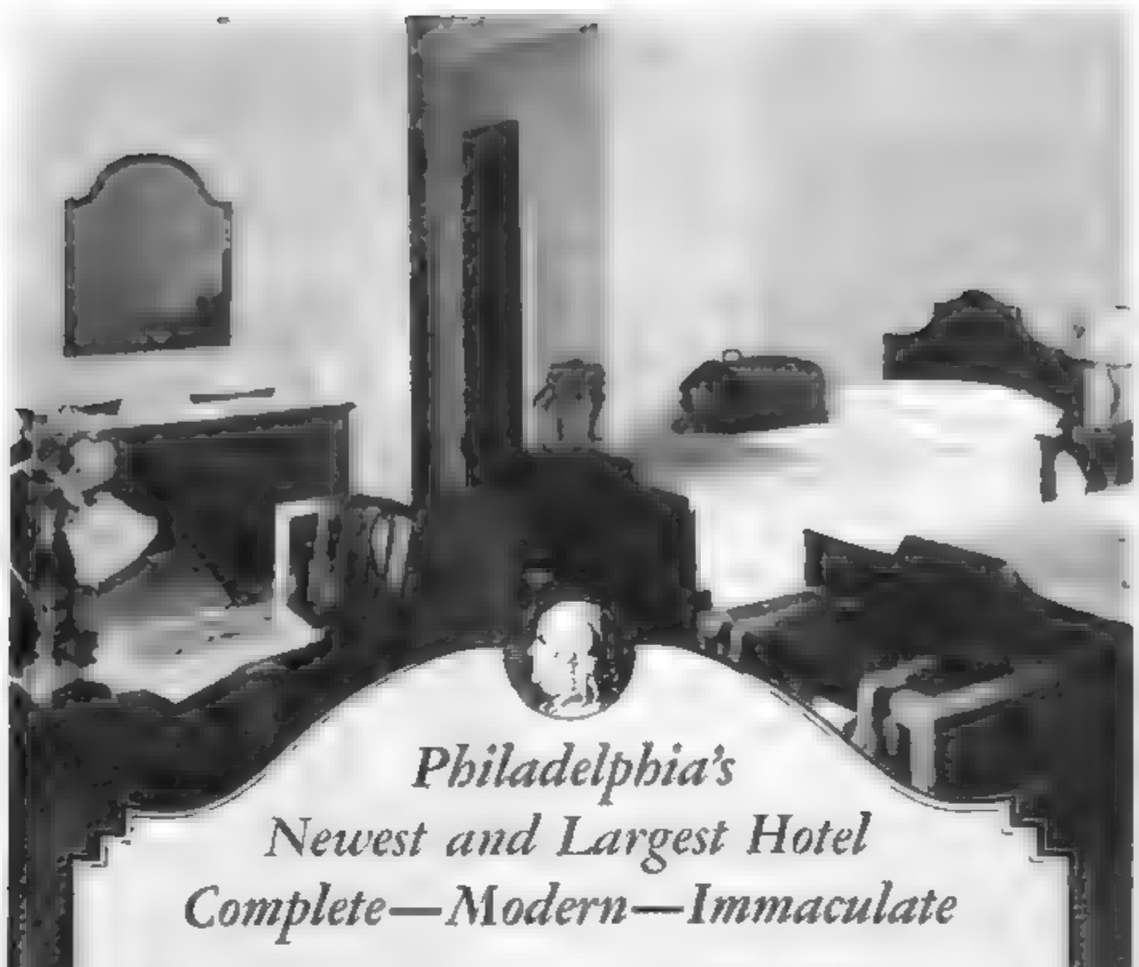

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long needle-shaped pine leaf. In plants most all their functions are taken care of by temporary structures; if the need of the structure disappears the structure disappears too It is like the staging or scaffolding on a building: it is absolutely essential to the process of erection, but once the building is standing firmly the scaffolding comes down and can be used in the interior of the building somewhere, perhaps. Often, as a matter of fact, the plant actually does use its staging for some other purpose, and always the strength that went into the staging goes later into the plant.

Let us take an example of this need bringing about a function and function bringing about a structure or organ or ability to meet the necessities of the case. Here is a man. He is a fighter, a warrior, pugnacious, because he once lived in tribes and had to fight for food and for a wife and for his chance—had to fight for elbowroom even. He lived that way for centuries. Civilization came, we invented policemen to guard us against thieves; we trained dogs to protect us against tramps; we instituted laws to protect us against greedy or turbulent or dishonest neighbors; and we built up armies and navies to prevent other tribes from coming in and enslaving us.

The fighting spirit in man became almost unnecessary, so that most of us now live peaceably and quietly, and we don't go out and knock a man down to take his beef away from him, or his wheat or his wool; we go into a store and pay him for those things. The strength and nervous force and skill required for fighting in the ages gone are now directed to other needs we have; and we build ships and skyscrapers; we write books and poems; we invent aeroplanes and discover vitamines—and breed plants.

Making Seed Saps the Plant

Here is a plant—the horse-radish. Originally it put a lot of its strength into seed—and do not forget that the growing of seed takes a tremendous amount of sap and food and vital energy from every plant—but people more and more raised it from tubers, so that finally the horse-radish practically ceased to produce seed. That is true also of the potato; it is only once in a long time that you find a potato seed ball. There are plenty of examples, too, among plants that were originally climbers. They had to climb up to get sun or air or rain, but after a while they grew strong, were able to take care of themselves, and they lost the habit of climbing, and eventually lost the ability to climb.

You see, when you force a plant, or when Nature or necessity forces a plant, to do something that is unusual or difficult for it to do, it will do it if it can, but the effort costs it too much. It takes more vital force for a woman to run to catch a train than she can afford to spend; after a while, perhaps, she decides she will take a later train—or else she starts early so she will make connections without running herself half to death. The plant finds it takes too much strength to adjust itself to an unfriendly environment with just the old equipment it started with; equipment that it had in an earlier and more friendly environment. There is the need; then there is the function; then, after a time, the plant builds up a structure to perform that function and take care of that need automatically. There is the same thing again that I have spoken of so often in my work repetition, repetition, repetition of need eventually gives the plant a new machinery for taking care of the need, and the new machinery becomes a part of the regular equipment of the plant's factory, and that improved equipment becomes a part of the plant's heredity.

Stored Environment

Precisely the same thing occurs in humans. A great many teachers and parents use repetition, repetition, repetition in training children; though they may not know it, they are fixing in those children something that, if it goes on for enough generations, will become a part of the child and will be passed on by that child to its children. It is not necessarily the words that fix themselves on the minds of children so much as circumstances and incidents and experience that fix impressions on the mind. Repetition makes those impressions stronger and stronger; the human mind reacts to these impressions with a new function or power to take care of the new impressions or needs or desires; the new function or power builds up a structure, perhaps, in the brain, so that finally the structure takes care of the need automatically and the structure saves so much by this special adaptability to a special use that it becomes transmissible. That is where our heredities come from—from experiences and needs and desires and habits long and long known to us and long and long met with our best efforts. Heredity is nothing but stored environment—the sum of all our past environments. I have said that before; I cannot say it too often.

There was another of the great lessons I learned in Nature's school. When I went to work with a plant I first considered its heredity. I knew that it was used to a certain climate, a certain cultural method, a certain soil, and that it was in the habit of

(Continued on Page 185

Giant Shasta Daisies, Showing the Enormous Blooming Power Gained by Selection Through Many Generations

"Wait till your father sees those shoes!"

(For which conference we offer Father a little preliminary information)

"*We want to regard the interests of our customers as carefully as we regard our own. We don't want to make a big profit at the expense of the consumer. We are sincere in wanting to give more leather and better shoes for less money. We take good care of ourselves only when we take good care of our customers.*"
—GEORGE F. JOHNSON, President, Endicott-Johnson Corp., to his Workers.

LIKE most businesses, the business of being a normal boy, or girl, has its excessive costs in some department or other. And it takes Mother to discover them! Usually she finds that it is costing entirely too much for the children's shoes. So Father is called into consultation. . . . What does he suggest? These facts may help him:

Endicott-Johnson specialize in putting *wear* in foot*wear*. We say to our Workers: "Consider the natural carelessness of children; their untiring energy; the constant battering their shoes get. Design shoes to fit those conditions. Find out where children's shoes wear out quickest, then strengthen them at those points. Make shoes that give *the longest possible wear per dollar*. That's what parents want. Then add style and finish."

Such are Endicott-Johnson shoes. . . . Shoes based on actual wearing tests, on rugged boys and girls. Shoes made of leather specially tanned to withstand grinding and scuffing; leather produced at a big saving because tanned in our own huge tanneries.

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Better shoes for less money

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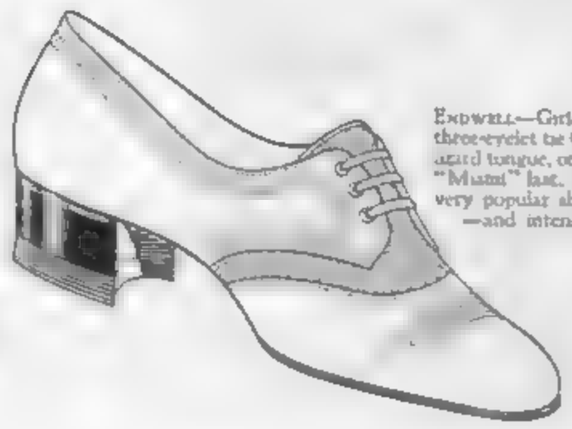
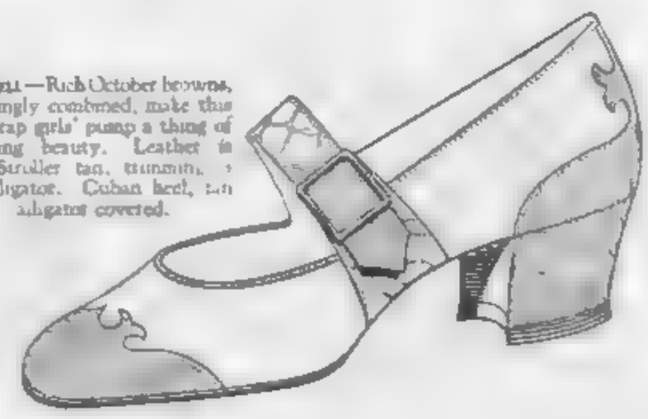
GEO. F. JOHNSON—Boys' snappy Blucher Oxford. Goldenrod tan leather uppers, sturdy oak soles, collegiate Scraps last. Fine [illegible] grove, especially around the ankles—and wears like iron



ENDWELL—Girls' golden leather three-eyelet tie Oxford, with tan stitched tongue, on the slenderizing "Miami" last. A beautiful and very popular shoe for fall wear—and intensely practical.



ENDWELL—Rich October browns, stunningly combined, make this one-strap girls' pump a thing of enduring beauty. Leather is new Stroller tan, trimmed with tan alligator. Cuban heel, tan alligator covered.

Now you can have a delicious hot breakfast (of oats) *thoroughly* cooked in *exactly* 3 minutes.

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To meet the requirements of modern American life, it is universally agreed that a hot, cereal breakfast is supremely important. * * * Food that nourishes and sustains is essential to the development of husky youngsters, vigorous men and healthy women.

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Of all grains grown, oats are the richest in food value. Vitamines and minerals balanced by tissue-building protein make them a storehouse of energy and vitality. But their preparation for breakfast formerly consumed too much time and trouble for the busy housewife to serve them often.

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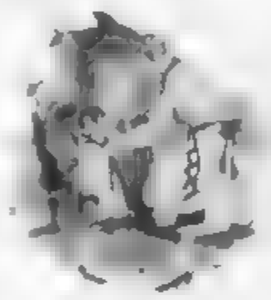
All the benefits of this body-building, health-giving food can now be enjoyed without drudgery or loss of time. In fact, a delicious, steaming dish of 3 Minute Oat Flakes is the quickest hot breakfast you can prepare.

Only 3 minutes on *your* stove because *Fireless Cooked—At The Mill—For 12 Hours*

The secret of having oat flakes *thoroughly* cooked in exactly 3 minutes is contained in our new and exclusive way of processing 3 Minute Oat Flakes—a distinctly different method of selection, grading and treatment. The oats, still in their jackets, are *Fireless Cooked—At The Mill—For 12 Hours* (in their own moisture only). Then, when dried and hulled, the flakes are tender and entirely free from that flouriness that cooks into a paste. It is this pre-cooking at the mill that enables these oat flakes to be made into a *thoroughly cooked* porridge by boiling for only 3 minutes on your stove.



New Nutlike Flavor

A steaming dish of 3 Minute Oat Flakes tastes entirely different from any other oats you have ever eaten. Just as peaches, preserved with the stones in them have a flavor unequaled by the finest stoned peaches—so these oats, fireless-cooked at the mill in their own moisture and with their jackets on, possess a richness not found in any other oat cereal. The new flavor is a toasted, nutlike deliciousness. Even children, whose choice is unerring and taste uncompromising, notice the difference and prefer it.

Greater Digestibility

To get the full value of the nourishment in oat flakes, the cereal must be thoroughly cooked. By means of our exclusive process used in treatment of 3 Minute Oat Flakes only, the grain is rendered more digestible than ever before. Our method of fireless cooking breaks down the starch cells (dextrinizes the starches). 3 Minute Oat Flakes is a wholesome, body-building food for children—a balanced diet even for infants.

Advertised Consistently

Half pages in Good Housekeeping, The Ladies' Home Journal and the leading farm periodicals explain, month after month, the superior quality and greater desirability of 3 Minute Oat Flakes. These advertisements carry to housewives a message of greater ease in preparing a breakfast answering all the needs of their family—nourishing, delicious, digestible.

Makes Kids Husky

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Except in Far West and Canada

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If he cannot supply you send us his name and 50 cents, for which we will send you postpaid:
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Department 10-A, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
For enclosed 50 cents please send me:
2 packages of 3 Minute Oat Flakes
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1 package of 3 Minute Bran and Wheat Flakes
Grocer's Name . . .
(this must be given)
Grocer's Address . . . .
Name . .
Address . .

(Continued from Page 182)

delivering a certain sort of crop for value received. I learned how strong heredity is in all life, and that you could not hope to overcome an old heredity with new influences in a short time, unless by a short-cut method that would take advantage of that old heredity rather than attempt to turn it suddenly into a new channel.

I had to be sure of my groundwork—the plant's heredity—before I could make a start in improving it or experimenting with it. In the first place, heredity governs more strictly as regards the climate than as regards any other thing in a plant or tree.

Lots of time has been wasted trying to make cold-country plants adapt themselves to hot countries, and plants from the tropics thrive in a temperate or colder zone. There is one possible way to overcome this hereditary obstinance, and that is to take a plant from a hot country, find a cousin of the plant that grows in a cold country, and cross them, and from the cross you would get seedlings, one out of a thousand of which might give you the desired adaptability to the new climate. But the problem is to find relatives from common origins that have become this much scattered over the world.

My royal walnut, for example, one of the fastest-growing hardwood lumber trees in the world, is a cross between Eastern black walnut and our Northern California native black walnut.

You know by its heredity pretty much where any fruit tree will thrive if it is not too much crossed and its heredity jumbled. As long as you can trace out its main heredity you are all right. The Concord grape is an Eastern American and thrives over a good part of the United States and the Southern Canadian lands. The European grapes were originally Asiatic; they have been longer under cultivation and their ways are more fixed and set, therefore they demand certain things of their climate and soil, and do better in semitropical climates. In my work I have studied such factors so long that I can tell more easily about the life story of a plant, even a stranger to me, if I know where it comes from, than most people can, but the study is interesting enough for anyone, and can take you all around the globe, almost, in your own garden.

Now here is another thing that I learned going to Nature's school: That plants have as many qualities and characteristics and peculiarities, pretty nearly, as a human being, and your handling of them has to be determined by the length of time those qualities, characteristics or peculiarities have been in the heredity of the individual plant. Let me go into that a little carefully.

The Powers of Life

All living things, as I see it, have three powers inherent in them: The power to fight for their self-preservation; the power to re-create themselves in progeny, whether by spawning, seeding, breeding, or the mating of humans; and finally—and this is a different way of putting it from what you will find generally in the textbooks—the power to vary.

Throughout all Nature the most cunning and sometimes intricate machinery is provided by the individual itself, or by Nature for the individual, if you please, through which it can protect itself from its enemies and take advantage of the help of its friends. The lion is powerful enough to defend himself; the tortoise is slow and helpless, so he has a thick shell to armor him against his foes. The eagle is swift and strong; the rabbit can dart into a low covert, where he finds asylum. The blackberry grows in high, open, showy fashion, where any marauder can rob it of its fruits, which contain its seeds, so it was furnished with a multitude of sharp thorns; the strawberry, on the other hand, grows low, hides its fruits with its leaves, and is unostentatious and modest enough to escape any but the sharpest eyes. And so through all Nature.

That is the power to preserve itself, in the individual. Of what use is self-preservation to the whole scheme of things, though, unless the species could be carried on? Nature does not heed or give thought to the individual; she is ruthless, and even, we are compelled to think, sometimes cruel and merciless, as far as the single animal or plant is concerned, but she seems to be intent on the whole organization—on life in its broad, permanent and universal significance. If the scheme for the preservation of any single individual fails, either through the failure of that individual or through the activity of enemies, Nature sees, nevertheless, that the species goes on. Even where a species is wiped out it almost never fails that something of that species has gone into another, or else that a new one takes its place. Life as a whole goes on, and that appears to be the natural law of which we can be most infallibly certain.

Progress Through Change

Therefore the second natural law makes possible—makes even inevitable, one would say—the reproduction of life. In animals a delicate mingling of the senses and nerves with the sexual organs brings about mating; in plants the equipment seems even more marvelous and cunning to us. I am going to go later into the elaborate and beautiful devices by which flowers, for instance, attract bees, insects or birds to themselves in order to get those living things to work for them in carrying their pollen from one to another; also into the fabulous provisions made in the individual flowers to fertilize their seeds.

For the moment we can pass, too, the artful means provided by which seed is distributed—the pea grown round so that it will roll; the seed of the thistle attached to a parachute of down that will carry it for long distances; many weeds, like the devil's-claw, with seeds in pods or containers which have sharp fangs to fasten into the hoof or tail or coat of a passing animal and thus obtain a sort of blind-baggage ticket to some far-away destination. It is in such themes as this that the student in Nature's school grows garrulous and enthusiastic.

The power to fight for self-preservation and the power to re-create itself are in every living organism; the third power is the power to vary.

I have already spoken about the influence on heredity that is brought in by the mother, in the human family. The two sexes always contribute that result, but it is, nevertheless, a part of the variation of which I am now speaking. On top of that, and of the utmost importance to the plant breeder in his work, there is the power in the plant to adjust itself to environment and adapt itself to changed conditions. There is a third cause of variation in life—the addition of characteristics formerly undiscovered and unknown in a strain—and this cause Hugo de Vries calls mutation—that is, the sudden and unexpected appearance, in the form of a sport, or mutant, of a new characteristic or even a new form in an individual. But in each case these variations may be accounted for in so far as they register themselves in the individual and, if impressed there by repetition, become fixed in the heredity passed on to succeeding generations, by the presence in Nature of the power to vary.

If there were no such power in the plant it would be a definite, limited thing from the beginning of time to the end; instead we find animals and plants and men constantly changing, acquiring new powers, taking on new attributes, developing new possibilities, and making the steady progress we must see in all life. I do not mean that these variations in plants are always beneficial to the plant, or that they always result in what anyone, from any point of view, could call an improvement. Thousands and millions of plants have varied and as a result have died. But when the

Spur Tie 50¢ 75¢ $1.00
all tied for you

The tie chosen by a star

for—and after—good reflection

SLIP a Spur Tie on. Give it a twitch and twist to set it the way you like it. That's all you have to do to wear the best-looking bow tie that ever attracted a feminine eye. You have no knots to worry with, for the Spur Tie comes all tied for you. It is tied by the trained fingers of girls who know knots and how to knot them.

The Spur Tie stays the way you like it, too. Sultry September days or winter winds are all the same to this smart tie. It will not wilt, wrinkle or curl up. In it is the H-shaped Innerform, a patented device, exclusive in the Spur Tie. See in the illustration above, how this H-shaped Innerform makes the Spur Tie keep the shape you give it.

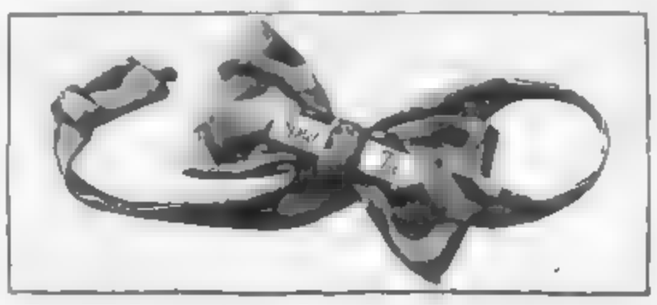
Look on the counters of smart shops for men. There you will find Spur Ties displayed. Make sure that they are Spur Ties before you buy. Feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. Then make sure that it is the real H-shaped Innerform. Look on the back of the tie. When you find the red Spur label on the back—illustrated below—then you know that you are getting the real Spur Tie, the tie that looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON, MASS.
Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Made in Canada by Tooke Bros., Ltd.
Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

ABOVE are two pictures. The top one is a photograph of a Spur Tie. The position of the H shaped Innerform, which is concealed inside the tie, is indicated by a drawing. The lower picture is a photograph of the H shaped Innerform.

The position of the tie around it is indicated by a drawing.

This form is found only in the Spur Tie. It is pliable to let you shape the tie the way you want it. Yet it holds the Spur Tie in the position you give it. It will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle.

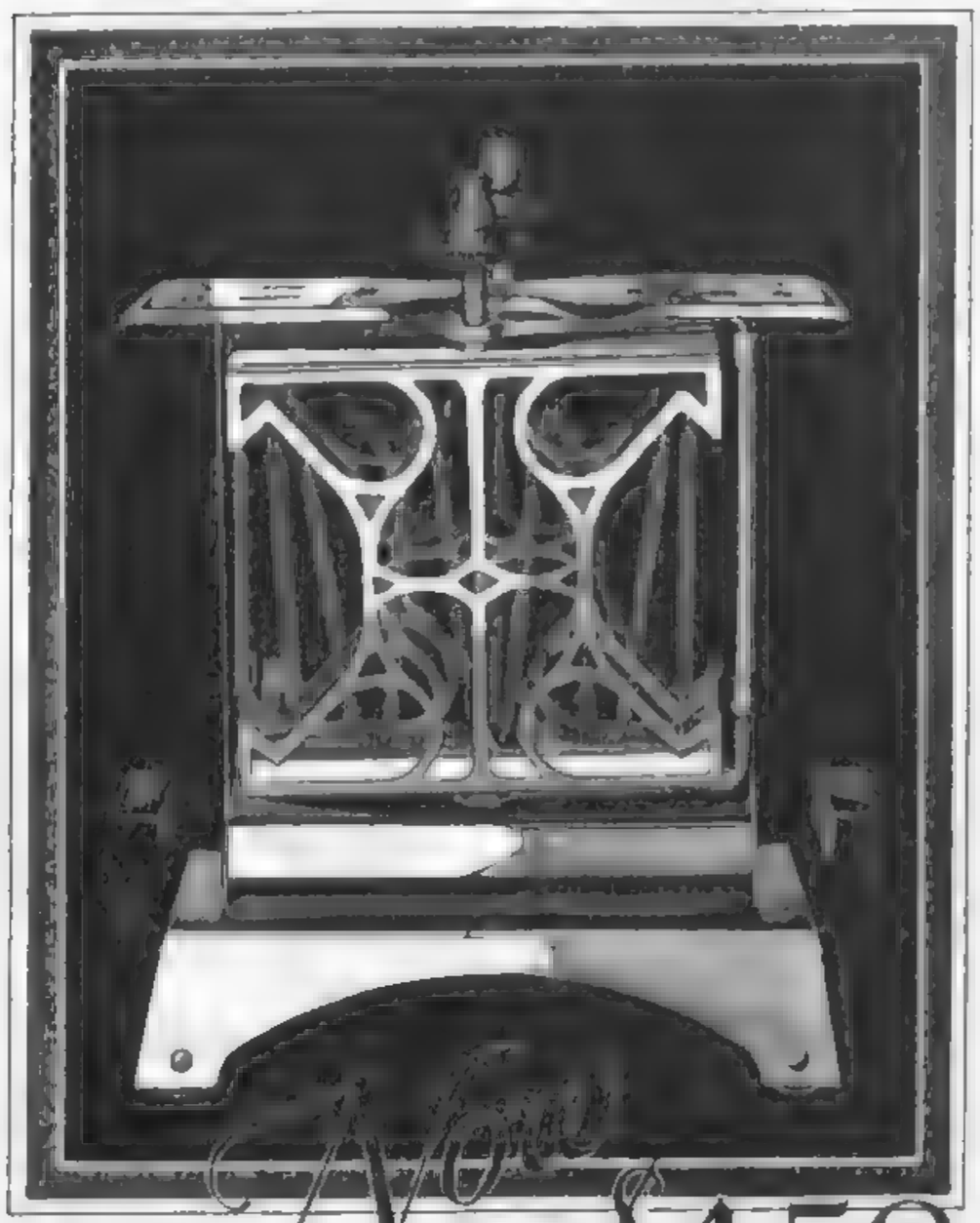


THE smiling star pictured above is Johnny Hines. He is the debonair and well-dressed star of First National Pictures, who romps his way through those two great feature films, "The Brown Derby" and "The Knickerbocker Kid."

The tie he wears is a Spur Band Bow, which is shown at the left. Note that in this photograph the back of the tie is shown to display the label which appears in red on every genuine Spur Tie.

Spur Band Bows are priced at 75c and $1. They have the band of silk all round, and the elastic insert under the knot to hold the tie in place. Spur Ties at 50c have the elastic band all around.

Lower than ever!
the famous $5.00 reversible
Star-rite toaster



Now $4.50

In Canada $6.00

Never before has there been such a value. Hundreds of thousands of STAR-Rite TOASTERS in daily use have proved their quality—ever growing demand makes this price reduction possible.

STAR-Rite is the first reversible electric toaster of such high quality on the market for $4.50. It has non-heating turning handles which prevents burned fingers when turning toast. It toasts two generous slices of bread at one time, quickly and deliciously brown.

Good toast is the basis of such a host of delicious lunch and supper dishes, that a STAR-Rite ELECTRIC TOASTER at $4.50 is an irresistible necessity. The STAR-Rite TOASTER is graceful in design and is finished in sparkling all-over nickel. For sale at any good hardware, electric or department store. With cord and plug ready to make toast in a jiffy.

STAR-Rite

ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.

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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *NEVER-LEAK* CYLINDER HEAD GASKETS

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variation produced an added power, or the adjustment or adaptation was to meet an inimical influence or condition, the plant has become that much stronger and better suited to its environment, and therefore has made what all must recognize as progress, certainly as far as the plant itself is concerned. My task was to take advantage of this power to vary, and using it, to produce, as far as I could, a plant that was improved from the viewpoint of man. The law was the same, the process was the same, and often the purpose was the same, but not always. For instance, solely from the point of view of the plum tree it might be far more desirable for it to produce seed—in its stone—always; from man's point of view it would be better to have a stoneless plum, and I produced one.

All this has been entered into to tell you something of the last great lesson I learned in Nature's school; namely, that the oldest and most fixed characteristics of a plant were the ones hardest to change and most stubborn to deal with, and that what had been added to the plant—to its heredity—in the long processes of time was easier to influence and change in direct proportion to the shortness of time the plant had manifested those characteristics. For example, the most fixed and inflexible characteristic of a tree is to fight for existence and to re-create itself; later it learned to vary: later it learned to grow a fine spread of foliage to protect itself; later, perhaps, it learned to give its fruit a certain amount of sugar over and above the amount needed to protect its stone, or pit, properly; later, we'll say, it learned to color its fruit, and so on.

It came to the place, in the end, where the plant had developed what I can almost call an artistic temperament—a response to demands for beauty and flavor and odor, and so on. Most fruits, even in their wild state, have some beauty or flavor or aroma in blossoms or fruit; partly put there to attract bees and birds to help in pollinization or the dissemination of seeds, but also partly, I think, in answer to the universal urge of beauty in our universe. And those last additions to the plant were the easiest to influence when they came to my experiment gardens.

Persistence Rewarded

You might say that, of the æsthetic inclinations in fruit trees, the first is toward perfume in the blossom, then aroma or bouquet in the fruit itself, then flavor, then what we call quality—that is, the texture of the flesh, the thinness of the skin, the content of sugar, the value as nourishment, and so on. The most æsthetic qualities in a fruit are scarcely sensed by many people; it takes an epicure to sense a high and juicy flavor or aroma or fragrance, just as a large number of people are not able even to catch the evanescent colors or tones in music, or overtones, because they themselves have not been developed up to it. Environment has not yet produced in them the last delicate perceptions that are possible to them, you see.

Luckily I could get many variations in plants by crossing two, each of which had one or more characteristics necessary to my purpose—as hardiness, generous bearing of blossoms or fruit, early or late fruiting, or what not. And combining heredities by cross-pollinization, and thereafter selecting those individuals showing the strongest tendency toward my purpose was one of the chief methods in my repertoire. It was here that there entered the one important process I relied on and which I had never seen stressed by anyone before me—the repetition, repetition, repetition of one influence on one plant for one purpose, time after time, day after day, generation after generation, patiently, tirelessly, without ever changing my idea or deviating from my plain course, until in the end the characteristic or quality or power I wanted in the plant was so firmly fixed in it—in its heredity, you see, even though it was the very latest and newest part of that heredity that it could no more be dropped out or lost than could the plant's tendency to send its roots downward and its leaves upward.

These are some of the lessons I learned in going to school to Nature. Not all of them, by any means; not perhaps the most striking, new or exciting of the lessons, but the ones that were fundamental and, therefore, vital to my work in life. Even with these lessons learned I did not find it easy always to achieve my end—to lead or urge or tease or drive the plant into my way of thinking. Sometimes Nature seemed to throw my reward right into my lap; at other times I made an effort time and again, time and again, and grew almost discouraged. But then, perhaps, I would say to myself: "Well, I'll stay with it another year," and I would, and one day, without a bit of warning, there would be my long-hoped-for result jumping out at me the whole length of a row.

Adding to Human Knowledge

I do not envy any man living. I have never heard of any work or occupation or vocation that seems to me to rival that of the scientist, especially of the scientist who is equally a humanist and whose research and study and experiments and discoveries are all directed to the end that man may find this old sphere a better and more beautiful place in which to live. After all, every scientist is adding something to this result, no matter whether his work seems closely related to human needs and desires or not. For what you may think of in scientific work as useless, like the search for the North Pole or the naming of a new species of fish, is really a contribution to our knowledge, and knowledge is power—and a power that, sooner or later, will be needed and can be turned into the dynamo to give added possibilities to life.

Yes, I have long seen that each grain of knowledge I acquired going to school to Nature was added to each other grain I possessed, that these grains grew into a foundation stone, that the stones accumulated until I had a substructure, and that on the substructure I could build me a house.

And I have seen, too, that there are enough buildings in Nature's system of knowledge to make a great city of wisdom.

I shall never see that city completed—no man will. At best, he may be able to construct during his lifetime one or two buildings, and perhaps to catch a vision of a few streets and squares and parks and precincts of the whole. But the sublimity of the city, its endless boulevards, its imposing monuments, its transcendent capitol, its towering edifices, its vistas and sweeping panoramas—these we can only imagine from the view we get of the structures of knowledge we ourselves are able to build up, grain by grain, rock by rock, tier by tier, story by story, through diligence and hard work, into one or two of the buildings we know are all there, somewhere, to be builded. When I think of this I wonder why some men are content to erect nothing more than rude huts of knowledge—a little cabin of selfish learning, enough to house them while they amass money or gain power or win fame—and will not even try to raise some nobler structure of the wisdom Nature offers so freely and generously, and that any who come to her may have for the asking

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr Hall. The next will appear in an early issue

Here's new dental way to Gums like Coral

Also lightens cloudy teeth remarkably

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Accept, please, full 10-day tube of this scientifically-proved, film-removing *dentifrice*, urged by world's dental authorities. Note the great difference in your teeth and gums.

GLORIOUSLY clear teeth, gums like coral to contrast them! Add their attractiveness to your smile. Do this for social and business reasons.

Modern dental science now proves teeth seldom are naturally "off color"—simply clouded with a film coat that many methods do not clear off successfully. Clouded teeth now are given sparkling whiteness, and one's whole appearance thus often changed.

A way scores of motion pictures' noted stars use to whiten teeth before going on a scene. A way leading dentists of the world now are widely urging.

Just a film dulling them and inviting gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating that covers them.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and noticeably unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Mere brushing is not enough

Many methods of cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. See if your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent entirely different from any other. Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method.

Clears film off—Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once. Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget and mail at once.

See what a difference 10 days will make in the whiteness of your teeth.

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FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

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The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
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Name

Address

Only one tube to a family 2168

In tracking from the Mediterranean to Persia the thirty International trucks traversed a distance as great as from Canada to Mexico

MUD—*The desert was not a bog, as Persian water is, and nowhere what might be called a road—*was *one of the members of the expedition*

WATER—*Torrential rains flooded the valleys and rendered even more difficult the earliest stretches of the journey, through Syria and Mesopotamia*

SNOW *in the mountains near Teheran. "All the Internationals came through without the slightest mishap. The drivers, all new to the trucks, handled them easily and were most enthusiastic."*

The Famine-Fighting Fleet

ANOTHER "Message to Garcia"—the log of the International fleet that trekked across the Mesopotamian wastes at the call of the Persian government!

When famine threatened Teheran, the capital, last winter, the Persian administration ordered its first ten heavy-duty trucks from the International Harvester organization. Harvester world service placed the fleet at the nearest port on the Mediterranean Sea, Beirut, in Syria, ahead of other trucks ordered from Europe.

Then began the test of truck quality, a trip of 1350 miles across trackless desert and over snow-bound mountains. On February 2 the cavalcade set out. The trucks, chauffeured by English, French, Italian, Syrian, Arabian and Druse, were laden with food and fuel and with tons of cement for the British at Bagdad, and they were accompanied by an escort of armored cars of the British Air Forces.

Twenty-six days were consumed between Beirut and Bagdad, every truck axle-deep in mud and sand practically every mile of the way. Bagdad, ancient city of romance, gave the travelers a dinner in their honor and a night of rest, and transferred them from desert to mountain going. Motor fuel for the Persian government, and wheat, took the place of cement for cargo. The cavalcade forged on both night and day, and entered Teheran the seventh day after Bagdad.

The entire fleet was in the pink of condition and every truck of the ten, on the morning of arrival, went out to Kasvin, a hundred miles away, and began bringing back great loads of the precious wheat.

The Persian government, impressed by the stamina of International Trucks, immediately ordered twenty more of them, and these have since duplicated the travel history of the first fleet.

The International line includes the Special Delivery, Speed Trucks of 1-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches for all requirements, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Served by the world's largest Company-owned truck service organization—120 branches in the United States and 17 in Canada. Write for complete descriptive literature.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

CASUAL WATER

(Continued from Page 19)

lifting its branches toward the heavens, and it has annually threatened to disrupt the Arroyo Seco Club. Five years ago it brought on a social feud and a number of members resigned.

It is, to begin, the most famous golf tree in all California, and is often pictured and discussed in the sport journals. It has caused endless trouble between the board of directors and the greens committee, and it rears its giant form on the seventeenth fairway, almost in the exact middle of the course. That's the trouble—the fact that it lies so close to the center of the fairway.

A powerful driver, standing upon the seventeenth tee, can whack his ball clear over the oak; but there is only one member in our club with the necessary horse power. The others hit the tree, hit it directly or glancingly, or slide under it or around it. The reasonable contention is that the tree should be removed, being an unfair hazard, so placed that a long, straight drive will strike it, whereas only hooks and slices should be so penalized. Once you hit the sturdy oak, your chances are diminished or entirely obliterated, for usually your ball bounces across the velvet fairway and out of bounds, losing one precious stroke.

The board of directors years ago determined to have the tree out, and actually sent workmen to finish the old warrior. Mrs. Albert Lewis, who then lived across the street, suspected the board of evil intent, heard the men preparing, came out lightly clad in her nightgown, placed her arms about the oak and defied the world. Nothing further was done at the time.

Every so often the question of the sinful oak bobs up in our town, and probably the most acute sufferer from its presence was Dr. Bozeman Hatcher, who has declared over and over that the tree has personally cost him enough money to reforest the entire state of Montana and parts of Canada.

"With my accursed luck," Doc said, "that tree has stopped me oftener than any other man in the club. I have hit that dagnabbed tree every time off the tee for the last three years, and on a thousand occasions I have come up to Seventeen with a fair chance to win, and then lost everything. It ought to be pulled out. Ask any fair-minded man."

"No," said Judge Doyle, who hits a flabby drive; "it is a definite ornament to the club property. It is not unfair, for an absolutely straight drive will never touch it."

"Like yours!" Doc roared, and the discussion became general.

Another sufferer from the spreading oak on Seventeen was Mrs. Caroline Hatcher, who had now become an ambitious mamma. Prior to the arrival of the Byces and the advent of certain plans, Mrs. Hatcher had suffered slightly; but under the new conditions her distress was acute. Her woe now came at the hour of tea time, because the tea-time hour happened to coincide with the onrush of the militant Highbinders, led by her husband.

The first time anything untoward happened was on a pleasant day. The Hatcher front porch was gay with company and jolly small talk, and Polly was entertaining Tilton Byce. Mr. and Mrs. Byce were politely sipping tea and Numi Byce was telling Caroline Hatcher what the Prince of Wales had said to her. Everyone present wore dignified clothing and spoke in the nicest possible way. Even the titlarks in the evergreens seemed to have toned down a trifle.

Four gentlemen golfers stepped upon the seventeenth tee across the street, led by Doc Hatcher, who at the moment was two down and two to go, and had lost many side wagers.

His manner was moody and distraught. He had been hitting them off the toe of his club for hours and calling upon his ancestors to witness his luck.

"There's father," Polly Hatcher said, merely making conversation on the veranda. She stood up and waved across the hedge at her sulky parent, who glared at her in return, without the slightest show of paternal affection. He waved brusquely at his child, grasped his driver and turned to the serious business in hand. The Byces tinkled their teaspoons and smiled in a genteel way, yet with faint disapproval, for no Byce would play golf.

Doctor Hatcher carefully teed one up on a yellow bit of wood and smashed it down the line for a long, screaming drive, straight as an Ohio corn furrow, a high, sweet-going sockdolager. His face relaxed into a pleased grin. The ball passed through the air upon its perfect way, struck the famous oak and dashed off at a right angle, out of bounds, against the brutal curbstone on Whiteley Avenue.

"Well," said Doc Hatcher, to the world at large, "I'll be this-and-that if the so-and-so ball didn't hit the such-and-such tree again, and by the galloping this-and-that, the so-and-so thing is out of bounds! Suffering these-and-those!"

It was an exclamatory sentence, of which this is only an obviously rough rendition. The meaty parts are all omitted. He spoke in a strong, rugged, California voice; a sweeping, dashing, vital voice, full of the agony of the instant. Caroline Hatcher, on her front porch, turned a light shade of purple pink and placed her lower lip directly under her upper teeth. Polly Hatcher looked a trifle surprised, because while she had heard her father before, this outburst was about three under par. The Byces glanced at one another, first in disbelief and then in shocked amazement. None of the Byces had ever before heard a statement of the kind, not even in England, where they had lived.

Tilton Byce happened to be telling Polly about his music; but he paused, raised his eyebrows and listened to what was coming in upon the afternoon air. His father coughed and swallowed a small bit of pink cake and Mrs. Byce glanced anxiously at Tilton to see if he showed signs of being poisoned. It was a moment not entirely free from embarrassment.

Meanwhile the sounds of disaster upon the seventeenth tee did not abate. Surgeon Hatcher, having hit the tree once, teed another ball and hit the tree again, the ball falling through the branches and dislocating twigs with a sickening sound. It came to rest in a small divot against the trunk, where not even George Duncan could have played it out, using a microscope and a dentist's forceps.

"What do you think of that for luck?" inquired Doctor Hatcher in a deadly tone. He then repeated the greater part of his previous conversation, and the air turned blue and acrid; the sunshine grew dank, little butterflies fluttered to the ground and flowers withered upon the vine as far east as the new hand laundry.

"We would better be going now," said Tilton's mother in a strange voice, meaning that the social call was over. "We have had a lovely visit, Mrs. Hatcher."

"Yes, indeed," added Mr. Byce, looking over the hedge at the sinful and wrangling four.

My rival bowed to Polly, and the Byce family passed in single file through the gateway and entered the royal limousine. One hour later, when Surgeon Hatcher wandered into his own dooryard, carrying the remains of a bruised mashie and looking for some food for a weary golfer, he was met and welcomed by his spouse. Her blue eyes were ominous. "Your conduct," said she, "is disgraceful."

"Who?"

"Your language," said his helpmeet, "would shame a Hottentot."

"What are you talking about?" Doc inquired in honest astonishment, wiping his brow.

Leon L. Allyn

General Sales Manager of the Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder Company, Kalamazoo, Mich.—largest manufacturer in the world producing loose-leaf binders exclusively.

He has the executive's anxiety to save time.

Leon L. Allyn has cut out lost motion at his desk. "I do not use shorthand at all," he says.

Note this Sales Manager's way of getting things done. Then note the coupon.

KALAMAZOO Loose-Leaf Binder Company gives real analytical service with its time-saving merchandise.

To dovetail this sales and service work—to keep things moving in branch offices in every principal city—clearly means that Mr. Allyn must make every minute count.

When he returns from a trip, must he let the accumulated correspondence "ride" for several days? Must he make his office hours coincide exactly with a stenographer's?

Whenever some matter needs recording, must he wait for a girl with notebook and pencil?

Not one of these things does he put up with. The Dictaphone is there at his elbow. It takes down whatever he wants to say, whenever he wants to say it. And gets it straight; The Dictaphone never "hears it wrong."

Whether you sit at the big desk in the front office or have a smaller one down the line, you don't know your full powers as a producer until you let The Dictaphone serve you. Shorthand delays—shorthand mistakes and uncertainties—are excess baggage. And you don't know what you're paying for them until you're rid of them.

As for the secretary or stenographer—Miss Wood, Mr. Allyn's secretary, says: "The Dictaphone is so much speedier and more accurate. It doesn't worry me with 'cold notes'. Because I am not interrupted to take dictation I can organize my day and really get somewhere with it.

Better decide to use that coupon.

Florence Wood

Private secretary to Mr. Allyn, whose day is no longer disorganized by interruptions, is thus able to handle the preparation of sales bulletins and other important work

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries Say:—

"I'm sure he said that, but
No one else can read my notes.
Those awful waits while he chats over the phone
Hours wasted while he's in conference
These endless notes make me
I'm nothing but a bell hop."
Yes, I do mind staying late."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau St., New York City

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong with Shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐ *(Check One)*

☐ Please notify your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation

For Canadian requests address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 33 Alexander St., Toronto, Canada
Worldwide organization—London, Paris, Brussels

INDOOR MEN

(At right) Indoors men need light weight union suits. Carter makes them as sheer, almost, as fine hosiery. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, rayon-and-cotton

OUTDOOR MEN

(At left) Men who work or play outdoors need the protection of medium or thick underwear. Carter's Union Suits are warm but never heavy. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, and wool

For white-collar men in hot offices—
For lumberjacks in Maine snow

this better-fitting underwear

Knit by a special Carter method which keeps the fabric elastic for the life of the union suit.

Shaped by a skilled designer and test suits worn by real men until each style is fashioned to fit exactly.

Made in more than fifty fabrics to care for all conditions of life—all climates.

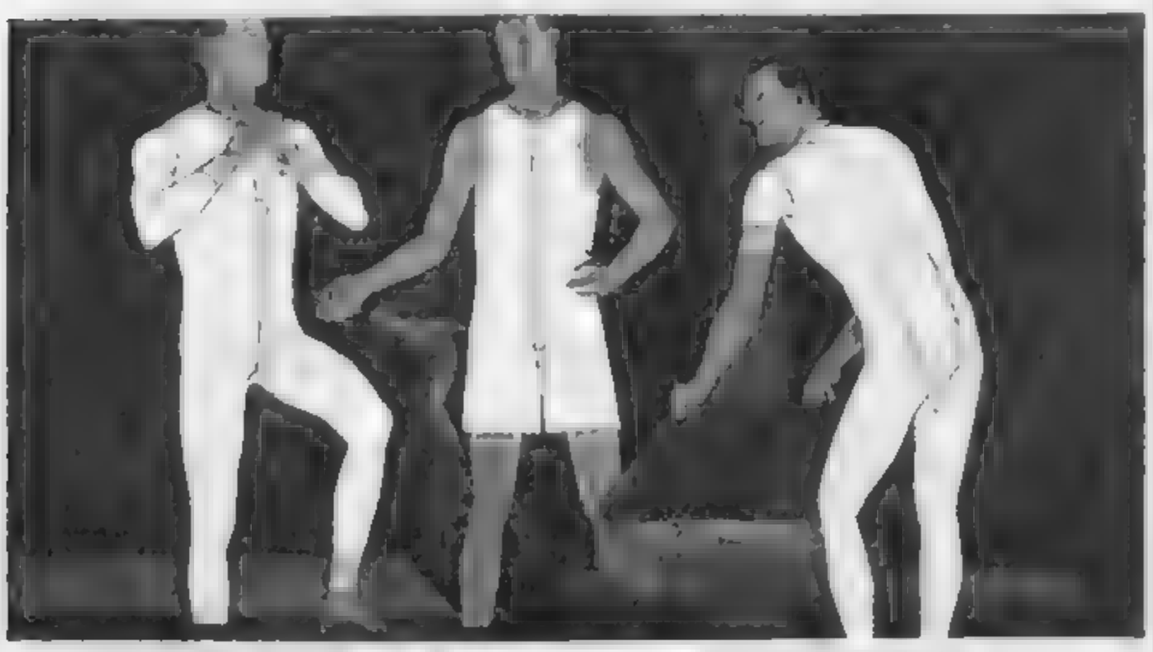
And all you need to do to get just the right union suit for your build, your climate, your habits of life, is to see that your favorite store gives you Carter's.

A Carter Union Suit is as comfortable after fifty washings as it was the first day you wore it.

Carter knit fabrics are *tailored* like a suit of clothes, to fit men of all shapes and sizes.

You'll like the Carter flat seams, the snug-fitting cuffs at wrists and ankles, the military "sag-proof" shoulders, the roomy seat with the special flap, the double-sewed buttons—put on to stay.

Ask the salesman to show you the new lightweight Carter Union Suits. See that he takes your measure from crotch to shoulder to insure getting the right size. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.



Knit shirts and nainsook drawers for college men—sheer knit suits in athletic models—full length sleeves and legs—Carter makes all styles

Carter's

UNION SUITS *for Men*

"You know perfectly well what I'm talking about. It's a pity you cannot control yourself, especially with people sitting in their homes, and you and your depraved associates acting like hoodlums."

"I never said a word," said Doc indignantly. "I never opened my mouth all day."

"You drove the Byce family off this very porch. To escape your pothouse conversation, our guests hurried into their car and went home; and I do say that you will have to stop it, Bozeman. Every time Mr. and Mrs. Byce call, you dash by swearing like a trooper. They don't like it. Naturally, they don't wish their son Tilton to marry into a family the head of which is a wild man, flaunting his shame along with his wretched fellows."

Doc Hatcher, seeing that it was a regular husband-and-wife dialogue, decided to take no part in it whatever. He pulled his cap farther over his eyes, tossed his mashie aside and strode into the house on the hunt for cold roast lamb, rye bread, Swiss cheese and near-beer. Mrs. Hatcher followed him to the kitchen, explaining that when a lovely girl meets a splendid young man of sound and prominent family, it ill behooves the dissolute father of the sweet girl to prowl around, ruining everything with his ribald and offensive conversation.

"I never said a word," Doc repeated weakly, biting into the cold lamb.

"We heard every single thing you said," snapped Caroline. "You have virtually destroyed Polly's future. I don't know what the Byces must think of you."

"You want to know what I think of them?" Doc inquired brightly.

"No," said Caroline.

"I can tell you," continued Doc earnestly. "That is, if you want to know, I'll certainly put down the cheese and tell you."

"Be silent," said his wife, "and try in future to consider the welfare of your daughter. Goodness knows, you don't deserve such a child."

Doc glanced up from his food, thought of a remarkable pat answer, but decided to leave well enough alone. He ate on in silence, broken now and then by his mate.

Following this regrettable incident, nothing extraordinary happened in our golfing purlieus. Surgeon Hatcher continued his ribald pastime with his comrades, and, if anything, seemed to grow worse. Whiteley Avenue people complained and the greens committee wrote Doc another letter, asking him to pipe down while at play. I encountered Polly in the White Pine Drug Store and bought her a chocolate milk shake.

"Are you really going to marry Tilton Byce?" I inquired in a cold and passionless voice

"Tilton has asked me to marry him," she said

"Are you going to?"

"I suppose I must. Mother is determined I shall, and you know I would do anything to make mother happy."

"Do you love him?"

"No, Grover," said Polly, looking at me wistfully. "You are the only man I shall ever love."

"Then would you actually marry this one-man orchestra?" I asked.

"Mother ——" Polly began

"Say no more about your sainted parent," I begged. "Your mother is a remarkable woman, but we will not discuss her. Finish your chocolate milk shake, Polly, and I will walk home with you, unless you think the sight would be too much for various people in this town."

"Please do walk home with me," Polly returned; and I did so, striding beside her in a formal way and letting her see that, though I suffered a good bit, I certainly was not going to be laid flat.

Then, as they say in those delightful movies, came the dawn, and likewise came Pete Pettro, the young Mexican jumping bean who attends to our caddies and wraps broken putters. Pete is an old and valued friend, and has mounted by honest effort to where he is today—caddie master for the best golf club in California. He began caddying for me when he was nine years old, and is the color of an eggplant.

"Mrs. Hatcher," said Pete, leading me aside, "wants that I should do something for her and I thought I'd better see what you think."

"Shoot," I said, wondering why Mrs. Hatcher would be negotiating with our treasured caddie master.

"She says," continued Pete, his eyes growing rounder, "that this here thing could be done quick and easy, with no trouble for anyone, and for me to go ahead."

"Well, what is it?"

Mrs. Hatcher had pondered deeply and decided that in as much as her husband and his associates were blasting Polly's career with their carefree conversation, certain radical steps ought to be taken. In other words, the oak tree on Seventeen ought to come out, seeing it was a constant offense to all the neighbors. Seeking out Peter, she asked him if he thought he could find a man, preferably a contractor with a herd of tractors, who could take hold of the noble oak and give it a quick yank before anyone stopped him. Pete reflected. It would have to be a job of night work, done with dispatch. There could be no deliberating or open planning.

"And," said Caroline to Pete, "I will be entirely responsible for what happens. It will benefit the community, as every sensible one knows."

"What would you do?" Peter asked uneasily, after mentioning the sum involved for a good job. "She said not to say anything to anyone, but I'm asking you."

"Go ahead," I advised warmly. "It's a splendid idea. I hate that durned tree, myself, and if you can earn an honest dollar, and avoid being shot by the greens committee, do so by all means. If Mrs. Hatcher wants this done, it should be done."

"That's what I thought," Pete agreed.

What he did was quite simple. He employed, with Hatcher money, a battery of tractors, directed by a Greek contractor and sewer expert in East Arroyo, showed the Greek the tree to be removed and told him to proceed. It was a ghostly job, starting at midnight, when all good Arroyans were stowed away for the night, and superintended by Pete Pettro and the foreign gentleman, assisted by Caroline Hatcher, who wore her winter furs and acted as lookout. It was a chill night, and wettish. I remember the rain distinctly, for I sat in a good deal of it during the operations, hiding myself over on the eleventh tee, where I could watch unseen.

The tractors made short shrift of a sturdy oak. Workmen fastened large chains here and there, gave the other ends to the tractors and the machines began plunging this way and that, making considerable racket and eventually waking up the neighbors. The old tree groaned dismally, but came out like an offending tooth and presently it lay sprawled upon Whiteley Avenue. Where it had been was a large, repellent hole.

"What will we do with this tree?" Pete asked the lady in charge, whilst the panting tractors drew to one side and regained their breath. Neighbors began lighting up and peering from windows. Apparently Mrs. Hatcher had given small thought to the general notion of what one does with a large tree in the middle of a rainy evening She hesitated, looked about in the drizzle and commanded her nocturnal forces to drag the fallen monarch up Whiteley Avenue to where the bridge crosses the Arroyo Wash, which is a dry river bed.

"Dump it in the Wash," she said, "and then everybody go home."

This action was carried out speedily and efficiently. In fifteen minutes the detested oak lay at the bottom of the Wash, its roots waving bleakly in the misty night.

There might have been nothing subsequent or resultant beyond the horrified indignation of the greens committee when they discovered the outrage. At any other

(Continued on Page 193)

Will you allow great retailers to show you the way to marketing success in Boston?

How they have analyzed the market—how they concentrate their advertising upon a 12-mile area

IF you would know the basic facts about a local market—the underlying truths on which marketing success must be built—go to the leading retailers.

In any local market they know local advertising media. They buy large space every day to cultivate their market. And they know at all times what part of that market brings the greatest returns.

Because so many manufacturers felt disappointment over their sales in Boston—whereas Boston retailers experienced no such difficulty—the Globe decided to investigate the Boston market. And the Globe found that the chief difference between most manufacturers' campaigns in Boston and Boston retail advertising lay in the conception of the Boston market.

THE Globe first investigated parcel deliveries of the great Boston stores. And contrary to what was expected it learned that 74% of these parcels go to homes *within 12 miles of City Hall.*

The Globe obtained from a leading department store an analysis of the locations of its charge accounts. It learned that 64% of these, too, are *within 12 miles.*

Then the Globe analyzed retail outlets in all leading fields. Numerically these outlets show a majority within the 12-mile area. In actual business volume this strength is greater than it seems to be because these stores within the 12-mile area are the real leaders—they do the biggest volume of business.

How the Globe parallels this new trading area

WITHIN this newly defined trading area the Sunday Globe offers the largest circulation in Boston. And the sale of the Globe on week-days exceeds that of Sunday.

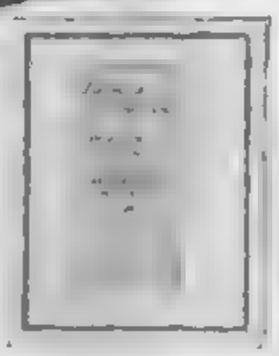
That is why the department stores place their chief reliance on the Globe. They use as much space in the Sunday Globe as in all other Boston Sunday papers combined.

The Globe sells Boston. Not just the city of Boston but the market represented by the city of Boston plus the population within the key trading area of 12 miles—1,567,257 people, the richest homes in Boston. Their per capita wealth is high—nearly $2,000.

The Globe commands the respect of all creeds, political beliefs, races, because it is strictly non-partisan.

The Globe offers no premiums—makes no inducements for circulation except the inducement of publishing a newspaper people want to read.

Study the map of Boston's key market on this page. See how the Globe leads in this key market. Note the figures on distributing outlets. Then buy the Globe *first* in Boston.



May we send you this interesting booklet?

If selling the Boston market is one of your problems you will be interested in our new booklet—"Looking at New [illegible] and through the eyes of the Sales [illegible] Advertising Manager." We will be glad to send you a copy on request.

Taking a 30-mile radius as Boston's extreme trading limit the 12-mile area contains

74% of all department store package deliveries
64% of all department store charge accounts
61% of all grocery stores
60% of all hardware stores
51% of all drug stores
57% of all dry goods stores
55% of all furniture stores
46% of all auto dealers and garages

Here the Sunday Globe delivers 34,367 more copies than the next Boston Sunday newspaper. The Globe concentrates in this area—199,392 daily—176,479 Sunday

Total net paid circulation
Daily 280,159—Sunday 332,282

The Boston Globe *The Globe* sells *Boston*

MAGNAVOX SINGLE DIAL Radio

Crystallizes the new trend in radio

Single dial control, as sponsored by *Magnavox*, gives a more perfect radio performance. It also permits of greater beauty, dignity and simplicity in cabinet design. A box burdened with numerous dials and switches is no longer the fashion. Simplicity is the order of the "new day" in radio.

The quiet good taste of *Magnavox* beauty is, of course, incidental. By reason of perfected single dial control all tedious tuning is eliminated. With a *Magnavox* you just select the desired station, by the fractional turn of a single dial. The set is pre-tuned to the highest degree of accuracy—with a tuning meter a thousand times more sensitive than your ears.

The Magnavox Company, a pioneer in radio and creator of the original radio loud speaker, perfected and proved the single dial control. Its obvious advantages have caught public favor, emphatically. That is why you see so many set makers following this trend. But it takes more than form imitation to duplicate *Magnavox* single dial reception.

To see, to hear, and to operate the *Magnavox* is a revelation—an adventure into a new world of radio enjoyment. You can do all three at the *Magnavox* dealer's. He will show you *Magnavox* models ranging from $75 to $260. If you don't know him, write us for full information.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • *Oakland, California*
R. S. Williams & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not inc. B.C.]
24R 50 ©1926

Magnavox Model 10, illustrated above, without accessories $110; Cornell model cone speaker $22.50
Berkeley Model at right. Two toned mahogany cabinet, built-in Magnavox cone speaker, 5 tubes. Compartment for batteries. Without accessories $260.

Magnavox Cone Speaker: Stanford Model (mahogany cabinet) $35
The greatest advance since the *original* loud speaker, also created by The Magnavox Co.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAGNAVOX PROGRESS IN RADIO

(Continued from Page 190)

time the work of the evening might have passed into history, leaving no serious scar; but it happened that Caroline staged her tree removal at what might be termed the meteorological moment. The drizzle that had been coming down gently was the opening gun of our rainy season, and when we have our rainy season, we have rain. We are sometimes forced to wait for our moisture, but when it comes, it comes heartily and abundant.

And it so eventuated that Mrs. Hatcher timed her tree party far better than her husband had ever timed a golf drive, for the light drizzle turned into a heavy drizzle, and the heavy drizzle became a light rain, which presently became a heavy rain, then a drenching downpour and finally a fairly snappy deluge. The delighted population of East Arroyo awakened early and stepped out upon their porches to admire the descending torrents, but what they did not know was that an oak tree was now reposing at the bottom of the Arroyo Wash, at the point where it bends south past the eleventh green.

The Wash meanders through the broad expanse of the Arroyo Seco Golf and Country Club, and forms a perfect hazard, crossed here and there by rustic bridges. It is normally a peaceful channel, with a tiny stream trickling along; but when the Wash gets its back up, it is nothing to fool with. It was now getting its back up, and seemed to be annoyed.

The beginning of the rainy season is always an important event in East Arroyo. The dry season ends. The peaceful rains fall. The greedy earth drinks up the moisture, and the people splash about happily among the puddles. Some years the rains start gently, and at other seasons with a rush. This was a rush year. The Wash is ordinarily seventy to eighty feet wide and fifteen feet deep, dry all the year and good for nothing except to catch flying golf balls.

On the morning after Mrs. Hatcher's *coup d'état*, persons sloshing along Whiteley Avenue observed in astonishment that our eleventh green was already out of sight. The sky was black with angry storm clouds and the rain was falling with the steady determination of a rain that means to keep it up.

At ten in the morning people were scampering about in alarm, and a policeman discovered that Mrs. Hatcher's oak tree was not only in the bend, clogging the Wash, but that two bridges had been carried away and that débris roaring down from the mountains was forming a rough dam. From that moment the waters rose rapidly. Before noon four more bridges added their bulk to the Hatcher dam. In the early afternoon the golf course slowly submerged and the help carried the clubhouse furniture to higher ground.

Roused to a sense of its peril, our town began to save itself. A rowboat appeared on the main street of East Arroyo for the first time in history, and moving pictures were taken of the quaint spectacle. Water slithered down into uncounted cellars, and frantic citizens carried family portraits, phonographs and plush carpets upstairs. Mrs. Hatcher was noticed in midafternoon, standing upon a high chair and surveying the geraniums, her own front yard being under four feet of seething current.

The Byce family was hit hard, for the Cook house on Lingard Avenue rests in a depression, and depressions were mince pie for this flood. Mr. Byce donned his imported rubber boots and rushed about salvaging rugs from Malay. Mrs. Byce telephoned at suppertime that the torrent had swept into her reception room and destroyed all the Italian furniture and most of her daughter's stamp collection. Neighboring cities offered aid, asking if they could send on their fire trucks, this being an old custom in flood times. Our mayor said no, and hastily transferred the cash on hand to the police station.

The inundation subsided as quickly as it had appeared, and a stern-faced group of men sloshed through the primeval ooze and looked at the gaping hole on the seventeenth fairway, which was full of yellow water and resembled the last resting place of a particularly fretful German shell. The tree itself was gravely inspected as it lay sprawled at the bottom of the Wash, a degraded and muddy spectacle, its branches festooned with broken barrels, chicken wire, dead animals and the remains of six bridges. The greens committee held an impromptu meeting, voted to find the man who had done this deed and hang him from the flagpole.

Our local paper was unable to appear for two days, the press being under water; but when the first number came forth, it gave a list of flood losses, proving that the municipality had suffered to the extent of at least half a million dollars. The Arroyo Seco Golf and Country Club was the greatest single loser. Two billiard tables had warped and the admired fireplace had fallen into the basement. The individual family suffering most was that of Mr. Threlkeld Byce, whose ancestral portraits, rare New York rugs and priceless tapestries, together with property stored in the basement, were irretrievably ruined. And all due, as the report indicated, to the fiend in human form who had dug up the oak tree and with it dammed the Wash.

"We regret to announce," said the East Arroyo Sun, "that the family of Mr. Byce, one of our leading citizens, is departing for the East. Mr. Byce stated that on account of his tonsils, he could not live in a community subject to floods. His son, Tilton, has caught a cold that may have grave consequences."

This was real news to me and I greeted it with pleasure. Pete Pettro had turned three shades paler since the eventful morning and daily expected to be lynched in the main square.

"Whatever happens," I said, "don't open your mouth. This doesn't look any too good for you, Pete."

He agreed. I strolled over, leaping piles of mud here and there, and surveyed the Cook house on Lingard Avenue, and, sure enough, workmen were packing furniture and loading it into vans.

"Where's it going?" I asked Joe Gonzales, who was directing traffic.

"Back to New York," he said. "The family's already on the way."

"That's too bad," I remarked. "They must think we have a flood like this every day or so."

I felt that the time had come to pay another social call, and I turned my steps toward Whiteley Avenue, pausing on the way to discuss matters with two members of our greens committee who were standing sadly at the edge of a large excavation, once the site of a tree.

"What are you going to do about it?" I inquired of Andy Kellogg, the chairman.

"Do about it!" he grumbled. "What can we do? Only thing I see now is to turn this hole into a bunker and run it across the fairway."

I left them arguing and passed on through the hedge into Doc Hatcher's front yard, which was full of broken bottles. Polly emerged and greeted me with her usual warmth.

"Is your mother at home?" I asked.

"Yes. Did you come to see mother?"

"I did. The Byces have gone back to New York."

"So I heard," said Polly, smiling.

"I called to see your maternal parent," I repeated—"the one you have been accustomed to obeying so dutifully. Later on, I should like to talk with you, if you are not too busy."

"I am never too busy to see you, Grover," Polly answered. "I will call mother."

She tripped off like an elfin sprite, and I sat down in a Chinese rocker and lighted a cigar from a convenient humidor. The view before me was pleasant, for the sun was shining again, the green sweep of the fairways melted into the shrubbery beyond Seventeen and the roses were abloom. Over in the background rose the mountains

How proud and confident you feel!

What a wonderful feeling of cleanness Pebeco gives you. "I always use Pebeco," says a popular tennis player. "I like the clean refreshing after-feeling it leaves. It is like setting up exercises in the morning."

The tingling after-feeling of Pebeco lasts

You can taste its important salt

that keeps the Mouth Glands young

PUT a little Pebeco on the tip of your tongue. Instantly you get the sharp, clean, slightly salty tang.

Eat it! As it softens on your tongue, you detect fine soft crystals dissolving instantly. A refreshed after-feeling stays with you.

It is the important salt in Pebeco that does this—a salt existing plentiful in Nature because it is vitally necessary to all living things.

Especially made from this important salt, not only to clean the teeth but at the same time to invigorate the important mouth glands, Pebeco insures the health of teeth and gums—the whole mouth, clear back to the throat.

Brush your teeth daily with Pebeco. It keeps the mouth-glands, the real guardians of your teeth active and gives the healthy joyous Mouth of Youth.

Made by Pebeco Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink Inc. Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian Distributors, Lehn & Fink Canada Limited Toronto. In the blue tube, at all druggists

Where the important mouth glands are

The numbers show them,—three on each side. More important than brushing the teeth is keeping the mouth glands youthful. Hard chewing keeps them active, but our soft foods make them slow up.

Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink Inc., Dept. L 56, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste

Name

Street

City State

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

"Richest in CHOCOLATE"

There are Two distinct tastes *for milk chocolate*

EVERYBODY likes milk chocolate—but *there are two distinct tastes.* Some prefer a rich chocolate flavor—others a smooth, creamy blend.

For the full chocolate taste—get Peter's, *richest in chocolate.* The original milk chocolate blend, it has been a favorite for over fifty years.

For the milder, creamier flavor—get Nestle's, *richest in cream.*

Both Peter's and Nestle's are made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate—Peter-Cailler-Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.

Both come in 5¢ and 10¢ bars—plain and almond or the new convenient 5¢ croquette packages

"Richest in CREAM"

in their majesty; slightly dampened mountains now, but still splendid. The trees on our golf course were turning a more vivid green—that is, such trees as had not been uprooted by vandals in the silence of the night. Mrs. Caroline Hatcher appeared and I arose and bowed formally.

"Hello, Grover," she said in a slightly defiant tone.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hatcher?" I responded politely. "I have called to inform you that the Byce family has gone back East for reasons unknown, taking along their moron male child and the Oriental rugs that were saved."

Mrs. Hatcher made no reply, but looked at me steadily, with a sort of steely intentness.

"Seeing that the Byces have departed," I went on cheerily, "I thought I would like to resume my old friendly footing in this family, sitting on the porch in the same old chair, paying court to your only daughter and eventually marrying her, as previously arranged."

"Really, Grover," said Doc's wife and master "really, I do not see the need for such a discussion at this time."

"I will try to explain," I said patiently. "Everyone knows I am not a vengeful man, and would not harm a fly; but this town is up in arms over the recent outrage, as you know. There was talk of hanging the miscreant; for, as they point out, it was bad enough to root up the old oak without dumping it into the Wash and flooding the place."

"Really, Grover?" said Caroline, but not quite so loudly.

"Yes," I said; "I am officially renewing my former position as Polly's prospective husband, and as I stand here looking at you, I would like to meet some opposition from any quarter."

I looked Caroline straight in the eye, meaningly in the eye, and she smiled brightly for the first time.

"The damage," I continued, "was about a million dollars, not including Numi's stamp collection, which was very rare. Our mayor has said that he will guard the prisoner with his life if the vandal is caught and there is any talk of lynching."

"The punishment," agreed Caroline, "could not be too severe. It must have been a most abandoned wretch that would pull up the tree."

"In a way," I said, "the removal of the tree is not without certain advantages."

"It may improve the golf manners and morals of the town," said Caroline.

"I make my first official call on Polly at eight this evening," I said.

"And we shall all be glad to see you, Grover. It may be that my earlier judgment was hasty or wrong."

"Never mind that," I said; "you are still out of jail, and far be it from me to be anything but a protector of the weaker sex."

We continued to chat lightly, and Polly joined us on the veranda and linked her arm through mine, smiling up at me fondly.

"It's nice," she said, "to see you and mother so friendly."

"We're going to be friends," I said, "if it kills us."

Presently Mrs. Hatcher wended her way within the home, leaving Polly and me where we were, and what happened on the veranda that sunny day is my business and Polly's, and concerns nobody else. I will merely say that the half hour was not without its moments of interest.

Some time later in the spring a polite assemblage sat in the shade of the Hatcher home and talked quietly. The group consisted of Mrs. Hatcher, Polly and myself, and as the afternoon waned, one or two of the more respectable neighbors joined us and had tea.

Across the street four middle-aged gentlemen stepped to the seventeenth tee and prepared to smite the ball. Polly arose, ran to the edge of the veranda and called a jolly greeting to her male parent, who responded with a gloomy gesture. He placed his ball, struck a mighty heave and the sphere sailed aloft, dropping after a prolonged flight into the murderous bunker put there by the greens committee where once the tree had stood.

The eminent surgeon howled like a hyena and threw his driver thirty yards down the course.

"Look where my ball is now!" he said. "I'll be this-and-that if the so-and-so thing didn't drop into that such-and-such bunker, and by the living these-and-those ——"

He continued in the same strain. I glanced at Mrs. Hatcher, but she was quietly sipping her tea with the manner of a person who will not be perturbed by the minor annoyances of life.

Mississippi Sound Near Biloxi, Mississippi

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

Sky-high *or* cottage-low

lead paint withstands all weather

LEAD PAINT PROTECTS and beautifies the city skyscraper. And out where the grass begins, lead paint brightens and preserves the smallest country cottage.

The trained industrial builder, the careful small-house owner —both use paint made with pure Dutch Boy white-lead. The reason? If you ask your painter he will tell you several.

It costs little. Even tho Dutch Boy white-lead is made from the metal lead, its cost is low enough to satisfy those who closely scan appropriations, those whose household budgets are limited.

It goes far. One hundred pounds of all-lead Dutch Boy white-lead makes seven gallons of paint. These seven gallons will cover, one coat, from 3900 to 4500 sq. ft. of surface. And to "cover" means to hide, to protect against the elements, and to beautify. Here are added economies:

Any quantity can be mixed. There's no waste in a keg of Dutch Boy white-lead. Mix just the quantity of paint needed for a job—a half-pint or twenty gallons. It can be bought, too, from small one-pound tins to 100-pound kegs.

Have the colors you like. A greenish blue, a shadowy gray—all the tints and tones of the rainbow are possible with Dutch Boy white-lead. It is colored at will, just enough of the exact hue. The tinting job is easy. You save money, and get the color you want.

For porch chairs or the house itself. Dutch Boy white-lead makes an all-purpose paint. It can be used inside or outside. Odd jobs or big jobs; rich, unusual interior finishes; long-lasting, weather-resisting exterior work — all are accomplished quickly and economically with Dutch Boy white-lead paint.

Home-owners' paint guide free

It tells the whole story of this all-purpose, all-lead paint. Color illustrations of special outside and interior effects, correct paint formulas, and money-saving handy hints make this book well worth a letter. Just write to our Department of Decoration in care of our nearest branch and ask for "Decorating the Home." Any special questions will also be gladly answered by this department.

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THE Dutch Boy trademark on a pail or keg of white-lead is your assurance of an all-lead product, made from the metal lead. Other products made under this trademark are—red-lead, solder, babbitt metals, and flatting oil for use with white-lead in decorating interiors.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Makes an All-Lead Paint

TOSH THE UNABASHED

(Continued from Page 9)

"Mr. Marlowe," says she, in a voice about ten below zero, "please reserve that for the studio. Tosh is not a bumpkin, nor a yokel, nor anything of the sort. He is a dear, dear boy, with remarkably bright and expressive eyes. I shall certainly remember him; and if I find we can use him I shall insist that he be in the cast. Thank you, Tosh. The change is for you. And never forget that Iris Illington is your friend."

"Great gates of Gehenna!" gasps Godfrey.

But I didn't even turn an eye on him. I swapped another smile with Iris and floated back into the drug store on my toes.

"Well, what was all the talk about?" asks Doc Fink, who's been stretchin' his neck over the window display.

"About me," says I. "And it's just as I thought—she's crazy over me."

Hestares, then shakes his head. "Whaley," says he, "I'm afraid you are headed straight for the psychopathic ward."

"Not me," says I. "I'm headed for Hollywood." And with that I counts out thirty cents for the cash register and pins a new five-dollar bill under my shirt right over my heart.

'Course, I knew something of the kind was gonna break for me sooner or later, but I wasn't expectin' it quite so sudden, and I hadn't thought much about tackling the movie game. Honest, I hadn't. Going on the stage—yes. You can always start in vaudeville and crash into the legit that way, and I do a banjo-yodlin' act that's a knock-out. Anyhow, it's gone well every time I done it at these hospital benefits in Red Men's Hall and the Adnock Register gave me some good notices. I got 'em pasted in a book.

I did have a hunch I might hit Wall Street one of these days and get to be known as Silent Whaley, the Boy Napoleon of the Curb. I'm always lucky at raffles or bean-guessin' contests. Once I won a Japanese vase thing two feet high and all covered with a gilt-snake effect. I ain't strong for snakes, so I gave the vase to Tess Connors. She's the zippiest waitress in the Crystal Café and the livest little party in town. They all fall for Tess, and one or two of them young sports that live on the pool tables at Mike's parlors think they got her sheiked; but say, all I gotta do is waggle a finger and Tess is under my wing. You ought to see us steppin' at Wildwood Park on one of my nights off, while them soreheads stand on the sidelines askin' Tess where she got the toy balloon.

I've thought some of bein' an explorer too. They get big write-ups in the papers, only I don't see how they can cash in so much real coin. One summer I come near joinin' a circus, startin' as canvas man; but I kinda hated to leave Tess in the lurch, and Doc Fink advised against it. He raised me a dollar a week that time and let me have one of the back rooms to put a cot in. So I passed up the chance. Lucky I did, eh? Think of what'll be pasted on the boards outside of the movie arcades before long: "The world-famous Iris Illington in her new million-dollar production, Purple Passions, supported by a brilliant cast, including Ramon Navarro, Richard Barthelmess, Jack Pickford and J. McIntosh Whaley."

Then maybe some of these hick joshers like Bud Spooner and Stuff Mullins, and others around town that try to ride me so hard every time I drop a hint that I ain't always gonna stick in South Adnock jerkin' soda—well, maybe they won't feel kinda cheap. They think they have to stay here because here's where most of 'em was born and brought up. But I'm different. I'm no native son, anyway.

'Course, I've lived in South Adnock as long as I can remember. There's quite a romance about my comin' here too. Seems I was sent up from New York with one of these fresh-air bunches, and three of us was farmed out for a couple of weeks with Mrs. Whaley, that lived in a little old brick house on Elm Street. A widow, you understand, with no kids of her own, except a grown-up son who'd moved to Brockton, Massachusetts. I must have been about five. All I remember is that I came taggin' along with a big girl, ten or a dozen years old, who had red hair done in two pigtails and walked limpy on account of one hip that had something wrong with it. Mary, her name was.

Well, when the two weeks was up a settlement worker came to collect us and take us back to the city, but she didn't have me on the list at all. Seems I was one over the number that was brought up. She asks Mary about it, and Mary says all she knows is that I was on the sidewalk with the other kids, sort of scared and snifflin', so she took hold of my hand and brought me along. Then the young lady said she didn't see how she could take me back without knowing where to leave me, and she'd have to check up when she got to the office, and after she'd located who I belonged to she'd have me returned with the next batch. But no word ever came. Mrs. Whaley wrote three times, she told me, without ever gettin' any straight answer, and finally she says, "Well, sonny, I can stand it if you can," and she bought me some new clothes and started me goin' to school.

It was her hung all that name on me too—Jeremiah McIntosh Whaley—the Jeremiah because that was where she opened the Bible to, the McIntosh on account of it being a rainy day, and the Whaley as a birthday gift from her. 'Course, we had to guess at the birthday, but she says if I stick to it, nobody'll ever know the difference. Well, I have. And I lugged around the Jeremiah for a long time, just to please her. She was all right, Mother Whaley was. Never made much fuss over me, or called me her darling boy or any of that mush. But she brought me through the measles and whooping cough and the chicken pox, and licked me when I played hooky from school, and made me show up reg'lar for meals. Say, they was worth comin' for, them meals. Nothing fancy, you know, but corned-beef hash all crisped over brown, johnnycake that would melt in your mouth and mince pies that I still dream about.

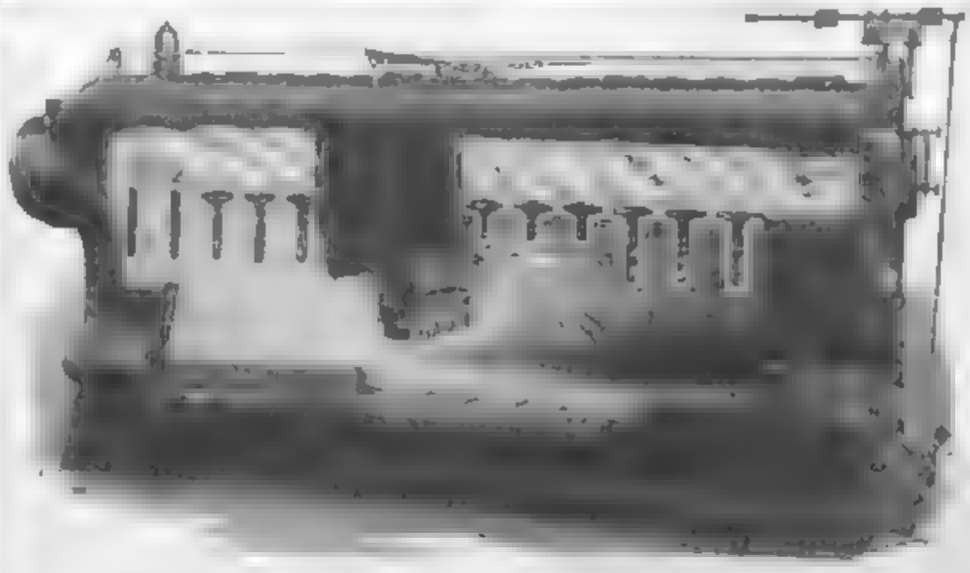
And I expect it was from Mother Whaley that I got my slant on things in general. You see, the kids at school knew how I come to be with her and they used to razz me about it. They made up a rime to shout after me:

Jerry, Jerry, who's your dad?
Jerry, Jerry, don't get mad.
Where's your home and what's your biz?
Jerry don't know who he is.

Sometimes I'd just grin and thumb my nose at 'em, sometimes I'd turn and fight, and when I got the worst of it, which I generally did, I'd go home bawlin' and tell her.

"Never you mind, Jerry," she'd say. "It ain't where you come from that counts; it's where you're goin'. And remember this much: You can get wherever you want to go, or be whatever you want to be, if you keep at it hard enough. Look at me. When Tim Whaley was taken off so sudden by the flu and I was left with hardly a dollar to my name they thought I'd either have to hire out as somebody's general houseworker or be taken care of by the town. Well, I didn't like either proposition, so I turned to and got some weekly washes to do, and I've been here ever since, asking no odds of anybody. Abe Lincoln started as a rail splitter, they say, and Jay Gould peddled rat traps. Neither of 'em had any special start, but they made themselves what they got to be. Who knows but what you got a lot in you that ain't shown yet, or that you can't be President or something too? Only you got to pick out what and go after it. I may live to be proud of you some day."

She didn't. One raw March day she went from a steamy kitchen to hang out a lot of



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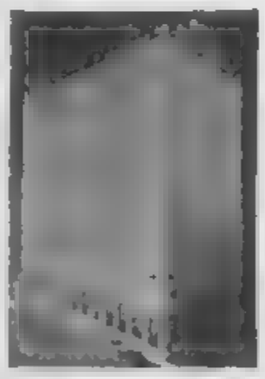

Fort Hayes Hotel, Columbus, Ohio

Note the illustration showing the primary and secondary fires. By means of a patented arrangement an abundance of heated air (oxygen), is injected into the combustion chamber at a point where it meets the smoke and soot just at the time they have been broken into fine particles by striking against the super-heated surface of the baffle section at the rear of the firebox. The injected oxygen mixes intimately with the released smoke and gases, causing a secondary fire, which burns the smoke and effects the most perfect combustion ever attained in a heating boiler.

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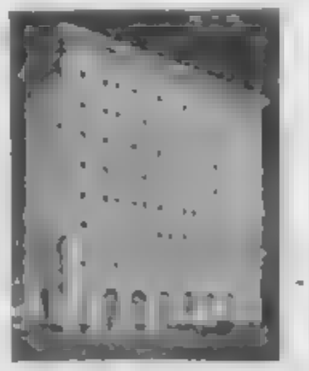

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clothes and she never got 'em ironed—pneumonia. And within a week her son came up from Brockton, sold the place and everything in it, and turned me out. I was about fifteen then.. Some wanted to send me right to the county farm, but I told 'em I wouldn't stay if they did.

"I'll get me a job," I said.

I tried three or four places before I made up my mind that soda clerkin' would suit me best. It looked soft—all you wanted to drink and as much candy as you could eat, and wearin' a white coat as well. Doc Fink wouldn't hear of it at first. He had an assistant then and didn't do much soda business anyhow. But I kept after him, and finally, when his helper left to go over to the Central, he took me on; sort of grudgin' though.

"I don't know much about you, Whaley," says he.

"Same here," says I, "but we'll both have a chance to learn. And I gotta hunch I'm gonna be the slickest soda slinger in town."

"The freshest anyway," says he.

He's never changed his mind. Even after I built up the trade so he had to put in a new fountain he wouldn't give me the credit for it. "The wonder is," says he, "that any customer ever comes back, with you calling them Tom, Dick and Harry."

"Well, that's what they are, ain't they?" says I.

"And who are you?" he asks.

"Me?" says I. "Why, I'm a man of mystery. Ever stop to think of that, Doc? Say, I might be 'most anybody."

It's a fact, ain't it? I come from New York, didn't I? And there's a lot of classy families in New York. Maybe I belong to one of 'em. There's no tellin'. I might be an Astor or a Vanderbilt or a Morgan, that strayed out the front door when the butler was kiddin' the Swedish nurse, and may be they hunted the whole country over for me.

But I ain't worryin' any over that. So far as I can see, there's no special thrill in knowin' just who you are, but there is more or less kick in speculatin' who you might be. And then again there's that notion of Mother Whaley's about being whatever you want to be. Just a case of pickin' and choosin'; and take it from me, when I write my own tag it's gonna be something worth while.

Being a movie star will do to begin with, I guess, and meanwhile I don't see why I should play myself for one of the meek and lowly. So I look 'em in the eye and call the mayor Gid and the Hon. Stephen Z. Carter Stub and old Fink Doc.

I was still waitin' for some word from Iris Illington when I heard she'd gone back to New York. That was kinda funny, too, but likely that big stiff, Godfrey Marlowe, had rushed her off in such a hurry she didn't have time to let me know if there was a stout-boy part in the new piece. Probably I'd get a wire some day and have to leave on the jump for Hollywood. I was savin' up for the trip.

And then here one Monday mornin' Doc Fink reads something in the paper that gets him all steamed up. As there's nobody else handy, he has to tell me about it. "Whaley," says he, "did you ever see a real crown prince?"

"Not that I remember of," says I. "Why?"

"Well," says he, "one is to pass through South Adnock today—His Royal Highness, Gustavus Adolphus, the Crown Prince of Sweden."

"Huh!" says I. "What for?"

"He is on his way to the mountains," explains the Doc, "and the Crown Princess is with him, as well as other noble members of his suite. The royal party is motoring up and the cars are due here about noon. Think of that, Whaley! The heir to the throne of Sweden!"

"There's two Swedes workin' in the chair fact'ry," says I. "They ain't so much."

But Doc shows me a picture of this Prince bird and gets busy pastin' it into a frame that come as a root-beer ad, and sticks it in one of the show windows, and chases me upstairs to run out the flag.

"Of course," he says, "their Royal Highnesses will be passing through on the other side of the square, but we must do our part to pay some little tribute to such distinguished guests."

"I could stand out front and yodel as they went by," I suggests

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Whaley," says he. "I shall be obliged to put the store in your charge for an hour or so, as I have been invited by Mayor Allen to occupy a seat in the reviewing stand that is being built out from the front porch of Adnock Inn. I must go up and dress for the occasion now."

And say, half an hour later he shows up in an antique braid-bound cutaway, a pair of striped pants that I bet he was married in, and a high silk lid that the moths had fed on since the first McKinley campaign.

"You ain't expectin' to go along with Their Highnesses, are you, Doc?" I asks.

"I hope to salute our royal guests in a fitting and respectful manner," says he.

"Well, give 'em my regards," says I, "and tell 'em I'd been there too if I hadn't been detained on business."

It's a two-minute walk across to Adnock Inn, so the Doc leaves at 10:30 to be on time. Half an hour later Gid Allen drops in on his way from city hall for his usual lime-and-lemon. He's borrowed the Rev. Caleb Hamm's silk hat, and he has on the official Prince Albert coat and a white vest, and he's all swelled up with importance.

"This is a great day for South Adnock, young man," says he. "First time in our history we have ever had the honor of entertaining a crown prince."

"If the whole committee is costumed like you and Doc," says I, "he's gonna be entertained all right."

He shakes his head solemn. "I guess Fink is right about you, Whaley," says he. "You're an incurable Smart Aleck."

"I hope it's so, Gid," says I. "I don't want to be cured."

Well, from then on I was kept pretty busy, for it seems like everybody in the county had come in for a glimpse of the royal pair, and most of 'em had to brace themselves with some sort of drink. One while there I had 'em lined up two deep at the counter, and they was callin' for everything, from egg malted to banana splits. It was a hot day too. I shucked the white coat and rolled up my sleeves, and at that I was leakin' like a street sprinkler. About noon, though, the rush let up, 'cause everyone had collected on the other side of the square, and I had a chance to get spruced up a bit.

At 12:15 I stepped out and gazed across, but there was nothing doing. Must have been more'n a thousand people waitin'. And they kept waitin'. At 12:30 Their Highnesses was still missin', but a feller in a flivver breezed by and yelled, "They're comin'! Had to take the detour!" Then I remembered about that piece of state-road construction nine miles south of here and how that would shunt 'em off so they'd have to come in from the other way. So I was standin' there grinnin' to myself when a couple of state troopers on motorcycles whizzed past, tootin', and right behind 'em came this string of dust-covered limousines that had been circlin' around about twenty miles of country road.

The procession slowed down at the head of the square, and, as the first car got opposite me, someone inside said something to the chauffeur and the next thing I knew the whole line had stopped and a big bus with some fancy design painted on the door drew up at our old horse block. A big, pleasant-faced man leans out the window and says, "Soda water?"

"Sure!" says I.

"Can you make the the frosted chocolate?" he asks.

"I'll tell the cockeyed world I can," says I. "How many?"

"Two," says he. "And quickly, if you please." With that he sort of smiles and I gets wise to who he is. If I was in any doubt, all I had to do was glance at that picture in the window. It's Gustavus Adolphus, of course.

"Right!" says I, and skips in to get the electric mixer goin'.

And you might know I'd find the choc'late cream all out and had to dash down cellar after a fresh can. But I slung the drinks together as speedy as I could, slapped a clean napkin on a tray, filled the glasses, and was swingin' out with the order when I sees this swarm of people blockin' the doorway and crowdin' the sidewalk.

"Gangway!" I sings out. "Gangway for the royal drinks!"

I has the tray balanced on one hand above my head and they makes way for me like I'd been chief of police. Say, you wouldn't think that bunch of jays could move so fast. A minute ago they'd been over in front of the inn, but the word has no sooner been passed than they've flocked over here. And they was still leggin' it across the square like they was runnin' to a fire—men, women and kids.

Honest, it made me sick to watch 'em. As though some kind of a show was being staged!

"Here you are!" says I, restin' the tray on the door. "Two frosted."

And the Prince passes one to the lady, who must be the Crown Princess, and dips his face into the other.

"Ah-h-h!" says he when he's finished. And the mob pressin' around holds their breath.

"How about it?" says I. "Was it O. K., Gus?"

I can't say just why I did it either. I had been thinkin' of him as Gus, I expect, and it just naturally popped out. But I could hear a gasp go up from them nearest to me.

The Prince, he stares sort of queer for a second, and then I thought I saw a flicker in his eye. He puts one hand behind his ear, like he didn't quite get me, and says, "I beg pardon?"

So this time I speaks louder. "Was the drinks all right, Gus?" says I.

"Oh, very good indeed," says he. "Thank you," and drops some change on the tray.

And as I turns to push my way back to the store I sees Doc Fink and Gid Allen standin' just behind me. I shall never forget the look on Doc's face either. Say, you'd think he'd been watchin' me toss a bomb or something.

And Gid Allen is glarin' at me with his neck flushed up the color of a new fillin' station. Some of the young sports was snickerin', though, and the Watson girls started gigglin'.

But about then the procession begun rollin' on, to go past the reviewin' stand, and the crowd melted away. 'Course, I figured I was in for a bawlin' out by old Fink, but that didn't get me nervous none. I'm used to hearin' him jaw.

It's more'n a rough call-down I get though. Half an hour later, after the royal guests have moved on, Officer Bolan, who usually spends his time guardin' the baggage truck down at the railroad station, walks in, claps me on the shoulder.

"Tosh," says he, "you're to close up here and come with me."

"Eh?" says I. "What have I done?"

"They'll tell you over to headquarters," says he.

And say, when I walks into the chief's room, blamed if there ain't all the flower and chivalry of South Adnock, as you

Continued on Page 201

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After the bandage, what?

THERE'S a white bandage over Tom Bradley's eyes these days. But his "mind's eye" still sees clearly. It sees a dreary future of poverty and struggle—much work and few pleasures for his wife and children. That's what he must expect, if the doctor's worst fears are realized and the eyes behind that bandage cannot be reclaimed.

And that ruthless mind's eye of his often sees, also, a picture of the old familiar shop the day "it" happened.

Until that day, most of the fellows in the shop felt as Tom Bradley did. Nothing had ever happened to them. Nothing would. So they left their safety goggles in their lockers, or pushed them up on their foreheads when the foreman wasn't looking.

Then came that afternoon.

Zip!!—a splinter of steel flew into the air. And the eyesight that Tom Bradley's friendly, sensible goggles would have protected had gone dark. Was it to be night—eternal night for him?

There wasn't much heart for work the rest of that day. It made men who had been exposed to the same risks as Tom feel pretty sick and shaky, when they realized how careless they had been about goggles. Nothing but a shifty turn of chance had decided Tom should be the victim instead of one of themselves.

It's a dismal matter of record that men working under hazardous conditions have scoffed at safety goggles until an accident has happened.

Must a Tom Bradley always be sacrificed in such shops before his fellow workers awake to the need for eye protection?

Note to Employers: Here's what the loss of a workman's eye means to you:

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It would be to your advantage to analyze the individual or special eye hazards in your plant. We maintain a department of experienced men for this work, whose services will aid you in your problems. Copies of our Happy Larry safety bulletins will be furnished without charge to employers who wish to keep workers alive to the folly of letting eyes go unprotected. Address American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

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(Continued from Page 198)

might say, bunched together. There's the mayor; Dunk Fletcher, head of the chamber of commerce; three aldermen; Sam Hesters, the coroner; the Hon. Stub Carter; Miss Peters, the S. P. C. A. agent; Dolliver, the game warden; and a dozen others, includin' Doc Fink. Half of 'em seemed to be makin' speeches at once, but when Bolan shoves me in things got as quiet as a prayer meetin'.

Then Gid Allen speaks up. "Whaley," says he, "I suppose you know what you are here for."

"I'm a bum guesser," says I. "What?"

"Then I'll tell you," says he. "You've let that smart-Aleck tongue of yours run away with you. We heard what you said to His Royal Highness. We got a dozen witnesses, so there's no use tryin' to crawl out of it. You have disgraced this town, brought shame to the cheeks of our leading citizens, insulted the most distinguished guest we've ever had or ever will have."

"Just because I called him Gus?" says I.

The Hon. Stub Carter treats himself to a shudder, the husky Miss Peters lets out a squeal, clutches her gold badge and drops faint into a chair.

"You needn't repeat that," says Gid Allen. "We are now considering what should be done to you for this heinous offense."

"Say, lissen," says I, "if I'm pinched for something, I gotta right to know what's the charge, ain't I? What is it?"

That sets 'em all chatterin' again. Some one thing and some another, but most of 'em thinks it ought to be for disturbin' the peace; until Dunk Fletcher, who runs the department store, elbows to the front and says: "Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, I move that the prisoner be prosecuted for lese majesty." And that seemed to go big. They was all for it, and the general idea was that I could be sent up for from ten to twenty years.

About then, though, Ross T. Cates, the city attorney, comes puffin' in, and when they put it up to him he shakes his head. "Unfortunately," says he, "we have in this country no such offense on the statute books."

"What about using traitorous and seditious language?" askes Stub Carter.

But Cates couldn't quite see how callin' a crown prince by his first name came under that head, and he told 'em he didn't believe I could be convicted of breakin' the peace, either. "In fact," says he, "I doubt if anywhere in the criminal code you will find provision for punishing just this sort thing."

"Do you mean to say," demands Gid Allen, shakin' his finger at me, "that we can't do a thing to this impudent defamer of our fair city?"

"Not without laying yourself liable to a damage suit for false arrest," says he. "I'm only giving you the law. Personally, I think he deserves a sound thrashing, but that could only be administered by ——"

"I know what I can do," speaks up Doc Fink. "I can discharge him from my employ, and I do at this instant."

"All right, Doc," says I. "I resign, and I ain't quittin' much, I'll shout into the microphone."

I was startin' to edge out when the mayor holds up a fat hand. "Just a moment, Whaley," says he. "You are without a job, aren't you? And nobody in South Adnock would either wish to or dare to give you employment. So you have no visible means of support. As such a character, I give you just two hours to leave town. Officer Bolan, you are detailed to see that my orders are carried out."

And with Bolan's big fist grabbin' my collar there wasn't much left for me to do but go along. I gave 'em one shot before I left, though: "Say, you bunch of hicks will be sorry for this some day! You wait!"

And the only one that said a decent word to me as I climbed on the 2:15 was Tess Connors, who'd slipped out of the Crystal Café and come down to the station. "Good luck, Tosh!" she calls out. "Send me a picture post card when you get to Hollywood."

"You bet I will, Tess," says I. "One mounted in gold. Don't worry about me."

And at Brattleboro I caught the express down from the White Mountains, curled up on a seat in the smoker and woke up in New York.

"Now," says I to myself, "to find my good friend, Iris Illington. I wonder where this Gloriana joint is."

You see, I'd been keepin' track of her in the screen notes and knew she hadn't started for the coast yet. I'd read how she'd appeared in the flesh at one of the big Broadway movie palaces, and how she'd helped at some kind of a hospital benefit. Then there'd been a gushy interview with her in one of the Sunday papers, describin' her rooms at the Gloriana. So I knew right where to locate her. It was gonna be simple. What did I care if I had been run out of South Adnock? I'd been leavin' there anyway in a week or so, and what them jays had said just bounced off me like hail off a slate roof. New York was where I'd come from, wasn't it? And so it was where I belonged.

"Say, buddy," I asks the hash slinger at the lunch counter where I was gettin' breakfast, "how do I make the Gloriana from here?"

"Why not have your man call a taxi, Mr. Gould?" says he, winkin' at the customer on the next stool.

"All right," says I, "run out and whistle one up, Perkins; and be snappy about it."

Anyway, I did take a taxi, and I checks my suitcase with a little cloakroom queen that was peaches plus. Next I had some debate with an information clerk that tries to high-hat me, but when he says I can't talk to Miss Illington on the phone, or do anything but leave my name, I gives him the haughty sniff and walks back to the elevator. I remembered her floor and room number from the interview.

But these movie stars are hard to get at. Next I runs up against a snippy French maid that sputters a lot of language I don't understand and slams the door in my face. I expect some would have called it a day, at that. Not Tosh Whaley though. I hung around there for half an hour more, waitin' for a break, and then along comes a waiter staggerin' under a table all set with silver covered dishes. As he is let in I grabs one end of the table and tags right along too. And before Frenchie can shoo me out, there I am in a big room all cream and gold, with Iris Illington sittin' in a window seat wearin' about the spiffiest mornin' costume you could dream about. Also, sprawled out in an overstuffed easy-chair, smokin' a cigarette in a long holder, is Godfrey Marlowe. The French maid is pointin' at me and makin' rapid-fire remarks.

"But what's it all about, Celeste?" says Iris. "Who is this?"

"Why, Iris!" says I. "You remember me, don't you?"

"Oh!" says she. "Now let me see. Aren't you the fat boy that rushed the porter at Springfield and gave me that bunch of wild flowers?"

"No," says I. "I'm ——"

"Ah, now I have it!" she breaks in. "You are the usher at the Tivoli that I promised to autograph a program for last week."

"Not me," says I. "I'm Tosh, the soda clerk at South Adnock, come down to see if you found a stout-boy part in Purple Passions. You know you said I could be in it and that you'd always ——"

"Oh, dear!" says she. "Perhaps I did. I'm always saying silly things like that, aren't I, Godfrey?"

"Heaven knows, you are," says he. "And here's your breakfast."

"Oh, goody!" says Iris, trippin' over and liftin' one of the covers. "Chicken livers en brochette! M-m-m! And, Godfrey, give that fat boy one of my latest photos and take him away—at once."

I'll say Godfrey did. He wasn't gentle about it, either, nor I didn't care for the way he hissed in my ear. "You try crashing the gate here again," says he, "or annoying Miss Illington in any way, and I'll throw you down the elevator shaft, you human sausage, you!"

"Catch me trustin' any more movie stars," says I. "They're the bunk."

And I don't deny I was feelin' sort of droopy as I drifted up Fifth Avenue and wandered into Central Park. Gettin' the bum's rush twice within twenty-four hours don't put you in the mood for sendin' applause cards to yourself. I wanted to camp somewhere and think things over.

Well, I was sittin' on a bench with my chin down and my eyes on my toes when I picked up part of a mornin' paper somebody had left, and all of a sudden I sees a picture on the front page that looks familiar. And say, it's me! Yeauh! No kiddin'! It's one I had taken last summer, so's I'd have some to pass out to the various Janes that were always teasin' me for something to remember me by. Posed for it in my white coat and all, with a glass in my hand. And here it is printed, big as life, in a New York paper.

That ain't all, either. Underneath it says:

TOSH THE UNABASHED
WHO CALLED SWEDEN'S CROWN PRINCE GUS

Then there's a long story, more or less faked up, about how I swaggers out to the royal car, kids their Highnesses and serves 'em soda as offhand as if they'd come in on a trolley. It tells how the royal guest has got to be a frosted-drink fan since comin' to this country, but that I'm the only soda clerk in America that ever had the nerve to call him Gus. And there's nothing about what happened afterwards, for them press boys must have left when he did. One of 'em, though, stopped long enough to dig up this picture. Anyway, there was more about me than about the Crown Prince; and when I looks on an inside page, blamed if they ain't got an editorial about the Yankee soda clerk who treated royalty like home folks.

With that I walks down the Avenue until I finds a news stand and buys some more papers. Uh-huh! Everyone had a piece about me. "By Associated Press," it says. I know what that means too. It means that all over the country people are readin' that stuff—here, in Chicago, in San Francisco, in Boston, and in South Adnock. Say, I'd like to see Doc Fink and Gid Allen when they strike that. And they'll be gettin' their papers about now. They would run me out of town, would they? I told 'em they'd be sorry, but I didn't know it would come so soon.

Well, well! Famous, first rattle out of the box. And the thing to do was to cash in on it. Say, I wasn't draggin' my heels any as I starts downtown. I was Tosh Whaley, I was, the celebrated soda clerk. So I picks out the ritziest shop on the Avenue, strolls in and calls for the boss. He's a dark, foreign-lookin' guy, but he understands English.

"Well?" says he.

"I guess you want me," says I.

"Oh, do I?" says he. "Who the blazes are you?"

"There's the answer," says I, shovin' the paper with the picture at him. "I'm Tosh the Unabashed."

He runs his eye over the piece, works up a grin, and then looks from the picture to me. "But you were in Vermont yesterday," says he.

"You wouldn't expect a party with my talents to stay there, would you?" says I. "I knew either you or somebody else would be sendin' for me, so I came right down."

"H-m-m!" says he, rubbin' his chin. "The youth that called the Crown Prince Gus! Yes, I believe I do want you, Tosh."

"How bad?" says I.

"Why, how about twenty a week?" says he.

"Make it thirty," says I. "I'm the only one in the country, you know."

"Very well," says he. "Get into a white coat and take that Number 1 stand, next to the show window."

So here I am, right on Fifth Avenue, where maybe I was born, but anyhow, where I belong to be.

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THE SECRET PHŒNIX OF SYRIA

(Continued from Page 23)

Of late it had required an actual spiritual jar to remind Mr. Nassoum of those earlier origins on which he had built the edifice of his proud American life. But, unfailingly, Miss Adelaide Cowens supplied this jar. Mr. Nassoum never looked at Miss Cowens but she stripped him at a glance. She tore away his business significance, his fedora, his spats, his stick, his diamond; and changed him into a miserable camel boy in dirt and rags shouting "*Ek! Ek!*" through his nose.

This, exactly, had just happened: Driving home peaceably, if a little theatrically, he had looked up and seen Miss Cowens in her window. He had bowed as he always did. The camel boy would not suffer his adversary to know her power to wound him. He bowed very deeply indeed. But he could not forbear adding a few choice words in Syriac as he did so:

"Sour, flat-chested, hideous-appearing old virgin whom no man has desired," he said rapidly, his obeisance deepening as he recognized Mrs. Patton. "As the so uglier one, it is not right you should have the wealth, but all should be given to your cousin."

It made him feel a little better to abuse Miss Cowens, even if she couldn't hear it. It propped him up in his own esteem. And besides, she had it coming to her, just for the way she treated mamma.

Gentle, patient, kind mamma, who waited in the inner hallway now. Mamma had the timidity of a doe, the reticence of all true zenana women. She did not understand America, even while humbly, eagerly speeding her husband and flock on their progressive way. The most modest and self-effacing of souls, there was no need of this Miss Cowens' cruel snubbings and back turnings, surely, thought Mr. Nassoum, for mamma would never intrude.

A daughter of a nomad people—of the Bakhtiyari—simple of tastes, unlettered, she had marked for herself a domestic pale over whose boundary she set no foot, even at the behest of her loved ones. Why should she be snubbed by a Christian lady? Is it not written in the Christian teaching, reflected Mr. Nassoum, that we are all progeny of one Father?

Mamma greeted her spouse. She was a stoutish, pleasant-faced little woman, with dark liquid eyes, a destroyed figure, a honey-colored skin, bad teeth, and a sumptuous afternoon frock of black georgette spangled with jet. She wore no shoes, no stockings, on her shapely feet.

Mr. Nassoum removed his coat and handed it to mamma. A servant, Syrian, flitted across the back hall, but it pleased mamma personally to attend her lord.

The family, clustering in pleasant excitement before their parent's arrival, now dispersed on various errands. The house assumed its norm of activity. It was a handsome house, pervaded now pleasantly with the odor of a savory ragout cooking somewhere—mutton and rice and a dash of garlic.

Mr. Nassoum stood, digesting his impressions. He had purchased it, with all furnishings intact, from the estate of Judge Murphy, and the Murphy substructure was still visible. A pattern of stately mahogany, old-fashioned paintings, long mirrors, walnut cases of standard sets. Upon these Mr. Nassoum had himself unleashed the Orient. A riot of rich rug patterns offered their softly meshed colors from floor and wall and table top, and a quantity of Benares lamps and lanterns stood about on inlaid teak taborets. To these influences his progeny had added modern America.

From the doorway was visible a number of overstuffed velvet pieces, three davenports and a number of large armchairs—rather nouveau riche—a half dozen rose-shaded slender bridge lamps, and a mechanical slot-fed piano.

As Mr. Nassoum hesitated here, his son Harold Lloyd climbed up on this piano bench, took a nickel from a cupful kept handy on top and caused the thing to burst into song. "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," it rendered instrumentally.

The song had no meaning for Mr. Nassoum. He roused himself and passed to his own sanctum. This was reached by a flight of stairs at the left and was formerly Judge Murphy's library. The library of calf volumes, indeed, still faced its walls; its great table, its handsome leather chairs, still stood in readiness, and a great picture—the Peale—of Washington confronted one on entering. But here again Mr. Nassoum had made concession for the East. Of all his private collection of rich and beautiful rugs, the richest, the most beautiful had been placed here; the finest of his taborets, the most sumptuous of his brasses.

Kirmanshahs, Hamadans out of Ecbatana, Karabagh, Feraghans, Ghiordes, Ispahans, Khorassan, old Kashan, bearing the weaving traceries of the Sarabend—all these glowed with the dim luster of spilled amethysts, rubies, garnets, jades and chrysoprase, in that interior where Michael Murphy had conned his legal briefs and savored his Donegal whisky.

The chairs were all pushed back. A sort of couch, or dais, had been created for Mr. Nassoum in the middle of the floor. It was covered with modern Bergama in rose and lilac like a fleecy silk buffalo robe. At the foot was flung a Mosul prayer rug, and an old Karabagh astrological carpet, with man's horoscope in the zodiac symbols, and—where Mr. Nassoum's feet could rest—a Kirmanshah with the tree of life delicately traced in rare violet, with a border from Hafiz, the poet, done into Arabic: In the End All Men Ride Upon Two Sticks—the dead litter.

Where Mr. Nassoum's elbow would rest stood a small table. On it was a dish of phistk, a sweet wrought from pistachio nuts; Mr. Nassoum's nargile neatly prepared to its usual rose water, flat leaves of light-hued Egyptian tobacco, and charcoal; some Syrian and Turkish newspapers; a Mohammedan rosary of wooden beads—a plaything purely, and assistant to reflection—and near by a folded lounge garment, a cross between a Cossack's caftan and what the well-dressed man is wearing as he loafs, wrought from a sumptuous Byzantine silk. There was a lounge cap to match, and pointed slippers of flexible leather.

You are right—the setting, the habiliments of a poet. But then Mr. Nassoum was a poet. If poetry, as someone has said, is mental lingerie, the imaginative output of Mr. Nassoum, like many others in his business, would in a month's time put to shame the combined overtime product of all the lingerie mills of this country.

Poetic phrasing, vivacity of word, symbolism of image were the bread and meat of Mr. Nassoum's daily thought. Compelled to restrict this before the gray-drab routine of American business life, he found his outlet in such moments as these, when, in casual negligee, he could lose himself in the resources of the Orient, feed his spirit on the meditations, dreams and mental vagaries so familiar to the Oriental mind.

He lost no time in getting into his robe and slippers; in curling his fat parentheses-like legs on the silk Bergama; in clapping his pocket mouthpiece onto the nargile; in ringing and even snapping his fingers at his servant. "A hot coal," he cried in Syriac, pointing to his water pipe; and then, still snapping, to a small pierced brass lamp, "Let there be light," he added, for he liked a soft amethystine glow of artificial color around him.

But when he had, as usual, dabbled in his newspapers, he could not find the mood he wanted for meditation. Sitting, turning the gay Mohammedan beads upon his wrist, there did not come to him at once the usual easy release of mind he knew, its playful abandon to a realm very far indeed from this spot. Not even a cooling line culled from a volume of Hafiz helped him. Rush Street, Miss Cowens and her snubbings, America and its standards, seemed to creep into the room, bringing a hundred suggestive voices to his ear—in criticism chiefly.

His eye, where he sat, rested on the great Peale of Washington consideringly. He admired Washington. He had felt if it was good enough for Judge Michael Murphy, it was good enough for him to look at. But there were certain phases of the Washington legend he did not exactly understand. His children had carried home stories from their school. That matter of the hatchet and the cherry tree—it was incredible. "Cherries," said Mr. Nassoum thoughtfully, groping a little for the peculiar significance.

Not that he himself didn't admire and elevate the faculty of truth. It was his own policy. He laid active stress on his own probity. In the beginning of his career in this country, his stress had even been clamor. "As God is my witness," Mr. Nassoum had been wont to cry to attest his honesty in a bargain. Later he had pared this crudity down to a greater refinement of method, but the substance was still there. Truth was mighty and should be verbally served, whenever possible. But to elaborate about a character like Washington a filigree of this sort, a matter so trivial financially as a few cherries! And to account it worthy of such honor among men like Judge Murphy, who hung the picture here; who, as Mr. Nassoum knew, a brief time before his death, as the Federal prohibition official, had been sadly involved—or nearly so—in scandals over liquor permits! Among men like his adjacent neighbors, who, though their children shared with his own instruction emphasizing this quality of the noble Washington, yet held *sub rosa* traffic with the illicit liquor dealer at the back door, violated the speed laws of their country, tampered with policemen, dealt as in a commodity with franchise. These were things he would never comprehend about America, though he would do his best to conform.

Did he not do so? Was there a man who tried harder to be pleasant and amenable, and to subscribe to form by a proper attention to all American courtesy and idea?

Take this very old virgin Miss Cowens, who was so rude—would he not lend to her and her confreres the best he had for their bazaar, the cream of his collection? His Hamadans of Ecbatana, his Ghiordes, his Kirmanshahs—yes, even the one with the Arabic philosophy: In the End All Men Ride Upon Two Sticks? Let Miss Cowens remember that truth!

But all these beautiful pieces, and others. He had ordered Hassan, his eldest son, at a given signal from his friend, Mrs. Patton, to strip his very house for the loan collection. That also proved that he was familiar with Christian teaching—to heap upon your enemy's head the hot charcoals of fire!

Suppose, for instance, he had refused, or lent just his worst rugs. Those gaudy satin-smooth bootleggers' delights, those "Orientals" of the new-rich; acid-gleaming, thick-piled "Saruks" of modern trade. Suppose he had even arranged something like Neri Joseph's joke! At a thought Mr. Nassoum's face creased with laughter. He reached around to one side of his divan and produced a brown-paper-wrapped parcel, tied up with string, which he now undid.

Neri Joseph—he was indeed a sad wag—though a skilled one—to have produced anything like this! What Mr. Nassoum saw was a small square rug, with the usual Sarabend influence in its border and a background of a peculiar penetrating blue. But the mirth-provoking element lay in the central figure. An emblem, vivid, haughty, dominating as the eagle in the German coat of arms, but much more peculiar. Indeed, at first glance it was difficult to say what

(Continued on Page 204)

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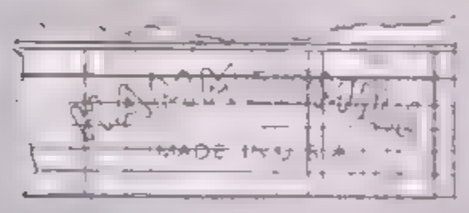

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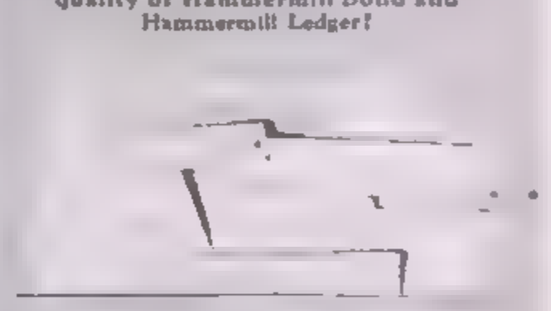

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Making Good Money

(Continued from Page 202

precisely it was, beast or bird, and a series of small amused chuckles rippled violently over Mr. Nassoum's smooth olive surface. That wag, Neri Joseph!

What exactly had happened was that Neri Joseph, Mr. Nassoum's most skilled weaver and repair man, had been sent to Mrs. Donahue's big country place upstate to do some work on a rug, and, fulfilling his mission, had on his last day broken his leg very badly. He had been penned up three weeks on Mrs. Donahue's tenant farm; and like the spider, whose habit is ineradicable, even though the spinneret is empty, Neri Joseph had beguiled his enforced idleness with a very fancy attempt at weaving indeed. He had set up in his frame, and woven into a small panel of acutely blue modern wool an idealized portrait of a certain small and most aggressive red bantam rooster whose activities were pursued near the farm-kitchen window.

Neri Joseph had seized the rooster in one of his battle moments, with vertical spine, fanning arched wings and bristling feathers. And because Neri Joseph was Oriental he had transmuted the bantam with certain poetic touches. He had molded him into more Oriental contours, until he showed the influence of the sacred fire bird; and finally, as a whimsical caprice, he had endowed the rooster with four, not two, hard-raking spurred feet. A very cartoon of roosters. A very cartoon of a rug. A comic strip in weaving.

Mr. Nassoum lay back and laughed. Suppose he had been willing to violate himself as an artist—bring the Orient and its skilled artistry into disrepute and have arranged with Neri Joseph to offer anything like this!

The bantam dropped from Mr. Nassoum's hand. His good humor was restored. The nargile bubbled softly. The soothing blend of tobacco and rose water saluted Mr. Nassoum's soul, quieted his earlier unrest.

Miss Cowens faded from his mind. Modern America. Into their place stole reverie. In this case a medley of pictures, not unlike the Mohammedan's idea of heaven.

It is probable that the meanest Syrian peddler you drive from your door, with a satchelful of near-torchon, could compose many a passionate page of original Alf-Laylah-Wa-Laylah. Certainly Mr. Nassoum was no mean hand himself.

America and mamma were well enough, but a man must have his harmless recreations. He had a little meditation that he sometimes indulged. He entered into it now.

It seemed to him he stood, grown much handsomer and younger, before a secretive arched doorway in a stone wall over which lime trees hung. He was in silk from head to foot and wore a turban clasped with pearls. His face was lifted, expectant, toward that barred door. You could see the moles upon it shining like globes of ambergris; and though he walked comparatively alone, attended only by two black slaves, you knew that he was of high rank, seeking adventure in the byways of his demesne.

And now it is upon him. The secretive doorway unbars. A beautiful woman, unveiled and with a face like the moon—her name is Zobeide, and she is a captive Circassian princess—falls at his feet, a dagger in hand. "Protect me, or I die!" she shrieks. "Give me succor, defender of the oppressed, or I live not another instant!"

A gigantic eunuch springs out of the doorway, lays violent hands upon the beauty.

Mr. Nassoum does not even soil his hand to touch him! He folds his arms, sneers, "Unhand the damsel," merely spurns the oaf with his golden-slippered foot. In a moment a pinch of reliable magic dust——

In reality, Mr. Nassoum, here in Rush Street, spurns with his foot. Involuntarily one fat parenthetical leg strikes out, almost upsetting the taboret beside him, and for a moment he must emerge from reverie and make a more practical rescue.

But by the time he is off to Arabia again there is a slightly different arrangement around him. In half upsetting his table Mr. Nassoum huddled up the rug with the line from Hafiz, and in doing it he inadvertently pushed under it, quite concealing it, the warlock joke bantam of Neri Joseph.

III

"MR. NASSOUM! Mr. Nassoum! What is this that I am holding?" Miss Adelaide Cowens' sharp countenance and sharper voice bore directly upon the gray-flanneled and bediamonded figure of Ben Ali Nassoum, the merchant, who had just entered his railed space in the exhibit hall, where, earlier, two young minions in Turkish dress had arranged his handsome allotment of woven treasure.

It bore not at all willingly. Miss Cowens had resolved that she would not speak to Ben Ali Nassoum from her large booth devoted to the handiwork of the Guild Girls' Association. Yet here she was, driven by a flaming curiosity she herself did not understand, and extending a small unusual-looking rug of an outlandish bright blue that had hung for more than an hour on the railing parting her space from Nassoum's.

Ben Ali Nassoum surprised her. He turned violet—looked for an instant, utterly scandalized, then sprang violently forward, snatched the rug from her hand and thrust it behind him.

"Eet is—nothing," he panted contemptuously. "Eet is not there. You have not seen it. Eet ees not of this ex-heebit! Pah! Er—what I mean is—a matter strictly private."

He was agitated. He had intended putting out the loveliest exhibit of rugs this city had ever seen, and in some odd way Hassan had brought along the joke, this beroostered travesty, matter of private relaxation only, had blazoned it ridiculously here in public. Nor only that, his adversary had found it.

"Nothing!" he now purred. "Eet is not there! A private matter solely." And he freed one plump olive hand, made a motion in the air as of one crocheting a few lace shells and would have backed into his booth.

Miss Cowens shook her long jet earrings. "You are concealing something from me, Mr. Nassoum," she said curtly, and a faint echo of color poured into her austere cheek.

This man, this little fat Oriental, who had put everything in Rush Street over on her, should put over nothing more if she could help it.

"Let me see that rug!" she added. It was the tone she used in speaking to Ham, her colored gardener, to any of the lower tradesmen, and she stepped around the barrier of Mr. Nassoum's person and seized it. "There is no reason, Mr. Nassoum, why I should not look at a rug if I desire. You are in the rug business, are you not—your idea, I believe, being barter and sale? I might buy it."

"Buy eet!" Something strangled in Mr. Nassoum's throat. "No, nobodee on earth could buy eet."

"You mean—you value it so highly? It is unusual. Is it one of your rare pieces? What is it, Mr. Nassoum? What is its commercial value?"

Mr. Nassoum swallowed. "Value!" he said. Ripples moved his surface, he crocheted shells with both hands, laid his head on one shoulder with an effect of tucking it out of sight, and almost exploded. "But eet has no commercial value—none!" Those cherries! Honesty is the best policy! He would not deviate lightly.

He could see every detail of Miss Cowen's face. He had never been so close. Yes, he was right. She was really homely, and ignorant. She had a great many inherited treasures of value in that house over the way; good rugs, too, he knew that. But she knew nothing about them. Homely and ignorant, and rich and stingy.

She treated her nice cousin, old Mrs. Patton, mean—and mamma. Look at the way she used mamma! Still, George Washington

"Eet could not be bought. Eet would have—no price," said Mr. Nassoum firmly, and he laid his head upon his other shoulder. "You—you could not be int-rust about eet, Mees Cowens," he added conclusively.

"Do not presume, please, to tell me what I am interested in. I do my own thinking, Mr. Nassoum. As for a rug without price, that is absurd—with Oriental people! I have been in the Orient. Of course your rug has its price. I don't care how valuable it is, nor how much it is one of your special pieces."

Mr. Nassoum laughed frankly. "Eet ees the most special I own! Eet should be kep' in a glass case." And he laughed, with a faint touch of impudence, to see a sudden acquisitive gleam in Miss Cowens' eyes. He took the bantam out of her hand. "That ees why I never sell thees," he smiled.

Miss Cowens eyed him narrowly. "I do not believe that you could not be induced to sell, Mr. Nassoum. No rug is priceless. But I am not, of course, interested in a sale here. What I asked of you—and I shall insist on your answering—was the meaning of this rug, its name, its history. And why do you value it so much and speak of keeping it in a glass case?"

Mr. Nassoum hesitated. But he was, after all, a poet, and she had asked for it.

"I weel tell you," he said, lowering his voice. "I have not purposelee exhibit thees rug, Mees Cowens, nor mention to anee other than yourself. Bic-cause eet ees by accident you see eet onlee. Eet ees by a meestake brought here—onlee that. An' I weel tell you why. Eet ees so spec-ial bic-cause eet come to my han' outside the usual bees-ness chan-nel, weeth cur-ous his-toree. By private geeft, onlee. But I mus' tell you what you have guess'. You are looking at sometheeng out of the ord-in-ar-ee. Some-theeng weethout dup-licate, I as-sure you. Leesten! You have heard of rug called the mees-ing Ardebil?" he demanded.

Miss Cowens had not, but murmured an assent.

"Well, then, the meesing Ardebil is ver' wonderful rug. Los' for manee years—an' nevair, the oreeginal, whol-ly ri-stored. Eet ees said the bord-er ees taken from eet to mend eets fam-ous com-panion een the Kenseengton Museum in Lon-don. Eet ees said new pieces have been place in eet who shall say where all of eet ees—in eets entirety? Thees we know—eet ees ver' old piece. Back from sixteenth centuree—made under Shah Tamasp. A great patron of art. And eet ees woven by his slave, Maksuod of Kashan. Manee great weavers among the Shiahs—but no weaver like him. He is greatest of all. No, no," Mr. Nassoum laughed deprecatingly, showing double rows of perfect ivory, "do not theenk thees piece is part from the meesing Ardebil, Mees Cowens. That would be laughable. I am poor deal-er. Such treasure belong to the whole world. But thees leetle piece—I do not say, mind—but who can tell? I am sure one thing. Yes, yes, there must have been work-pieces; leetle study pieces, Shah Tamasp's slave made to ac-quire his skeel. An' somewhere in the worl' thees pieces come now an' again to the han'. Theenk! Eef one found soch a leetle piece. Eef one could believe eet—of what value. So unick! So special! But all thees does not int-rust! Onlee—you see why eet ees that I would not sell soch a piece nor weesh to exhibit."

Mr. Nassoum was now very firm indeed; like a rock, like the essence of prohibition. He lifted one hand almost like a barrier, crocheted rapidly again, and with pretty yet positive courtesy bore off Neri Joseph's bantam.

"Shah Tamasp—the sixteenth century," breathed Miss Cowens, stopping him. "But what is the type and the name of a piece like that?"

"Oh, Ardebil—in-feer-ior Ardebil, Mees Cowens; and the name especial ees"—perhaps Mr. Nassoum saw in his mind's eye again the flight out of Syria of a small grimy boy, and his apotheosis here—"thees much I can impart: I should call eet—the Seecret Phœnix of Syria"—he rippled and

(Continued on Page 207)

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THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
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TANGLEFOOT SPRAY

(Continued from Page 204)

shrugged—"the seemb-olic bird of breeliant plum-age that rise, so tradeetion say, from the fires an' ash-es of preevious estate."

"The Secret Phœnix of Syria!" murmured Miss Cowens as she walked back to her booth. "From the sixteenth century. I have always heard that a bright blue in an old rug is difficult to find. But I—I don't believe that the creature wouldn't sell the thing."

If there was anything Miss Adelaide Cowens disliked it was opposition of any sort. As a social arbiter and scion of Commodore Cowens, she had practically never met any. Was this Nassoum person going to interpose some now? Not that she had had any intention of buying the gaudy woven scrap, with its odd four-footed beast or bird on that bright sea of blue. Phœnix? Phœnix? Yes, dimly, she remembered hearing of a creature, a bird, a sort of crested eagle, that arose from the ashes of a dying fire—and this had caught her eye, on the railing beside her booth. Going up to it, she had examined the piece.

She understood that Ben Ali Nassoum had guaranteed to Flora Patton that he would lend an exhibit covering his choicest private treasures, which went to show again the Oriental character and what a liar the man was. For here had he not clearly intended to hold out on Flora and the rest of this committee and refrain from lending a piece that he himself admitted was without price? Yes, actually though she had forced him to describe it, to enlarge upon its rarity and value, he was still determined to remove it. She looked over at Nassoum's booth. The Phœnix was gone—into its glass case?

Nassoum stood with his fat back to her; and there was something about the quality of his back—something that smacked of dismissal, of bland negation, that was simply intolerable! Somebody ought to take the insolent creature in hand. Somebody, that is, who might want a valuable blue rug—this particular rug, whose blueness, whose curious woven effigy, first attracted her.

Miss Cowens admired blue. She had a blue chamber on the second floor full of blue objects of some value; heirloom pieces—East and West mingling. Some Chinese porcelains; Wedgwood vases; blue Wistar glass; some India madras in a curious blue diaper print hanging from the mahogany tester; a great peacock's-tail fan from Ceylon; a sandalwood chest with dim blue arabesques.

She transplanted the Secret Phœnix of Syria to this chamber, and something clicked definitely in her austere mind. She must have the Secret Phœnix of Syria! She must have it! First, because she was Miss Cowens and accustomed to get what she wanted; second, because its beguiling azure fairly cried, in her opinion, for union with an environment far, far more fitting than anything Ben Ali Nassoum could supply; and third, because it was Ben Ali Nassoum who had declared he would not part with it.

Triply endeared to her, Miss Cowens saw the rug again, as it had lain in her hands. She saw its Sarabend delicacy of border, its inimitable sapphire—fruit, probably, of some lost secret of wool dyeing—and lastly she envisaged the spread pinions, the curving claws of the gallant phœnix itself.

"Yes, yes, I want that rug," she cried, "and I mean to have it. I shall fight it out with Nassoum—and I shall win. I will buy it at my price, which shall not be excessive." Here her own city would freely have absolved Miss Cowens, who was known to be a close bargainer. "And all Syria shall not stop me!"

And with the light of battle burning in her eyes, a rising flush in her cheek, Miss Cowens stepped forward to show a patron the canned peaches and aprons of the Girls' Guild.

IV

THE epic contest which took place between Mr. Ben Ali Nassoum and Miss Adelaide Cowens over the body of the Secret Phœnix of Syria is one which would tax the pen of a far more skillful narrator than the present one. In it may be found crystallized all the desires and thwarted passion of any person firmly bent upon achieving what seems to be a tantalizing and desirable possibility, which yet recedes at every approach, evaporating like the *ignis fatuus* before the weary traveler seeking the friendly inn light. If such person be a woman of narrow, egotistic, intensely channeled desires—bullheaded, in short—and the object be some bauble of delight, some object of art exquisite in itself—say, a jewel especially—we have the keynote to a whole literature of striving, cupidity, sacrifice, lust, and even destruction, in the name of mere possession. Of this the quest of Miss Cowens after the Secret Phœnix of Syria may be taken as a moderately moving example.

I cannot say when the triple strand of motivation which urged her to secure it became one thing; but I do know that within a week of its acquaintance, and at the end of certain private episodes with Mr. Nassoum, she had forgotten anything but one—that is, the utter desirability of the rug for itself; that life for her without the Secret Phœnix would be incomplete. She thought of nothing else. So a woman tempted by some diamond she covets begins to use it as the focus of all reveries; the center of meditation and planning; spins about its potentialities the web of her daily living and habits.

By the end of a week, in view of Mr. Nassoum's unalterable stand, the Phœnix was imbedded in Miss Cowens' mind to stay. It was at the end of her first day in the booth that she approached Ben Ali Nassoum and, leading him aside, asked him if she might have another look at the Shah Tamasp rug.

It took Nassoum a moment's struggle to recall of what she spoke; to remember that fairy cobweb of poetic lingerie he had woven for her and trimmed so appropriately with those crocheted shells of gesture. But as he realized the subterranean excitement beneath Miss Cowens' assumption of cool worldly superiority, all that was poet—and human, as well—rose to the challenge. Should he fail her?

With an excruciating quantity of ripples, shrugs and undulations, he lamented the fact that he had dispatched it by a special bearer back to its usual place, but declared that he would produce it as a favor tomorrow.

If, when tomorrow came, Miss Cowens was compelled to remind him, and he found it impossible to produce the thing before still another day, its value for Miss Cowens was surely not thereby decreased.

As she slipped the small piece in her hands again she had authentically that curious slightly chilly feeling along the nape of her neck which reverent collectors claim they feel at contact with the authentically ancient. Mr. Nassoum, standing by, had in part something to do with this. He spoke freely and ably of the Shah Tamasp. Miss Cowens herself verified this much in the encyclopedia, but he exhibited a guarded vigilance over the Phœnix itself, an eagerness to have it back in his own hand that was more eloquent than tomes of speech.

"Even if it is of value, there is no need of his snatching like that. I could not steal it."

On the second day after this, concealing her interest with what she believed was deep diplomacy, she stopped at the Oriental booth and—under pretense of admiring a Bokhara there—brought up the subject again, and this time mentioned a friend, a collector, to whom she had spoken of it. In fact, her friend had gone so far as to authorize her to make an offer for it. "A reasonable offer," amended Miss Cowens.

Mr. Nassoum's negative had been as staunch as before. "Weethout price," he had pronounced. He even looked wounded. "I would have shame to take monee for eet. Eet came as a geeft. Eet ees art pr-r-oduction onlee, Mees Cowens. Beautiful—yes. Unick—yes. I do not dee-ny all thees. But for a sale? Of monee—no, no! The great treasures of thees worl' are not for such barters an' sales. Sometime eet ees the artis' heart, even in the merchant breas', that weeshes to rest con-tent and tranqueel in the mere possession of his treasure. So here!"

The exhibits closed next day, but very shortly Miss Cowens called at the Nassoum shops, and buying two small rugs she had not expected to purchase, she cornered Mr. Nassoum in his private office and again joined forces—to no avail.

Ah, here was a moral force, as staunch and impenetrable as the physical body that incased it. That sturdy spirit and stout husk that had been ripened naked at birth on the roof of the parental mud hut, earning its right to life, was well prepared to withstand even the pressure of a Miss Adelaide Cowens. At least it seemed so over what were, for Adelaide Cowens, two weeks of literal suffering. For as time passed and her passion grew, who shall deny that Mr. Nassoum played with his fair neighbor as cruelly as a cat plays with a mouse?

Committing himself to nothing, creating, minute by minute, the proper atmosphere, enhancing the desirability of the thing she coveted, dangling it before her eyes like a wisp of attractive fox fire, yet always permanently intrenching in the negative: "Weethout price. I should have shame to take a price of monee." All her addresses gained her nothing.

By the end of a second week she had frankly cast off her ruse of buying for a friend. She had cajoled him to name a price. She had begged him to, bullied him to, bought of him to—had done, she felt, everything but go upon her knees, which quite probably had not occurred to Nassoum, nor would he, she felt tartly, have cared if she had.

"He is a bully about this, and I am certainly losing weight," she reflected, tying on her bonnet one bright day and looking into her glass. She was on her way for one more desperate clinch with Nassoum. "And after that, if he refuses me ——"

She closed her eyes, a little faint at thought of defeat. She had just taken a look in at her blue room. It would never look right until the Secret Phœnix lay there among its companion rarities.

It is just when the battle seems darkest, the portent of victory most doubtful, that fate has a way sometimes of flinging the favorable decision in our lap as a gift, so to speak; at least of pulling the props out beneath our aggressive stand, taking the ground from under our feet.

After a drive down to the Nassoum shops from her home, an interval spent in mustering afresh every available argument, every ounce of pressure and pleading and morale she could conceive of, Miss Cowens found on this desperate day that she needed none.

Mr. Ben Ali Nassoum received her in his tiny office cubicle and uttered words that for a minute, after the long beleaguering period, the tussle of wills between them, seemed incredible.

"You mean," she faltered at the end of five minutes, "that you are going to give in, Mr. Nassoum, and let me have the Phœnix rug?"

She moistened her lips. Mr. Nassoum made fans of his hands.

"Eef, Mees Cowens," he said gravely, "anee one have told me t'ree weeks ago that I part weeth thees trea-sure, I cawn-sider heem crazee. Simplee, eet is that. But that ees biffore we have our manee talks over thees weeks, whan I come to know you more bet-ter, as a ladee of gret taste and dees-crimination, weeth house full of manee arteestic objec'. An' so perhaps mebbe—I see I am wrong. Thees little piece you desire is better to be weeth you." He drummed with plump fingers on his desk, gazed out of his window into the pleasant sunny street.

"And your price?" gasped Miss Cowens. Mr. Nassoum cleared his eyes and sighed.

"Mees Cowens, I have told you manee time eet ees weethout a price. I have shame to take monee, and from thees poseetion I

(Continued on Page 209)

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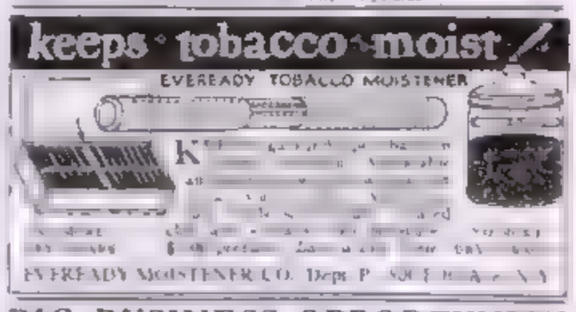

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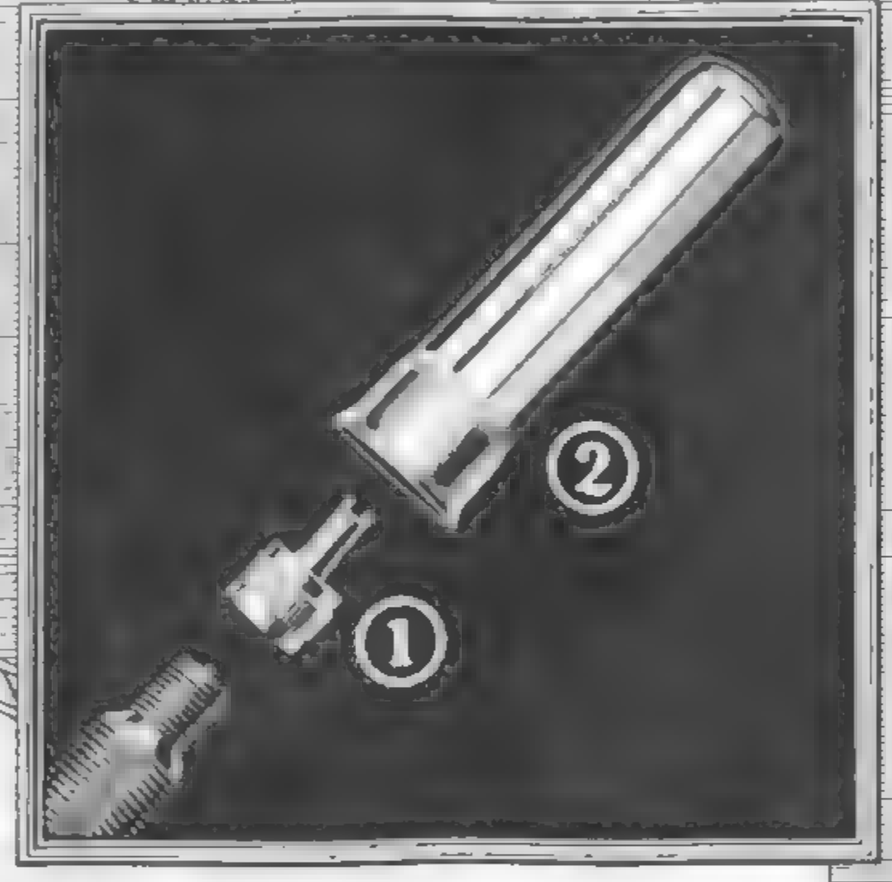

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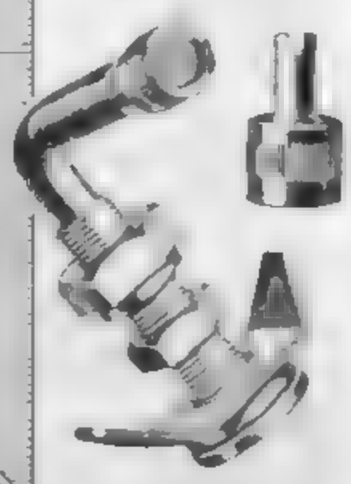


DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

Continued from Page 207

do not move. But"—he tilted his head, considering—"betwin friens' an' neighbors, other cawn-sideration may figure. The little trade, the little ex-change—an' so we can arrange eet. Mees Cowens, I have come to thees con-clusion: You have a verree good, small Feraghan—I reemembair to wash eet—the littl' three-by-five. How do you say eef we make exchange—your Feraghan for my Phœnix?"

The blood of incredulous relief poured into her face. The little Feraghan was a nice bit, worth a hundred and fifty. But she had other bits. This one—she had heard Flora Patton say she was looking for a rug like it—she had thought she might even offer to Flora. Oh, at a small profit—twenty-five or fifty dollars, say.

"But, Mr. Nassoum—yes, of course, I ——"

She checked her shrill enthusiasm. Indeed, Mr. Nassoum checked her.

"And," he added reproachfully, "a littl' sometheeng extra, since thees ees not a monee transaction, an' there ees no comparison of value betwin your rug and mine! Oh, not of commercial na-ture. Say, a frien'ly favor—the token of good will, sometheeng to bind the bargain weeth." Miss Cowens waited. "Eet ees thees: Mamma, my wife, Mrs. Nassoum, have move in your neighbor-hood. You may not no-tice. To reemain, to stay." A gentle emphasis moved Mr. Nassoum's voice as he let this statement sink in. "But on the awther hand, my wife—she do not know pipple. She ees not—well, acquaint', with the ladees especial, as I would like." He sighed. His eyes innocently sought Miss Cowens' for encouragement.

"Eef," he said softly, "to your little Feraghan you should add the frien'ly favor of calling on my wife, Mrs. Nassoum—say, tomorrow"—he waved one fanning hand—"eef you should breeng weeth you ladee frien' or two—say, thees charmeeng Mrs. Taylor we know! Eef you ladees should in addition ask mamma, my wife, Mrs. Nassoum, to join weeth you the Christ Church Societee that fix together these pleasant sewing circles, an' committees and suppers of ladees of fash-un; an, eef finally you yourself, as little neighborly favor, should give to Mrs. Nassoum invitation to your Wednesday recep-tion of nex' week—then," cried Mr. Nassoum, "weeth thees little matter to bin' our bargain, on nex' Thursday morning I will exchange for your little Feraghan my Se-cret Phœnix of Syria!"

It is a terrible thing to have to eat one's words to friends: to reverse a stoutly held decision; an aristocratic decision too. But it is more terrible still to hunger unfed, like Tantalus, within easy grasp of a desired object that may be had for a private yielding of prejudice. There are ways by which the loss of position can be camouflaged.

Miss Cowens turned deathly pale—so pale she drew her small lace veil to cover her defeat. For one bitter instant she wavered, but she held to her cold composure.

"Of course," she said in a formal if breathless voice, "that is only the neighborly thing to do. I shall call on Mrs. Nassoum. I shall see that she is presented an invitation to the church society, and—and I shall include her for my Wednesday reception."

"Not that she weel go," said Mr. Nassoum sardonically when Miss Cowens had left his office; "you need geeve yourself no pain, ancient an' super-fluous! Mamma—Mrs. Nassoum, will riffuse all. She is more better ladee than manee, for she knows eet is better to kip her places. Still, eet ees well that you shall make of-fer, an' that you shall suffer a little ees no harm. As to what you weel suffer later, some day, when someone ex-poun' to you the Phœnix!"

It was not his fault. She had asked for it; he shrugged. A scrap from his English study at Beirut College rose to mind. Mr. Nassoum spread his arms and murmured it aloud:

"Whan loave-les woman stoop to fol-lee
An' fin' too late that men bee-tray ——"

He chuckled.

v

AT FOUR o'clock Mr. Nassoum, as usual, sought his Rush Street residence and that period of pleasant relaxation that was his wont. But when his family had appropriately welcomed him in his splendor he did not immediately seek Judge Murphy's library. He rang up his friend, Mrs. Flora Patton.

"Mrs. Pat-ton," he said, "thees ees Ben Ali Nassoum speaking. I have good news for you. You weel ri-joice to hear. You re-member you speak to me a while ago that you desire to pur-chase small Feraghan rug, about three by five. Some-theeng like the little pieces your cousin Mees Cowens own. Mrs. Pat-ton, you weel ri-joice to hear I have a duplicate of soch a piece. A ree-markable value have come to me, an' under soch condi-tion of pri-vate nature as en-able me to geeve you eet. Mrs. Pat-ton, you are my frien' an' I like to do you the favor. You tell me you weel pay two hundred dollars for soch a piece, but we weel not bargain here. I weel make thees pieces a geeft—far, far below what eet has cost me. Mrs. Pat-ton, I weel geeve you thees rug for two hundred"—Mr. Nassoum coughed faintly—"an' feefty dollars!"

Exorbitant! What man would take less than the price offered, and a little something extra—to bind the bargain? When a woman wants a thing she will go to a great length.

"I could have sweendled her," reflected Mr. Nassoum. "She knows no more than her cousin, Mees Cowens. I could have got a real profit."

He passed in content up to his retiring room. He looked up at the hanging Peale of Washington. Cherries!

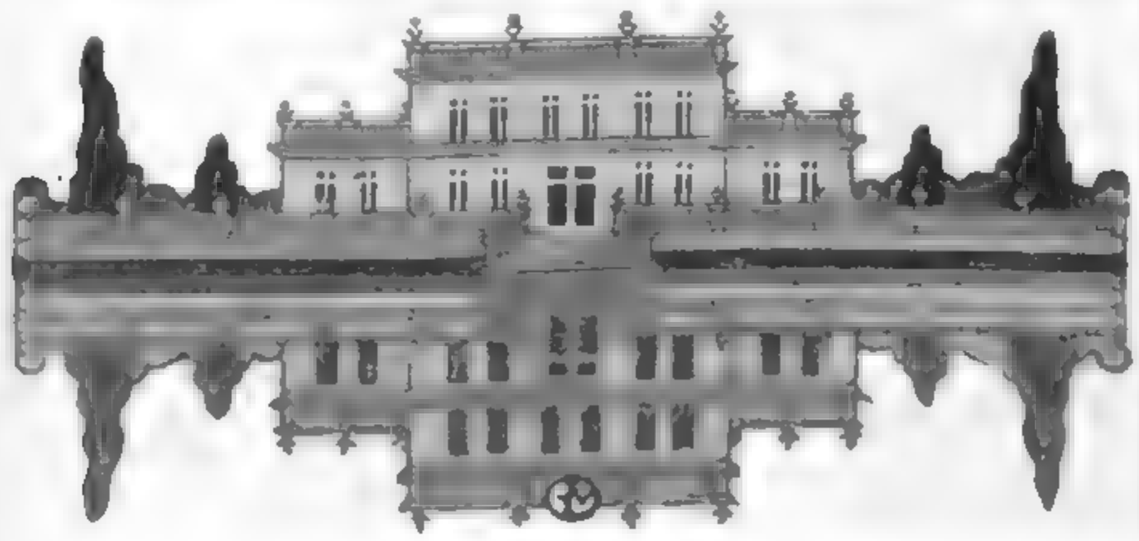
He got into his lounge robe and slippers. In just a moment he would once more indulge in reverie—those chapters of personal Alf-Laylah-Wa-Laylah he printed privately. In a minute he would stand in silks and pearls and globes of ambergris before that barred gate, and Zobeide, the moon-faced Circassian, would flash out, "Give me succor or I expire!"

But he was not quite ready. He pressed a button for his Syrian servant and drew out his nargile pocket mouthpiece.

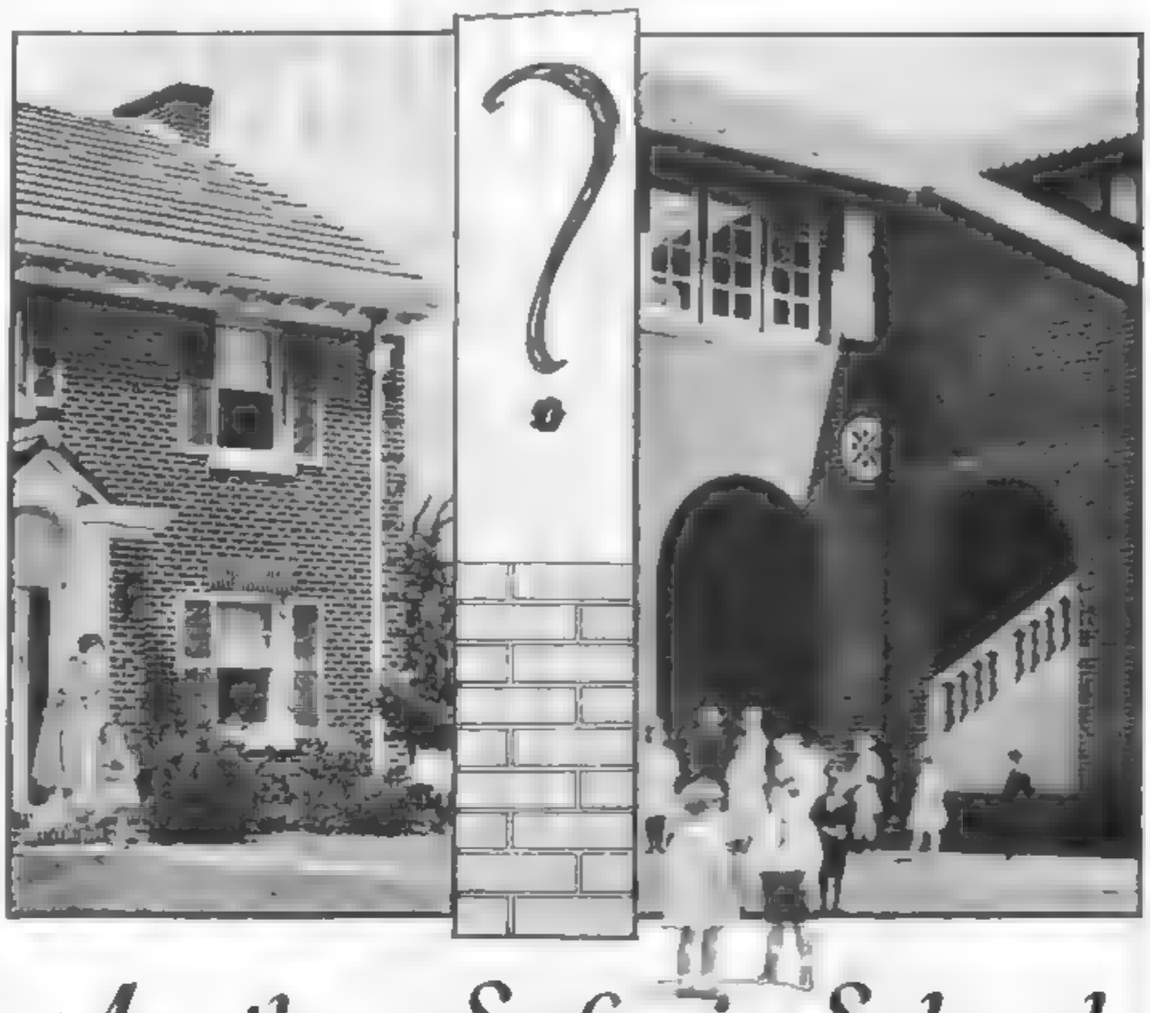
"Zillah," he cried in Syriac, "a hot coal," and when this was done he pointed to the little brass lamp.

If, unconsciously, he assumed a rôle of rather exalted character, was there not something to be said for one whose achievements were so comprehensive?

"Let there be light," ordered Mr. Nassoum with an imperious snap of his fingers



What's in the WALLS



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For—almost always—*school* walls are Brick. School building codes demand brick's fire-safety, strength, protection against summer heat and winter cold. And too many *home* walls are mere empty shells—easy prey for fire, decay, wind and weather. Home walls should learn from school walls these self-evident brick facts—as simple as "A, B, C".

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IT IS TIME TO CLEAN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 33)

general respect for law which prevails in a democracy where the law is the rule of the majority. In these agitators we have characters of a different stamp, men who use freedom for the purpose of conspiring social revolution by violence."

Let us examine some of the testimony before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. We can then judge better the fairness and necessity of the proposed law. Several members of the American Civil Liberties Union made statements before the House Committee against the deportation bill.

MR. JOHNSON, the chairman: You think that an alien has a perfect right to come here and get into a labor strike, preach communism all he wants to, and advocate the overthrow of the Government?

MR. OLMSTED: Yes.

THE CHAIRMAN: And to use the strike as a means toward the end that he seeks to accomplish, although he has not yet become a part of this Government, except that he has moved in on us?

MR. OLMSTED: I think he has the same right as the citizen has. I do not make any distinction between the alien and the citizen.

MR. BOX: What? No distinction between citizen and alien? You believe that even if the alien has come in in violation of law and from the very inception of his connection with the country he has been lawless, his connection was formed with lawlessness ——

MR. OLMSTED: Yes, I think I would even go that far.

MR. HOLADAY: Did I understand you to say that an alien has the right to preach the overthrow of government, and anarchy?

MR. OLMSTED: Yes.

MR. HOLADAY: Do you believe that a citizen has that right?

MR. OLMSTED: Yes.

MR. HOLADAY: How far do you go? Do you believe that the alien or the citizen, either one of them, can have the right to follow up that preaching with more direct action to overthrow the Government?

MR. OLMSTED: As to that, I do not know.

Replying to these statements, Congressman Johnson said: "The witness says that an alien in the United States should have the right to preach anarchy and advocate the overthrow of government. Must we be tolerant in the face of such a public statement? To my mind, there is a tolerance that is cowardly. That kind of tolerance never won a victory for anything. You can be sure that if we get so tolerant in the United States that we lose all ideas of sovereignty, we soon will not be permitted even to know that we are tolerant. If we adopt the theories you have laid down here and let those who come from foreign countries openly preach ideas contrary to their Government; let them advocate the overthrow of their Government, before they have earned the right to take part in its political activities; let them get up communist strikes and let all that go far enough, all of us will be sorry some day that we were so tolerant. We will wish we had been more vigilant. Tolerance is the soporific that lulls vigilance to sleep."

Free Speech Freely Interpreted

Miss Kendig, another member of this same organization, the Civil Liberties Union, testified thus:

MR. VINCENT: And you claim the same right for the alien that you do for the citizen?

MISS KENDIG: Yes.

MR. VINCENT: That is what your organization claims?

MISS KENDIG: We stand on the constitutional rights of free speech, free press and assemblage for all.

MR. VINCENT: What do you define free speech to mean -that a person has the right to say anything that he can think of that he has a mind to say?

MISS KENDIG: Certainly. Otherwise it has no meaning.

MR. VINCENT: No matter how much that might affect that man's government or his neighbors?

MISS KENDIG: That is what the right of free speech means.

MR. VINCENT: Every court in the country has held that it does not mean that.

When such organizations as this, preaching such un-American doctrines, defend aliens who are advocating the overthrow of our Government, who urge communism and anarchy—then it is time for the American people to wake to the danger and take drastic measures to defend themselves. The existence of aliens who are active anarchists, communists and socialists has been evident in recent years. For any organization to encourage their activities indirectly by such public statements, and to encourage them directly by financial aid to resist deportation, is a serious problem that must be dealt with frankly and firmly.

That the American people will approve every action taken to safeguard their interests against such doctrines and activities, and that they favor the deportation of such radical aliens, seems certain. There is a difference between the rights of a citizen and the rights of an alien. It is also true that no citizen has the right to advocate the violent overthrow of our Government, the assassination of public officials and the adoption of an anarchistic government. Even if the citizen had the right to advocate such, he would not have the right to follow it up with direct action. It goes without argument that a citizen may not write or say what he pleases about a neighbor without having to suffer for it, if the statements were injurious. If the citizen does not have such license, then it is certainly reasonable to argue that the alien does not have such rights, especially if he is a radical, here in violation of our laws.

Believing What They're Told

The country was shocked a couple of years ago at the situation in Hamtramck, a city of 60,000 inhabitants situated within the limits of Detroit, when, at a mass meeting of its residents, demands were heard for Polish rule, evacuation of the state police and the removal of all but Polish people from the community; when a judge of the Federal court was harshly criticized for an attack on the local liquor situation and a local justice was booed into silence when he attempted to speak in English in defense of the Federal court.

That this was not an incidental case is evident from the situation in Passaic today. The strike there is conducted by foreigners, many of them not American citizens, who are exhibiting contempt for the law-enforcement officers. The foreigners are told by other foreigners that the strikers are greater in number than the law officers and so can best them in a battle. Men who are not even citizens of the United States threaten the impeachment of judges; the local and state officials are belittled and the President of the United States is maligned.

These men and women following the communist leaders, little understanding what it is all about, are told that this is a rotten capitalist government and that by organizing they can take over the Government and own the mills themselves. Here is a strike that organized labor in America refuses to assist in any way, since it is a move to bore from within by communists. Indeed, organized labor has found it necessary to defend itself against the efforts of these and other such radical leaders who desire to gain control of the American labor organizations. How long can such things continue before we find it too late to clean house effectively?

The existence and activities of alien criminals, gunmen and narcotic dealers have reached the point in various sections of our country where the authority and powers of organized government are openly defied and even challenged. The alien criminal and alien gunmen situation in Chicago is now familiar news to the American people. Police killers seem to have the government on the run. Most of these alien gunmen, imported from Southern Italy, according to the facts collected by the House committee, have entered illegally as sailors or have been smuggled in otherwise. The situation is virtually as bad in

(Continued on Page 213

for Scramblers

HIS MOTHER had warned him again and again against scrambling and sliding and climbing. She had begged him to think of his stockings just once in a while—and to please tumble gently if he must tumble. Splintery boards and gravel and grime are so hard on youngsters' stockings. For after all—they are nothing more than knitted yarn. Still he showed up day after day with holes and rips and runs.

But one day she read an ad about a stocking called Iron Clad—guaranteed to wear—and wear—and wear. As fine a looking close-ribbed stocking as she could wish for, and more powerful than she could ever have hoped for. Iron Clads! Nothing more than knitted yarn—but *such* yarn, and *such* knitting! *Triple* knees. *Double* soles. Mightily fortified against the rubs and bumps that grind big holes in ordinary stockings.

Today this mother doesn't wear a worried look when she sees her children romp and tumble. But just let someone try to offer her a substitute for Iron Clads!

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This is the children's fine-ribbed Iron Clad with triple knee and double sole. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance and we'll mail your Iron Clads direct. State color and size (6 to 11½, 50¢). We'll pay the postage.

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(Continued from Page 210)

other large cities, while recent disclosures, including the Mellett case in Ohio, seem to indicate that their power extends even to the smaller cities and towns. Here is an intolerable situation that cannot be permitted to exist.

Once before in our history we had such a situation and we met it fearlessly. As early as 1854 there appeared among the miners in Pennsylvania an organization known as the Molly Maguires. Whenever a dispute arose between an employe and a boss, the latter would be served with a notice, frequently decorated with rude pictures of coffins, death's heads and the like, warning him to desist in his course or to leave the region. If he failed to obey he was almost sure soon after to be waylaid and cruelly beaten. The perpetrators of the deed of violence always escaped, and thus confidence and a sense of power grew in the organization, a situation parallel to the present one in Chicago. They became more and more insolent in their demands, and even sought to dominate local politics, with their eye primarily on the public funds. As time went on arson and murder took the place of beating. Rivalry existed even among the Mollies as to who should gain the greatest reputation for deeds of reckless savagery. Murder after murder was committed without a conviction. Indeed, a reign of terror settled down on the region which made necessary the formation of vigilance committees. Finally the Government awoke to the danger, with the result that nineteen Molly Maguires were hanged and a larger number imprisoned. The power of the organization was completely shattered thereby.

Here was a striking demonstration of the capacity of a relatively small group of turbulent and unassimilated foreigners so to conduct themselves as to bring an undeserved disrepute upon the whole group. Yet once aroused to the danger, the Government took the necessary steps. From this, is there not some ray of hope for those who seem to have despaired of the alien-gunmen situation in Chicago and elsewhere? We need to clean house again, at once, as was done in Pennsylvania against the Molly Maguires, and in the same drastic manner. We'll get similar results!

Loopholes to be Stopped

The existing law provides that any alien who is sentenced to imprisonment for a term of one year or more, because of conviction in this country of a crime involving moral turpitude committed within five years after entry into the United States, is to be deported unless the court or judge sentencing such alien makes a recommendation of nondeportation. The proposed law changes this in three respects—the time is extended from five to ten years in which the crime may result in deportation; the vague and uncertain test of moral turpitude is eliminated, the sole test being a sentence to imprisonment for a term of one year or more; and the power of the court or judge to recommend nondeportation is eliminated.

This seems to be a drastic provision, yet it is necessary to meet the situation. To illustrate: The courts have held that burglary does not involve moral turpitude; that a sentence for carrying concealed weapons does not involve moral turpitude; and that the alien narcotic smuggler who violates the Harrison Narcotic Act has not committed an act involving moral turpitude.

In all these and similar cases the present deportation statute is not fully effective. But it should be effective!

Other proposed provisions make deportable the alien who is a habitual criminal but who escapes with sentences of less than a year—a total imprisonment of eighteen months resulting in deportation. Yet other provisions in the bill provide for the deportation of aliens who violate the narcotic laws and the white-slave-traffic act, any time after entry. Deportation is to take place after the sentence has been served. Thus the alien may not escape punishment for his criminal act or acts by voluntarily deporting himself or by demanding immediate deportation, as in the recent attempt of Ponzi to escape the wrath of Massachusetts. For if such were the case the criminal citizen would not have the same but a more drastic punishment inflicted for a similar offense—an unjust situation. If the lawless alien knows he is going to be punished for his crime and then deported in addition, he will soon acquire a respect for our laws and our Government.

The alien is protected against injustice in that no conviction can be used as a ground of deportation unless it is a conviction in a court of record and that the judgment on such conviction has become final. Also an unconditional pardon nullifies deportation.

Criminal and Insane Aliens

Aliens who became insane or public charges within seven years from entry from causes not affirmatively shown to have arisen subsequently to entry—it is within five years under the present law—are to be deported. Under these provisions concerning insane aliens, the rich as well as the poor ones must be deported, for the country should rid itself of the rich idiot as well as one who is a public charge. Also aliens willfully aiding aliens to evade our immigration laws are to be deported, for aliens who seek to aid others to enter in violation of our laws should not be permitted to remain in the United States.

The facts uncovered by the House committee justify fully these provisions in the bill dealing with crime, insanity and the like. The census of the New York State prisons as of December 31, 1925, showed that there were 1513 men and 44 women aliens on hand at that time. More than 23 per cent of the entire state-prison population were aliens, while of the insane criminals in the two institutions at Dannemora and Matteawan more than 35 per cent of the inmates were aliens. The alien inmates numbered 430 on the same date in the other penal and correctional institutions of the state

In order to understand the importance of the matter under discussion in its relation to present-day crime conditions, it is worth noting that 3709 aliens were received in prisons and correctional institutions in New York between January 1 and November 30, 1925, which was about 30 per cent of the total received. The alien criminals cost the state of New York more than $2,500,000 annually. Its alien insane cost is about $7,000,000 each year.

Dr. George M. Kline, commissioner of the Department of Mental Diseases of the State of Massachusetts, stated to the House committee that Massachusetts has fifteen state institutions with about 22,000 patients daily who are insane, feeble minded or epileptic, of whom approximately 40 per cent are foreign born and 55 to 60 per cent are of foreign-born parentage.

The following brief table throws some interesting light on the question of foreign paupers in this country:

	NATIVE BORN PAUPERS PER 100,000 NATIVE POPULATION	FOREIGN BORN PAUPERS PER 100,000 FOREIGN BORN POPULATION
New England	127	113
Middle Atlantic	78	241
East North Central	80	278

One important thing about the white-slave traffic is that it is essentially an economic phenomenon rather than a perverted sex passion. Two classes of alien girls are brought into this country for the purpose of prostitution. One class consists of innocent girls who are brought over under a false understanding. The other class, probably constituting a large majority, are women who have already been leading an immoral life on the other side, and come in the hope of bettering their prospects. When a girl has been safely introduced into the country she is completely in

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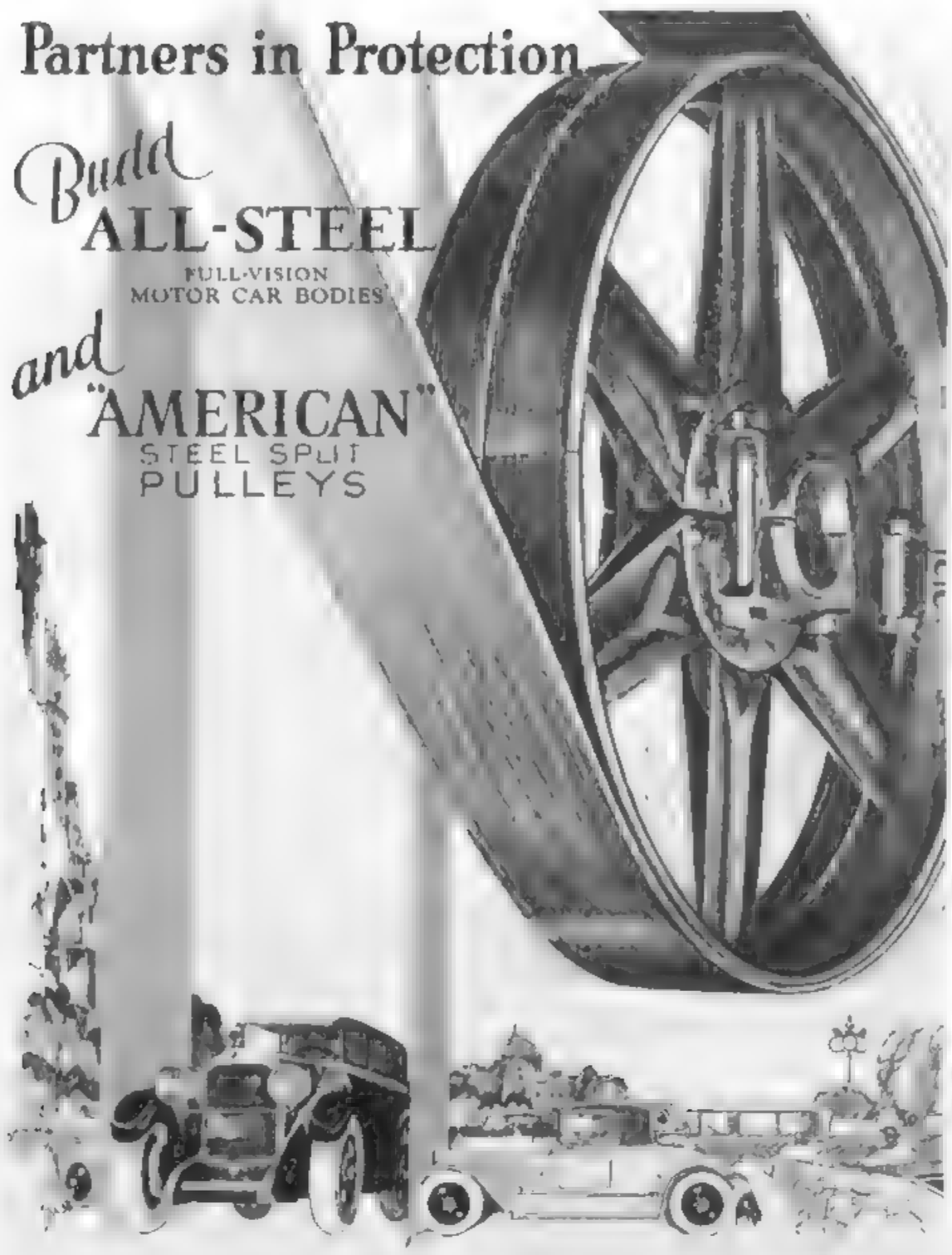

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the power of the man who controls her. She is sometimes kept in a disorderly house, sometimes in a hotel or other resort, but always where the man can keep control of her. She is thoroughly frightened and every device is employed to prevent her from communicating with any outside source of relief or escaping—even to depriving her of street clothing. Her life is one of hopeless and terrible degradation. She can hope for nothing except a wretched and descending existence and an early death.

Alien women are more desirable to the promoters of this traffic because they lack connections in this country, and their ignorance of our language and customs makes escape more difficult. In addition to the terrible wrongs done to these women, especially to those brought in under false pretenses, their existence has increased the number of prostitutes in the United States, has caused the introduction and dissemination of dangerous diseases and has led to the introduction of various forms of unnatural vice, in addition to bringing into ill repute the good name of the great mass of our foreigners.

Do not these facts relative to insanity, pauperism and crime reveal a situation that demands attention? This country must be protected from insane and pauper aliens, as well as from the alien gunman, alien criminal, alien smuggler, alien peddler of narcotics, alien trafficker in women and children and the alien prostitute. We must clean house, whatever it may cost, whatever may be the effort necessary.

The law which permits alien seamen to enter our ports on sixty days' leave of absence to seek other employment on outgoing vessels has been abused to such an extent that many thousands of these "seamen" remain in this country. Testimony given before the House committee shows that some of the steamship lines, or those they employ, use this provision as a means of bootlegging immigrants into the country. Many of these immigrants are of the most undesirable type. Many of them have no knowledge of seamanship, while a number are sailing solely for the purpose of smuggling.

One-Way Sailors

Oftentimes vessels bring in more than double the number of "seamen" necessary to man them, but take out a very much smaller quota than they bring in. Indeed, it is claimed that the smuggling of immigrants in this way has become a thriving business. If it is permitted to continue it will make our immigration law something of a farce. Heretofore there have not been men or money enough to round up the overstayers and ship them out. Furthermore, it would seem that the sixty-day period is too liberal and that the landing privilege of seamen ought to be circumscribed.

The proposed bill enlarges the number of places to which an alien may be deported, for, under existing law, deportation to a foreign country is conditioned upon the refusal of the country from which such alien entered the United States to receive back the alien, either absolutely or conditionally.

In many cases it has been impossible to reach the country from which the alien came except through another country, and that country must be willing to give transit through its territory. If that country refuses, a problem exists. In the recent report of alien defectives in New York institutions, the New York authorities state that they turned over about 500 insane from the state institutions to the Department of Labor for deportation, and that the Labor Department deported only about half that number for the above reason. New York was thus bound to continue to be burdened, there being no escape under existing law, except that New York thinks that the burden should fall on the United States.

Some countries refuse to take back a national who has been away a certain period of years; others decline to receive a person who is not registered as a citizen; while some mark the passports of their subjects who leave to the effect that the passport is not good for return. Conditions such as these are efforts to limit our sovereign right to deport undesirable aliens—a right which we have upheld since the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798, and one which we do not propose to have circumscribed at the present or in the future.

The proposed bill protects our rights when it provides that in the case of an alien entering from foreign contiguous territory he may be deported to such territory, or to the country of which he is a citizen or subject, or to the foreign port at which he embarked for such territory, irrespective of whether he has acquired a domicile in such territory. Under the existing law the only place specified is to the foreign port at which the alien embarked, the destination of the deported alien being left to the option of the Secretary of Labor.

Men Without a Country

In connection with the problem of deportation and the related necessity of registration of all aliens in this country, it is of value to note the following facts, which reveal how such legislation relative to deportation and registration is in the interest of the aliens themselves:

Recently the Associated Press quoted Harry E. Hull, United States Commissioner of Immigration, as follows: "You can safely say that there are over a million people in this country today who cannot claim citizenship to any land. A great majority of them are unaware of this, but quite a few of them don't seem to care. As for naturalized Americans, they can go abroad and very easily lose their citizenship here and there also if they are ignorant or careless about the law."

There are many countries in Europe that have passed laws whereby their nationals, if they reside a certain number of years in a foreign country, lose their citizenship. In the event of their coming over here and failing to take out naturalization papers to become American citizens, they therefore, at the expiration of the specified time, automatically become people without a country. When a naturalized alien leaves the United States within five years of taking out his final papers, to become a permanent resident of a foreign country, his American citizenship is null and void. They, too, thus become men without a country.

So far as any real benefits of citizenship are concerned, every alien smuggled into the country relinquishes all claims to protection and rights. He is certainly not in a position to make any demands upon the United States, and his own consular offices do not show much enthusiasm in honoring any of them.

Immigration Commissioner John P. Johnson, of Boston, is authority for this statement: "There are literally thousands of Canadians entering the country every year who evade the head tax. In some cases it is probable that they don't actually mean to stay until they arrive at their destination. Then either their relatives persuade them to remain or an attractive job is offered them, and then they too become men without a country. When it is considered that the total cost of entering legally is only eighteen dollars, it is surprising that there are such numbers. Conditions on the Mexican border are even worse, if anything; but there it isn't so amazing, as eighteen dollars American means thirty-six dollars Mexican, and thirty-six dollars is a lot of money to a Mexican peon."

Registration of all aliens here and the deportation of those here illegally will largely solve these problems—a solution that will be in the interest of the aliens themselves as much if not more than in our interest.

The existence of these various undesirable classes in this country has placed a

(Continued on Page 217)

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Gauzets are made of highly absorbent cellulose tissue and antiseptic gauze of the most exacting standard required by hospitals. They are especially superior because of the new protective feature, the waterproof under-layer.

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—hall-marks on an 18th century cup.

Western Electric

—a modern craft's mark on the telephone.

Both worthy to be signed

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Each a masterpiece in its art. The one a thing of beauty—the other, of utility—both living up to craft standards that warrant their makers' signing them.

The proverbially high standards of old-time craftsmen find their counterpart in the standards of modern craftsmen at the Western Electric telephone works. Here every item of apparatus must measure up to the mark of greatest efficiency and durability.

And so, by producing reliable equipment, Western Electric furnishes the Bell Telephone System with the very foundations of reliable service.

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 214)

heavy burden on the states, which in a number of cases has led to the demand that the Federal Government aid them financially in caring for these aliens in the various institutions in which they are confined until they can be and are deported.

The Interstate Conference on Immigration, October 24, 1923, recommended that the states urge that Congress appropriate sufficient money to reimburse the several states for the care and maintenance of alien public charges, and that Congress permit New York State to submit claims against the United States for $17,247,616.71 due prior to 1923 for the care and maintenance of insane aliens in state hospitals. The conference protested against the Federal Government not aiding the states financially, especially when it persuaded the states to give up the head tax, with the understanding that the Federal Government should provide and care for these people out of the fund collected by the Federal Government from aliens entering this country—now eight dollars each.

Unquestionably the responsibility for the presence of such classes of aliens in this country rests on the Federal Government. Though it is debatable whether the Federal Government should return to its former policy of paying the states for the care and maintenance of such aliens, yet there can be no argument concerning the necessity and duty of the Federal Government to relieve the states of these burdens by passing the proposed deportation bill, which will include many very undesirable classes which can't be deported under the vague moral-turpitude clause in the act of 1917.

Toothless and Clawless

However, the mere passage of this bill without the appropriation of enough money to carry it into effect is not enough. Congress must appropriate sufficient funds to enforce the immigration laws, for a toothless and clawless act is often worse than no law, since it leads to open violation and contempt for law and order. Although deportations are taking place now at the rate of about 1000 each month, yet the funds appropriated are insufficient.

The following colloquy between two members of the House committee, taken from the hearings of January 21, 1926, is illustrative:

MR. BOX: Mr. Chairman, I would like to understand why it is that the present law—the law relating to alien seamen—is not being enforced, and if it cannot be enforced, why that is.

MR. WILSON: For just the same reason that Italy does not pay her debt. She hasn't got the money.

Few people will be willing to admit that conditions in Italy and the United States are analogous, but the answer is, nevertheless, illuminating. After reading the hearings and noting the testimony as to the many evasions of the law relating to the presence of deportable aliens in this country, to the consequent disadvantage of the nation, it would be still more illuminating to have an answer to the question: Why is it that Congress has not provided the money?

We certainly have millions for many other things, some of them not so vital to the well-being of our people. What is gained by the passage of such laws of such great importance to us unless adequate funds are provided for their enforcement? If money can be found for other things, many of these less vital, can it not be found to enforce legislation that has as its object the making of a stronger and better nation? Have we reached the point in this country where we pass a law and then bring it into contempt through failure to provide ways and means to make its provisions operative? These are questions that demand an answer

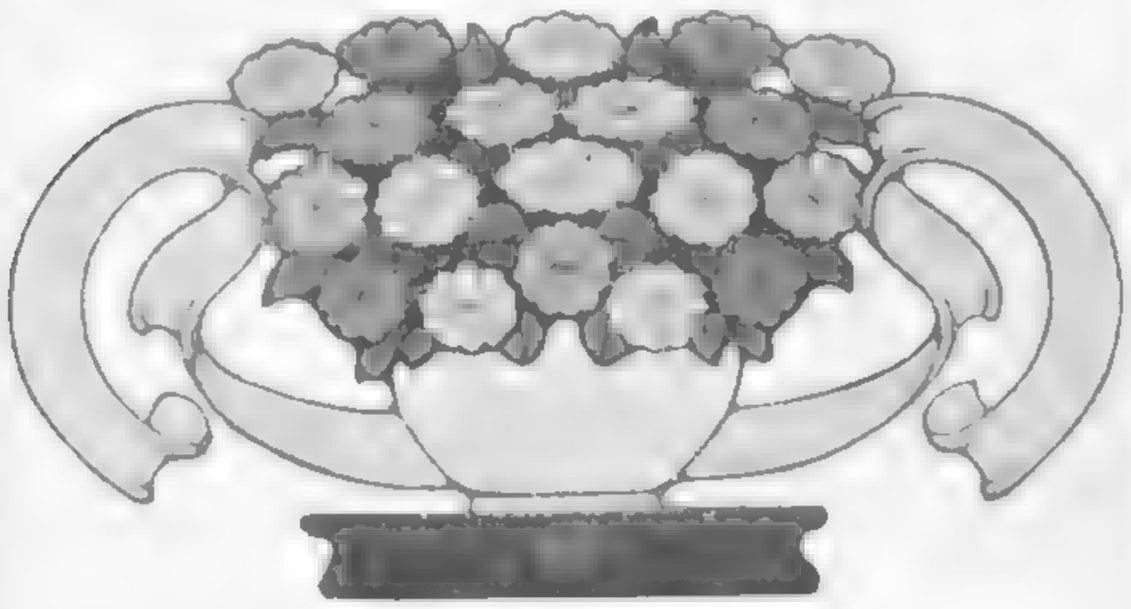
Mr. Curran's Views

Mr. H. H. Curran stated just prior to his resignation as commissioner of immigration at the port of New York: "It is my firm belief that if quick effective action were taken for the expulsion of every alien known to be in this country in violation of the law, and was pursued for a reasonable period of time—say, a period of two years—irrespective of the cost, it would be a most economical procedure on the part of the Government. Not only would thousands of dollars be saved to taxpayers for maintenance of those who become inmates of public institutions but the effect upon aliens who now believe that they can gain admission to and remain in this country illegally with impunity would be so great that their efforts to gain such admission would to a very large extent cease."

Those who are permitted to escape deportation become a menace to life, property and citizenship and a continuing burden on the taxpayers of the country. Yet the district directors of immigration quite uniformly call attention to the fact that there are many criminals subject to deportation, even under the present laws, who are being released from prisons, but who cannot be deported on account of the failure of Congress to provide the necessary funds.

A lax enforcement of law is too expensive at any price. Realizing the truth of this statement, the Chicago Tribune in a recent editorial stated: "We are confident no citizen of the United States would raise his voice were Congress to vote a lump sum of $25,000,000 and demand an immediate clean-up of aliens who do not belong in this country. He is a poor householder who will not get rid of the rats that ravage his larder and endanger the health of his family."

The American people believe firmly that our representatives and senators at Washington, once the situation is brought to their attention, will not permit such conditions to continue—conditions which will result in steadily lowering the average level of our citizenship. Let us meet the opponents of immigration restriction when Congress assembles again and let us convince them by word and deed that we mean to clean house at once and to make a thorough job of it when we do so. Let us see to it that Congress passes the proposed deportation bill and then appropriates money enough to enforce it properly. Let us clean house!



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Bigger, Stronger and More Beautiful!

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Greater width of bumper front, deeper impact bars, wider embossed ribs, a finer enamel — these are new features of the 1927 Federal Metropolitan.

Its *larger* lines, its appearance of greater *weight* harmonize with and accentuate the appearance given to the modern car by under-slung, low-center-of-gravity construction, large, crowned fenders and balloon tires. It's a 1927 Bumper worthy of your 1927 car—the bumper the *designers* of your car would recommend.

The beauty of its wide, nickeled ribs over rich black enamel matches perfectly the aristocratic finish of the modern car. The spring steel back bar is triple-contoured for maximum *cushioning* effect and sweeps clear to the ends for adequate fender protection and extra reinforcement against "hooking."

A splendid achievement in bumper design, the 1927 Federal Metropolitan steps into the position of leadership in the most *complete* bumper line in the world, with prices ranging from $13.50 to $28.00.

Your nearest Federal Dealer is taking advance orders now for Fall delivery. See him before you make a selection.

Federal Fender Guards—smart rear of car protection—harmoniously carry out the individual beauty of every car, matching the full front bumper chosen

The Federal Ambassador—a new embossed spring bar model with an aristocratic beauty similar to that of the Federal Metropolitan pressed steel Bumper pictured in the main illustration.

The only book of its kind in the world'—*a bumper "style book"—to help you choose the model to match the beauty of your car. Ask your dealer for a copy or write us before you buy bumpers!*

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THE RIVER OF LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

Flood menace is an odious term, and no rancher or property owner likes to have it applied to regions in which his holdings lie. He feels that repeated references to flood danger injure his credit. It is a fact that property values are less than half what the income from farming would justify, and it is estimated that nearly $10,000,000 excess interest has been paid by the valley because of flood danger or flood talk. Federal Farm Loan banks do not lend there.

But most of those responsible for the protection of this region feel that the wiser course is to call attention to the dangers, which are inherent in the very geography and topography of the location, until some action is taken to harness the river. They feel that values and credit can never be on a sound basis until that is accomplished.

As yet no mention has been made of the strangest, the most curious feature of the whole Imperial Valley story—namely, that every drop of water diverted into the valley from the Colorado River must come through sixty miles of Mexican territory. The valley's jugular vein is in a foreign country, and a not too stable one at that.

The result of this situation has been as violent and bitter a local controversy as ever raged. The Eastern reader of these articles has no interest in such a quarrel, but the conditions which make it possible bear closely upon the whole question of the Colorado.

East of the valley, between it and the river, lies an extensive desert, the East Mesa, across which runs a range of sand hills, the nearest approach in America to the great dunes of the Sahara. Other conditions are Saharan also, including the heat and aridity.

A member of a summer surveying party in the dunes took a walk one evening. He merely intended to go around one of the sand hills, but when found two days later he was hopelessly insane.

Until this year, efforts to build an improved highway across the sand hills seemed too great an undertaking for the state, which contented itself with a closely riveted, one-way plank road, with frequent turnouts.

A Life Line in Mexico

An improved highway is now under construction, and within a few months one of the biggest kicks in American automobiling will be a thing of the past. A trip over the plank road, which goes up and down over the sand hills like a roller coaster, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Once off the road in the sand, the motorist waits for one of the four county teams to come along. The chief business of the teams is to keep the swirling, shifting sand off the road, and their incidental activity is to keep automobiles on.

When the transcontinental railroad was built the valley had not developed, and naturally the surveyors ran their line to Los Angeles, and later to San Diego, to the north and south of the sand dunes respectively. The railroad is still content to tap the huge and remunerative traffic in the valley by branches from north and south, rather than to build a line straight through from Yuma.

But the sand hills effectually protect the valley from flood from the east, rising as they do far above both the river and the valley. They end, however, at the international boundary, and the flood menace comes from the south and southeast, below the boundary, where there are no protecting hills. All the seventy-odd miles of levees are in Mexico.

Naturally, the early pioneer settlers did not attempt to build a canal through the sand hills, nor could they have possibly afforded to do so. They followed the natural contour of the country and took their water through an old channel, the Alamo, which flows for a long distance just below the boundary, delivering water to the American side near the present city of Calexico.

Thus the Imperial Valley of California would not exist at all today if the water had not come all these years through Mexican territory. The present Alamo is more than a canal; it is a great river, the sole supply and life line of the valley.

Naturally, the Mexican Government insisted upon certain concessions in return for permission to convey such a quantity of water through its territory, one of the terms being that all operations should be through means of a Mexican corporation, all of whose stock is owned by the directors of the Imperial Irrigation District of California. Another condition was that lands in Mexico should have the right to use the water carried through the canal or canals, not exceeding "one-half of the volume of water passing through said canals."

In other words, the American originators of the canal system deliberately gave up half the water to circumvent or avoid going through the sand hills on the American side.

Progress Across the Border

But the land south of the line is just as rich as that to the north, and American capitalists began to buy it up at about the same time that the Imperial Valley in California commenced to develop. In recent years the irrigated area below the line has been expanded very rapidly, much more so than in California, and is now at least half as great. It has an advantage over the California land in that it is served first with water, so to speak. It is nearer the river at the upper end of the canal, and is thus closer to the supply.

About 90 per cent of all the irrigated lands below the line belong to one company, the Colorado Land Company, the chief owners of which are prominent citizens of Los Angeles. This company owns 832,000 acres just below the line, of which between 500,000 and 600,000 acres are irrigable. Possibly 200,000 acres in the hands of other owners may in time be irrigated.

The Colorado Land Company has 132,000 acres planted to cotton, the largest cotton plantation in the world under one ownership. It also has the largest acreage of alfalfa in the world under one ownership. Aside from alfalfa with which to feed cattle, cotton is about the only crop which can be grown, because it is one of the few which can be exported to this country duty free. The company has several thousand laborers in its employ, many of them Chinese.

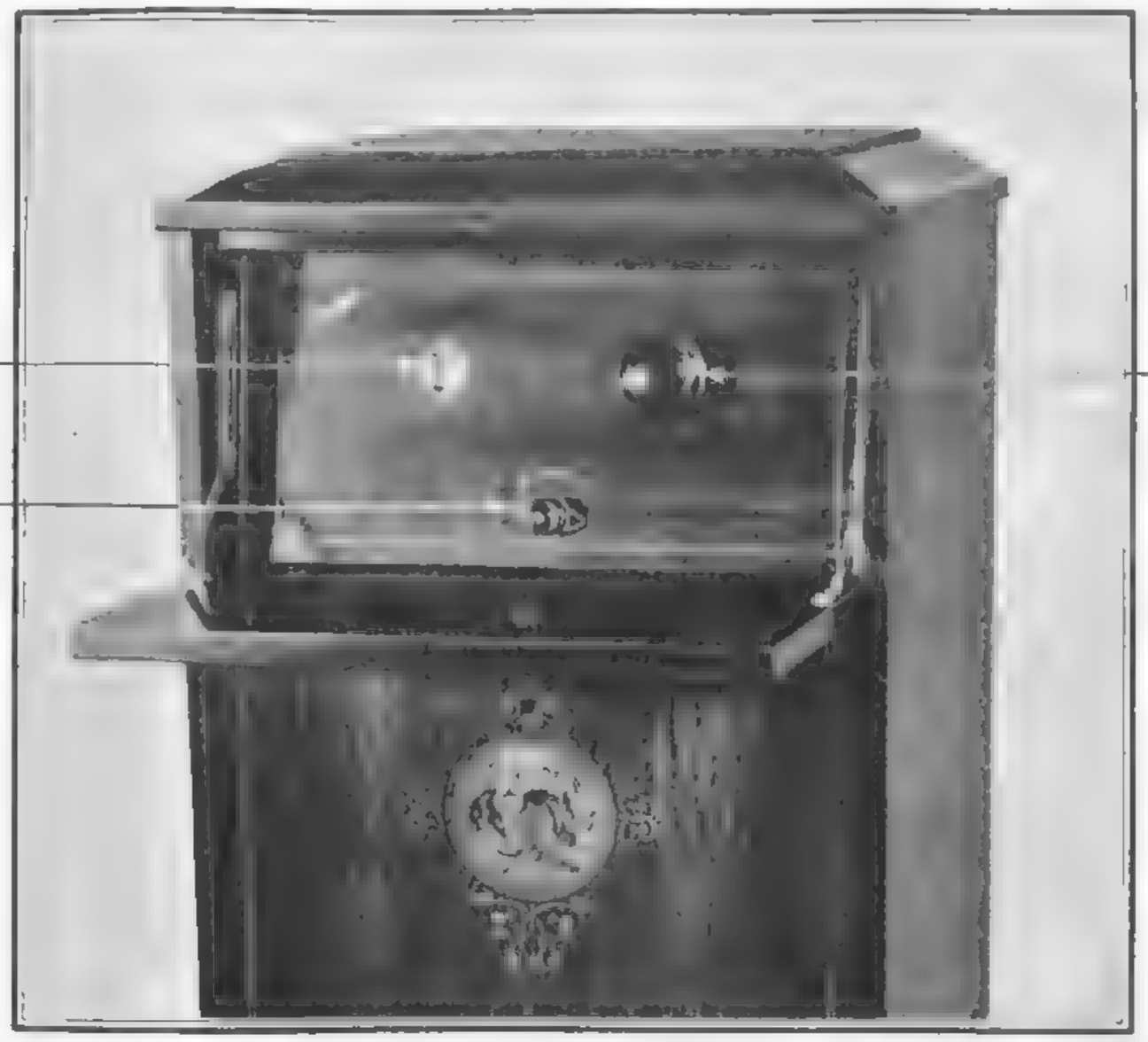
Now though the flood waters of the Colorado are not put to use at all, the low waters in the late summer months are all appropriated. Doctor Work, Secretary of the Interior, has stated that "as the Mexican irrigators are at the upper end of the canal, the pinch of scarcity when it has come in the past, or when it may come in the future, falls first on irrigators in the United States."

Though there is much dispute as to the actual quantity of water which the landowners in Mexico take in time of drought, they are apparently in a position to take more than the proportionate share which their lands, as compared with those in California, require at such a time. This fact is resented by many of the Imperial Valley people, who argue that although practically all the water originates in the United States, they as citizens of this country are unable to extend their irrigated lands, while owners of Mexican lands are continually expanding.

The fact that the Mexican landowners are themselves wealthy American citizens, together with their supposed greater freedom in the employment of Orientals and the vast extent of their holdings, does not help to smooth matters over. Though reclamation of new land on the American side has not increased in recent years, in Mexico

(Continued on Page 221)

You Can Tune Blindfolded As Quickly and as Accurately as an Expert



LOOK at this simple Pfanstiehl radio panel. There is nothing on it but a single tuning knob, a combined switch and volume control and an illuminated wave length window. You do not have to grope around adjusting dials. You simply turn one tuning knob until the wave length you want registers in the illuminated window. You can tune by ear, blindfolded. As you sweep through the scale you hear everything on the air in quick succession.

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Clear tone is not enough. You want *beautiful* tone. And that depends upon a true reproduction of the overtones. As every musician knows, overtones are the life and soul of beautiful sound. They make what is called tone color in voice or music. They are the medium through which a Paderewski expresses his temperament and genius. To lose or distort them in radio reception mars any real enjoyment of the fine radio programs being broadcast by the best stations.

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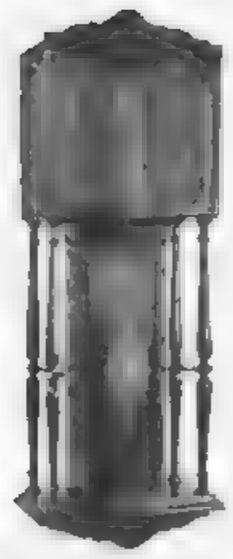
In the Pfanstiehl there is nothing to obstruct or distort the overtones. The delicate stream of radio energy while being immensely amplified flows unhampered through the set. This is due to an extreme simplicity of design. No complicating devices are required to correct the errors so commonly caused by radio amplification. These interfere with the smooth flow of vibrations which carry the overtones and make all the difference between music and near-music. There are no such errors.

If you want to *enjoy* the fine programs of great singers and musicians on the air, you should have a Pfanstiehl overtone receiver. Any Pfanstiehl dealer will demonstrate it to you. You will be surprised and delighted.

Something Really NEW in Cabinet Design

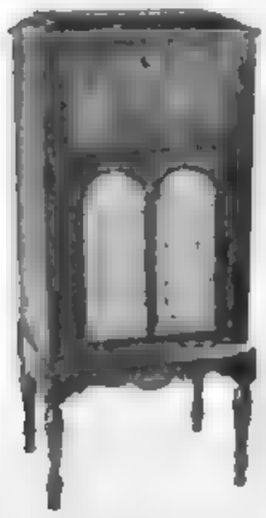
There is so little machinery in a Pfanstiehl, inside and out, that an extremely compact console cabinet is possible—only eighteen inches wide and forty-one inches high. And still it has room for every accessory needed to operate a radio, with or without built-in speaker—A and B batteries and charger, or socket-power equipment. It is a space saver; fits anywhere.



The Wall Speaker

Designed for use on top of the console or to be hung on the wall. Looks like an old fashioned wall clock, flanked by four graceful spindles and supported by a narrow shelf at the bottom. From the standpoint of acoustics there is a certain advantage in having the mouth of the speaker six or more feet from the floor. The tone vibrations are better distributed.

$65



Model 202

Console "Single-tuned Six" with in-built speaker. Space for A & B batteries and charger or socket-power equipment

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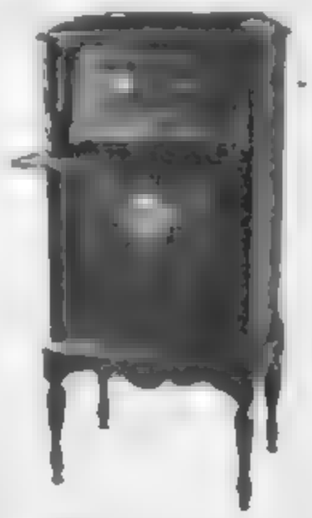
The "Highboy"

A more elaborate console model, eighteen inches wide and seventy-four inches high. Speaker is contained in a tall, graceful superstructure extending six feet from the floor. There is nothing like it in a radio design. It is like a grandfather's clock or perhaps more nearly like a tall, slender cupboard of old English design

$235



Model 201

"Single-tuned Six" Console without speaker, but space for A & B batteries and charger or socket-power equipment. Six tubes.

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(Continued from Page 218)

lands in the jungle one month are cotton fields soon thereafter. I rode through many miles of fine cotton plantations close to the river in Mexico which had been ten feet under water in 1922.

Those who dislike the development in Mexico have made much of the alleged Japanese menace. It is true that many thousands of Chinese live just below the line, large numbers of whom are laborers for the company and a few of whom are tenant farmers. In May, 1924, however, there were only 300 Japanese below the line and 1900 in the Imperial Valley of California itself.

Fears are expressed that at some future time these Mexican lands might become a huge Japanese colony filled with military reservists, dangerously close to our borders. What some future Mexican Government might care to do I have no means of knowing, but there seems sufficient evidence that the present American owners, as American citizens, have consulted and accorded with the wishes of their own State Department in these matters.

The American landowners in Mexico are accused of trying to use peon and coolie labor. But to a disinterested outside observer the Chinese on the Mexican side seem to be offset by the Japanese on the American side. In any case a great portion of all the manual work on both sides is performed by a transient, shifting, more or less homeless class of Mexican labor.

Indeed, the landowners in Mexico complain that they cannot keep their Mexican labor, because the farmers on the California side attract it away with higher wages. As far as Mexican labor is concerned, I cannot see that there is much to choose between the two countries.

The Imperial Irrigation District has a large bonded debt, none of which rests upon the Mexican lands. It is probably true also that the landowners in Mexico pay lighter taxes than those on the American side. All the water used by the Mexican lands is purchased from the Imperial Irrigation District, but the Mexican Government has something to say as to the price set.

A violent controversy rages as to whether the Mexican lands pay enough for their share of the water. Their owners say they pay more than their share, including a reasonable proportion of the interest on the debt, and besides are more prompt and surer pay than some of the small farmers in California; opponents on the California side assert the price is far short of the water's value.

The whole international issue is a complex one. The rapid development of the Mexican acreage has caused a boom just south of the border, and there is much activity and building on the Mexican side. It is said that one of the largest cottonseed mills in the world is among the new enterprises in Mexicali.

The Canal Controversy

But most of the supplies for this activity must come from California. In 1925 the Mexican Government of the northern district of Lower California bought nearly $600,000 of supplies from Americans.

In three years' time the largest of the landowners in Mexico has bought $1,000,000 of supplies on the American side, including large quantities of alfalfa seed purchased from Arizona farmers. Though cotton itself can be sent out duty free, this large company has in a single year paid many hundred thousand dollars in duties to the United States on products of cotton which it has exported to this country. Besides, it has paid large duties on supplies imported.

Thus the Mexican activity helps to swell many coffers on American soil, and naturally public opinion is not a unit in opposing such developments. It is difficult to keep wholly separate two countries divided by an imaginary line.

But in any case a considerable element of Imperial Valley residents is vigorously demanding the construction of an all-American canal on this side of the boundary, to take the valley out of Mexico. Indeed, there are those who go so far as to insist that no flood-control dam be built upon the Colorado by the Federal Government unless the legislation provides for an all-American canal, although the landowners in the valley would have to pay for its construction themselves.

For years not only the Imperial Valley people but residents of Southern California in general have disputed among themselves as to the advisability of building such a canal. It is a huge and costly undertaking, because it goes through a region containing some of the largest sand dunes in the world. Opponents even go so far as to compare its construction with that of the Panama Canal.

It is not denied that as an engineering proposition the canal can be built; governments can construct and maintain cuts of almost any magnitude. The Suez Canal is a practical proposition. But opponents say that it is a national task, only for the Government to undertake, an exceedingly costly weapon or club to use in negotiations with Mexico, if such negotiations are needed.

A Direct-Action Farmer

For the individual farmers and landowners of the valley to pay the cost, as proposed, would be ruinous, say the critics. It would add forty dollars an acre debt to every particle of land in the valley. The opponents say that this would cripple the valley, although they cynically add that before bankruptcy came the farmers and other landowners would cry the baby act, as in some other reclamation projects, and run to their papa, the Federal Government, begging to be let off from paying.

On the other hand, those who favor building the canal argue just as vehemently that to get out of Mexico is so indispensable to the comfort and peace of mind of the valley that it would increase land values up to $100 an acre. The new canal would bring in a large new acreage, which might be expected to add to the general prosperity of the valley. It is argued that to depend wholly upon the good will, permission and consent of a foreign government for water makes for uncertainty and credit loss.

"We have to go out of our country as petitioners; we have to go begging in Mexico," they say.

It is felt that the farmers on American soil have no real water rights as long as the canal is in Mexico. At one of the early farmers' meetings to discuss building an all-American canal, an old fellow became impatient.

"Let's go," he said. "I have a team and scraper. Who's with me?"

In the past the valley has been taking its water from the Colorado at a diversion point not far below Yuma. In order to get enough water into the heading, or inlet, in the months of drought it has been necessary to build each year at great expense a temporary weir across the river, and at the end of the dry season to blow it up with dynamite, under orders and severe restrictions from the War Department.

On various occasions this weir has flooded Yuma, on the Arizona shore, and the Yuma people, with a permanent court injunction, have compelled the Imperial Valley to put up a large bond to indemnify them against damage. As the result of extended litigation and long-continued expense, it has been decided that the valley must abandon its present head gates and temporary weirs, and divert its water farther up the river at another heading where a weir is not needed, at an additional expense of many millions.

Though it would cost less to connect up these new works with the present canal through Mexico than to build an entirely new canal through the sand hills, there are those who feel that with such big expenditures necessary in any case, more debt

BIG OPPORTUNITY

FOR CLOTHING AND TAILORING SALESMEN

Simpson's **made-to-measure** Virgin wool suits and overcoats at **$23.50** represent the pinnacle of value-giving in the tailoring field. They sell easily and win permanent friends. Our reliable money back guarantee insures customers a square deal. Our superb values insure the success, quick and profitable success

SUIT OR OVERCOAT **$23.50** VIRGIN WOOL UNION MADE TO MEASURE—

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Due to our new and bigger values our business is growing faster than ever. The same overcoats that we sold last winter for $31.50 now sell for **$23.50.** They are truly the biggest values in tailoring and bring record breaking sales and earnings for salesmen!

EVERY FABRIC TESTS ALL VIRGIN WOOL

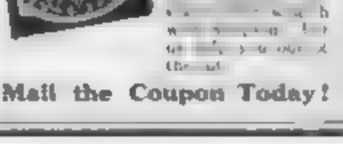
IF YOU are seeking a permanent money making connection with a big, wide-awake, rapidly growing concern, that you can represent with pride and confidence, we would like to send you samples of cloth and our free book, "The Simpson Plan." This book tells how others have increased their earnings and found permanent success with Simpson. It shows photos and records and contains the proof of what others have done. It proves what you can do by starting in your spare time.

The Finest Fabrics and *Biggest Values in Our History* This showcase with nearly 200 pure wool fabrics must be seen to be appreciated. The assortment is beyond all comparison, the most attractive we have ever shown, the finest in quality, the most complete in variety, the biggest in value ever [illegible] for every man's and young man's use. Suits and overcoats are tailored to your measure for $23.50. Your choice of style. They are guaranteed for service, for hard wear and for quality and for all around satisfaction. And our DeLuxe $31.50 values sell to the best dressed men satisfy and repeat. **Only Two Prices, $23.50 and $31.50**

BIG SAMPLES

The samples of cloth each measuring 6 x 9 inches, complete with a [illegible] who [illegible] largest stores. You must see these goods to appreciate their beauty and value.

Our Financial Responsibility



Three big banks, [illegible] Bank, Manufacturers Trust Company, Bowery Savings Bank, Bronx Savings Bank, North Side Bank, will gladly answer inquiries regarding our financial responsibility and integrity.

$25,000 Bond Every Simpson representative is furnished with a $25,000 penal bond guaranteeing that if we do [illegible] Fidelity Company will make good. It pays to represent a big and reliable firm

"Simpson Put Me On My Feet"

says Mr. [illegible] of Newark, who [illegible] bank

Mr. Goodman work and earn

$60 to $85 a Week

Mr. Goodman says, "I [illegible] my health by outside $60 to $85 a week."

Our Free Book

"The Simpson Plan"

[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]

Mail the Coupon Today!

No Experience Needed

We will teach you the business

Many of our most successful salesmen never had any tailoring or selling experience. Cloud wick, who has made more than $6,000 a year for more than four years, was an accountant. Loggan was a carpenter. Elton who averages $73.00 a week was an elevator operator. Levitt was a soldier. Reis, Ryan, Anderson, Perlman, Johnson and scores of others who have earned this for years make $500—$125 a week. We will teach you the business as we taught them. You have the same opportunity and can start in your spare time if you wish.

LEVITT says: "This is my 4th year with Simpson. Each year my earnings increase. Last year I made $6,000."

Mr. Muddeberger says, Simpson offers biggest values and best opportunities."

Simpson's [illegible] splendidly [illegible] to fit to wear and to satisfy. No price will buy better style or better fit. Our standard is seldom equalled except in high priced clothes. Dollar per dollar, we give you the world's best tailoring buy

HOW EARNINGS GROW

	Spring 1924	Spring 1925	Spring 1926
E. Sorter	$1,355	$1,735	$[illegible]
*A. Anders	555	891	1,243
Chas. Wick	2,276	2,956	3,[illegible]5
*O. House	810	905	1,910

*[illegible] [illegible]

World's Greatest Values

The new Simpson line for fall contains the biggest values and finest fa[illegible] have ever put out and without [illegible] the biggest values in tailoring history

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843 West Adams Street Chicago, Illinois
General Offices and Main Shops in Chicago
Display rooms and branch offices in **New York, Detroit, Boston, Newark.** *Call or write.*

Please send me without obligation, samples of cloth and your book, "*The Simpson Plan*", which tells about the opportunity you offer men to go into the tailoring business. (*Please print name*)

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Hard to Start?

DOESN'T it make you grind your teeth when you step on the starter, and it whirrs—and whirrs—and whirrs—without getting a spark of response from your motor?

That's the icy hand of winter getting in its deadly work. Most motorists try to help the motor by working the choker fast and furiously. That may help the motor start, but it is taking a short cut to future trouble, in pouring raw unexploded gasoline into the crank case, to dilute the oil.

That first cold morning when your motor is slow in starting is a danger signal. It means your motor is not getting the protection it needs. The motor is a sensitive piece of mechanism, designed to operate best 190°F. You can force it to run at colder temperatures, but you are simply starting on the road to trouble and expense if you do.

When Your Motor Acts Cold

A cold motor means hard starting and loss of power when running. It means diluted oil in the crank case. It means rapid accumulation of carbon, exhausted batteries, and eventually expensive repair and replacement charges.

Why not avoid all this trouble and expense by installing the Allen Shutter Front? It gives you positive control over the heat of your motor. From your seat you can regulate it to meet every condition—every change of temperature—and *it always works.* So simple and inexpensive that thousands prefer it to any other type of radiator protection; so handsome it is used as standard equipment on the Rolls-Royce and the very finest cars. There is an Allen Shutter Front for every make of car. Don't delay—enjoy this protection at once.

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Manufacturers also of The Famous Allen Tire Case

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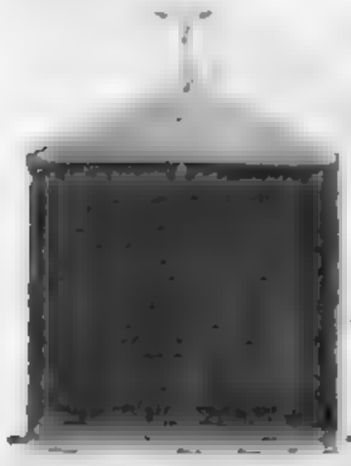
Wilkes-Barre Watson Stabilator Co.

Prices, $7.50 to $15.00

For Nickel Plated Shutter Fronts add $15.00 to regular prices. Genuine Nickel Silver, all models, complete $50.00 each.

For a free copy of our valuable booklet "The Care Your Car Needs In Winter", ask your accessory dealer, or write us.



The ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

Positive Hand Control From the Dash!—*It Always Works*

might just as well be piled upon the valley and the whole job done at once.

But in the last analysis the entire dispute boils down to whether the California people regard Mexico as a good or a bad neighbor. There is complaint that the Irrigation District operates under much annoyance in maintaining its huge levee and canal system in Mexican territory. The Mexican Government has a pleasant habit of imposing all manner of irksome duties and taxes upon the men and supplies which must be taken into its territory to maintain the canals and levees.

It is said the district once had to take 1000 luncheons down to an equal number of men who were fighting a flood on the levee below the line, and was obliged to pay more duty on the luncheons than their original cost. This was in spite of the fact that much of the land in Mexico, as well as that in California, would have been ruined or damaged by flood.

But those who view Mexico in more friendly light say that these troubles are merely annoying and trivial, and that it would be foolish to duplicate the present canal system merely to get even with Mexico.

It is said by those who oppose the all-American canal—and as far as the writer can discover, not denied by those who favor it—that the present canal system, estimated to be worth at least $3,000,000 or $4,000,000, would fall without a penny's cost into the laps of the American landowners in Mexico, once the all-American canal is built. It is also asserted that the California farmers would pay more for water than they do under the present arrangement.

Anti-Mexican elements hint at the danger to the valley's water supply in case of war, with the canal coming through Mexico.

But even an all-American canal would run very close to the border—not an altogether pleasant location in time of war. It is quite probable also that the valley will be obliged to fight floods by means of levees in Mexican territory, even after a dam is built up the Colorado, because there are flashy and dangerous tributaries far below any proposed dam site.

The truth is that the Imperial Valley is too close to Mexico, geographically and topographically, ever to get away from it with any degree of completeness. As well try to separate Siamese twins. Like any border community, everything would be off in time of war; that is the inevitable condition of living on the border.

Customers for the Colorado

On the other hand, an all-American canal might check somewhat the Mexican and stimulate correspondingly the process of American reclamation. But desirable as this object appears to many local residents, they cannot logically expect people in the Middle West and East to get much excited about bringing in more irrigated land. In these other sections there is a rather firm conviction that too much land is under cultivation now.

What the Imperial Valley has a right to expect from the Government is protection for the immense investment already made. It has a right to ask that a dam be built up the river for such a purpose—namely, protection against floods.

Yet the necessities of the Imperial Valley, dramatic as they are, do not form by any manner of means the sole impelling motive for such construction. All the low water of the Colorado is appropriated now; but if the dam were built and the flood waters impounded, there would be a vast additional quantity. Such a dam would store the flood waters for about a year, and of this amount Los Angeles and other cities of Southern California would like to take for future domestic use at least a tenth or an eighth.

Mr. Hoover recently said that though North Carolina has had the greatest economic development of any state in the past fifteen years, and that migrations to Florida in recent months had been the most rapid in the history of the country, yet the heaviest individual migration was the movement of about 1,000,000 persons to the Los Angeles area in the past ten years

To what extent this movement will continue no one knows. Discussing the reasons for the growth of Southern California is a popular indoor sport all over the country, second only in the last year or so to a similar debate in regard to Florida. It does not belong in this article. Yet the movement appears to be a continuing one, although with less crazy momentum than in 1923.

Leaving out of account the rabid statements of extreme partisans, it seems certain that as in other Southern areas, population will continue to grow because of the increasing practice of people in the East and North to seek a mild winter climate. The intensive form of agriculture in vogue is capable of supporting a dense population, and industrial development will support even more.

The increase in population has been most marked in the coastal belt, which includes all the large cities in the southern part of the state, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Long Beach and San Diego, all of which are outside the Colorado River basin.

But if this region continues to grow in the next ten or fifteen years at anything approaching the rate of increase for the corresponding past period, it will have to go outside for its water, and there is no place to go except the Colorado River. With 20 per cent of the state's habitable area and nearly half the population, this region has 1 per cent of the water supply.

America's Desert City

"Our section has been blessed with practically everything except water and coal," says an enthusiastic California congressman with a sense of humor. "A man once said that his section had everything but water and good society, and a lady replied that she understood that that was all that hell lacked. We have good society, but not sufficient water."

In a previous article it was explained in some detail how in the Far West, with the exception of the extreme Northwest, water is the basis of life in a sense entirely different from the East and Middle West. In a manner peculiar to itself, Southern California is built around the unit of a drop of water.

Easterners coming there to live, and seeing green lawns and gardens, never seem quite to realize what it means to supply them with water across the rough mountain ranges and hundreds of miles of surrounding deserts. For unless one of the Australian cities disputes the title, Los Angeles is really the world's greatest desert city, a fact whose implications few people seem to grasp.

The coastal belt or valley of Southern California is surrounded on three sides by deserts, the water supply of which, if there be any, is entirely inadequate to take care of even a fraction of their own irrigable lands.

There is underground water beneath the coastal belt; in fact, the area as a whole depends upon that source. But it is fast being depleted. Artesian wells which in the late 90's spouted high in the air, now have to be pumped to a great distance. One manufacturer of pumps alone did $500,000 of business last year merely lengthening pump columns. Many wells have dropped an average of two and a half feet a year for nearly thirty years.

One well belonging to the city of Long Beach was under sufficient pressure to rise sixty feet above the ground surface when it was drilled in the late 90's. Last year the water level was fifty feet below the ground, a total drop of 110 feet. The level is falling along the entire coastal belt.

Not only is the rainfall inadequate to the growing population but the country is subject to droughts of appalling intensity.

(Continued on Page 225)

A facial massage for a tough hide

NO "cosmetician" could be more precise, nor could a head barber be more solicitous in smoothing a favorite customer's face.

A pair of calloused hands takes the place of smooth fingers. A bucket of life-lengthening oils and greases replaces the jar of cold cream. But it's a facial massage—applied to a rough, rugged, sturdy hide that is being processed for Graton & Knight belting leather.

After that hide has been cut up into strips and matched for uniformity of thickness and weight, after these many matched strips have been combined into a length of leather belting, the result of this exacting treatment in the Graton & Knight currying process is a belt that will stand the test of wear, tear, and use.

Moisture, heat, and friction, the rubbing of fibre against fibre within the leather, changing temperatures, varying working speeds—all of these have been anticipated in the manufacture of every inch of Graton & Knight belting leather.

Chemical and engineering tests in the Graton & Knight laboratories have set up the standards by which every process throughout the Graton & Knight tanneries and belt shops is controlled.

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The "STANDARDIZED BELTING MANUAL" *contains 170 pages of useful information about belting, how to use it, take care of it, and make it deliver the most for your money. Send for a copy.*

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Send me a copy of "STANDARDIZED BELTING MANUAL"

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Prices, quality for quality, 5 to 10% lower than the field

The Word is Going 'Round

Men by thousands are turning to this smart new type hosiery that wears two or three times longer because it is *invisibly* reinforced all over by the remarkable

Bi-Spun Process

Special to the Wife!

Darning socks is going out of fashion with wives who see to it that their husbands wear Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery. At the better Department Stores.

MEN first bought Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery because it is unusually smart and trim looking. Then came the surprising feature—months of extra wear. Before long the word was going 'round that a new type hosiery, which lasted two or three times as long as ordinary socks, was available.

Now thousands upon thousands of men know the secret of Bi-Spinning, the remarkable new process that invisibly reinforces the entire hose by doubly strengthening every thread. New life, elasticity and durability have been added. But there is no extra weight or thickness.

For Fall the Trufab designers have created a new series of most unusual patterns and color harmonies. Very smart and in perfect taste, these new designs will gain your instant and unqualified approval.

You will find a huge amount of quiet satisfaction in wearing Trufab hosiery. Perfect fit. Fast colors. And an unconditional guarantee: Trufab Bi-Spun Hosiery must outwear your own expectations—or your money will be promptly refunded.

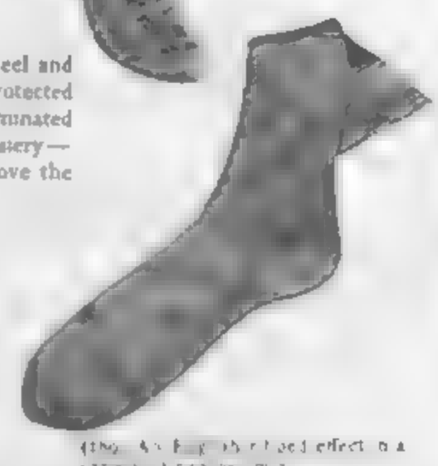
Go to your favorite shop and ask for Trufab by name. You will find a wide range of patterns and materials, from which to select your fall and winter hosiery. We suggest particularly numbers 193, 189 and 191 retailing at $1.00, 75c and 50c respectively. Other splendid values as low as 35c.

Bi-Spinning

—the amazing new process that invisibly reinforces the entire sock—adding months of extra wear

Hosiery has long been reinforced at heel and toe, but instep and leg were left unprotected in old-type socks. Bi-Spinning has eliminated this neglected area from Trufab hosiery—exclusively, guarding against holes above the shoe-line as well as below.

(192) A plaid of unusual attractiveness, made possible by the combination of wool, lisle and rayon 50c



(190) [illegible] effect in a [illegible] tubes, [illegible] rayon 75c

(193) A smart French stripe of two tones against the new dull-finish background. Pure virgin wool with rayon at $1

One pattern of the new virgin wool and rayon Bi-SPUN [illegible] wear many a [illegible] attractive, comfortable and practical at $2

Tru-fab Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN

Price 35c to $1.00

CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS

Founded 1902 Athens, Georgia

New York Office: 366 BROADWAY

Write us if you do not find these numbers at your favorite store.

(Continued from Page 222)

Periods of normal rainfall, relatively speaking, of some ten or twelve years, are followed by equally long seasons of subnormal moisture.

Most authorities believe, or hope, that the country is near the end of a subnormal period now. But even a cycle of wet years will, in a way, do more harm than good, because it will induce new development which cannot be carried through the next dry period.

In other words, the bank account is losing all the time. Despite all efforts to regulate the erratic water supply, the dry periods remain the controlling factor in all sound development.

More than twenty years ago, under stress of a period of drought, the then small city of Los Angeles decided to build an aqueduct through 250 miles of the Mohave Desert and two great mountain ranges, to tap the water sources of the lower end of the Sierra Nevada. It was a bold undertaking, including forty-two miles through granite tunnels, and the resources of all the banks in the city amounted to only four times the cost

Under stress of the great drought of 1924, which was so destructive of property values, and in view of the rapid increase in population, the city is determined once again to tap an outside source of supply.

The country is one of bold, high relief. Not only must water be carried over mountains and across deserts but after it reaches the city it must be pumped into half a dozen different zones, because of the many hill settlements. "People who come here want to roost on the hilltops like turkeys," says William Mulholland, the engineer who has supplied the city with water since the late 70's.

It may cost as much as $150,000,000 to build an aqueduct to the Colorado River, and there is no certainty of finding a gravity route. To pump the water over mountain ranges will increase its cost. But even if that is done, the engineering problems are said to be no more serious than those encountered in building the earlier aqueduct. .

In any case, there is genuine conviction in Southern California that if this water is not obtained, the whole region will begin to go backward in the next ten or fifteen years.

There is a double meaning in Mr. Mulholland's statement that if the water of the Colorado is not secured, it will not be needed.

Water Preserves

In proportion to present population and wealth the per capita cost will probably not exceed that of bringing water through the earlier aqueduct. But there is another and added necessity, not yet mentioned, that is almost certain to compel the development.

Gradually the cities are encroaching upon the great irrigated areas—that is, domestic needs are trespassing upon the agricultural water supply.

"If carried on," says one well-informed engineer, "this would automatically stop the growth of any community, dependent as it is upon its neighborhood agricultural development."

Other cities will probably share with Los Angeles the cost of reaching the Colorado. San Diego, which has had a rapid growth in the past two or three years, depends upon the storage of water from very flashy and irregular streams. Because of these conditions the city should have at least seven years' supply on hand, heavy loss from evaporation adding to the difficulties. Mayor Bacon stated to the Senate Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation last October:

"In San Diego we probably face a more serious problem than in any other city. We must keep stored ahead at least five years' supply of water. There has been a time in our history where for seven years there was no run-off whatever. Five years is a meager supply. We have today about four years' supply ahead, and we are praying for rain this winter.

"The cities of Southern California are doubling in population every ten years. Our actual growth is limited to about ten or fifteen years. I think that general statement will hold for practically every city in the southern part of the state.

"Without an additional supply we must say to the settler in the next few years, 'You can't come to California, because we have no water.'"

Los Angeles and other cities in the same region expect to tap the Colorado at a point well below any of the proposed dam sites, thus in no way interfering with the development of hydro-electric power. Years of dispute have gone on regarding the location and type of dam to be built. Intense jealousies of an engineering, political, sectional and private pocketbook nature have developed.

Putting Waste to Work

To an outside investigator, however, there appears no good engineering or economic reason why a dam or dams should not be built in the near future which will go a long ways in preventing floods in the Imperial Valley, providing domestic water and perhaps 500,000 additional horse power for the large and fast growing population of Southern California, and at the same time bring in as required a reasonable amount of new land.

No one dam will completely harness a wholly untamed river, or do away with the necessity for the great system of levees in the lower valleys, or bring under immediate irrigation every flat piece of land which any wild promoter in any one of the seven states is able to locate on a map, or support the 50,000,000 people which enthusiasts expect this region ultimately to sustain.

One engineer has estimated that thirteen dams must be built before the entire 6,000,000 potential horse power will be developed, a century or more from now. There are probably more than thirteen available sites. But as former Governor Emmet Boyle, of Nevada, remarked, "Developments cannot take place on all our natural resources at the same time." Dams can't be started all over the place just because there are sites.

If the Government or any other agency built a dam, primarily to protect the Imperial Valley, but large enough to develop horse power and also store water available for domestic use, it would be at once adding to the national wealth in three different directions and also providing the revenue to repay itself for the flood-protection feature.

Each year the Colorado wastes in power the equivalent of about a quarter of all the force that can be produced by the entire annual oil production of the United States. By the time the first dam is built the additional supply of power can be absorbed in California, with little or no disturbance. Much of it may be used to pump water to the cities.

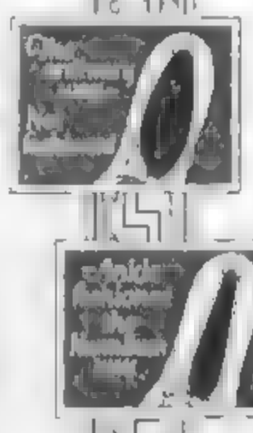
In fact, the power demand in Southern California has increased about 13 per cent a year for many years past.

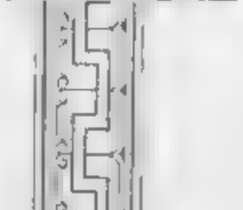
Then, too, there are great potential mineral resources in Utah, Arizona and Nevada which might well be developed by means of power from the adjacent Colorado River, if that power proves as cheap as engineers expect it to be.

It is true that a single dam, to effect these results, would be the greatest undertaking of its kind in the world. It would create a lake eighty miles long, containing a volume of water twelve times that of the Assuan Reservoir on the Nile. Physical obstacles, however, have not primarily prevented the building of such a dam.

No stone has been turned, for other reasons, the story of which portrays the dramatic and hard-fought struggle for future greatness on the part of more than one Far-Western state.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Atwood. The third will be published in an early issue.





Well Groomed Ankles

NUNN-BUSH means style, sir—in tune with the finest suit in your wardrobe. Comfort, too, that begins with the moment you wear them. But best of all, these pleasures last. For NUNN-BUSH oxfords are *ankle-fashioned*—there is no unsightly gapping, no slipping at the heel.

$7.50 to $11. Style book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in the following exclusive Nunn-Bush stores:

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2362—Imperial Tan Calf
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For perfect radio reception at all times, for clearness and constant volume, install a Kingston B Battery Eliminator.

The Kingston Eliminator attaches to the light socket and keeps your radio always at its peak of clear reception and full volume. Hook it up and forget it in the comfortable assurance of a lifetime of perfect reception and freedom from battery troubles and expense.

Kingston B Battery Eliminator is trim, compact, handsomely finished in black and nickel, contains no acid or solution and will not heat. It operates without noise or vibration. Three different voltages are obtainable at the same time, as each tap is adjustable over a wide range, making possible any desired voltage from 5 to 150, in perfect harmony with your own set. The Raytheon tube is used as a rectifier. Operation cost is so low as to be negligible.

Install the Kingston B Battery Eliminator today and bid your reception troubles and your chief of radio expense, good-bye.

Insist that your dealer sell you the Kingston. If he won't we will see that you are supplied.

Complete with Raytheon Tube

TYPE 2
For 110-120 Volt A C 60 Cycle Current
$35.00

TYPE 2A
Higher Powered Eliminator for extremely large sets
$42.50

TYPE 2C
For 110-120 Volt A C 25 or 30 Cycle Current
$47.50

Kokomo Electric Company
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Kingston

BRITAIN'S NEW LABOR DEAL

(Continued from Page 11)

the key industry of the nation; that Britain's prestige was due to the fact that her ships went out to the seven seas laden with the black diamond and returned home with cargoes of raw materials. Thus they had full loads both ways. Now there is only a one-way cargo and that is not always complete. The coal that should be flowing out of the country to build up both cash and credit abroad reposes in the seams underground, while the miners become increasingly acquainted with fresh air and debt. In this case it is a precarious and expensive holiday.

The loss to the coal workers in wages alone up to the time I write is not less than £25,000,000, which is equal to the subsidy granted by the government. The so-called heavy industries have been mulcted £48,000,000. Manufactured goods have suffered to the extent of £40,000,000. I have presented only some of the major items.

The coal stoppage affects nearly every productive activity in Great Britain. Some industries have been brought almost to a standstill. Those who do operate are required to burn foreign coal, which is not only more expensive than the home article but operates directly against the general economic interest.

Exports—or rather the lack of them—tell a significant story. They declined exactly 32 per cent in May, which was the general-strike month, equaling the low of June, 1922, when all foreign trade was in the dumps due to postwar deflation. This percentage remained almost the same in June and improved only slightly in July.

The blow to coal exports is, of course, the most serious. The case of Italy, one of Britain's best coal customers, will illustrate. Italy has practically no coal of her own, and depends, so far as native power is concerned, on her waterfalls. Because of the water haul she has bought millions of tons of British coal every year. With the strike, she had to turn to other sources.

The Germans rose to the emergency in characteristically thorough fashion. They sent trained stokers to Italy to demonstrate efficient and economical use of the Teutonic product. The great Ruhr coal interests, such as those controlled by the Thyssen and Stinnes concerns, established agencies throughout Italy. Though they gave general credit terms, they also insisted upon long-term contracts. This means that when British mines operate at full capacity again they will not be able to break in on their old preserves until the expiration of the German contracts. Even then they will have some difficulty in meeting German terms because of the great advance made in mechanical coal mining in the Ruhr and elsewhere.

Good From an Ill Wind

The Germans have repeated their Italian performance in Portugal, Greece, South America, and to a lesser degree, in France, where formerly British coal stood supreme. In consequence all the German coal mines have been speeded up. In June the Ruhr output increased by nearly 1,000,000 tons. Confident that the new foreign markets would be retained, shares in all the German coal mines have been boomed, and continue to rise, on the Berlin Bourse.

The British ill wind has also blown good to Polish coal operators. The Germans, however, have made the most of the opportunity; first, because of the generous credits they allow; second, because they have the cheapest carrying costs.

The almost complete elimination of British coal exports is only one phase of the picture. To operate the railways and to keep the fires of industry going, huge quantities of foreign coal must be imported. Between July first and July seventeenth exactly 1,345,000 tons of coal came into the kingdom. It naturally adds to the price of manufactures in more ways than one.

The preceding reference to the railways leads to another costly result of the strike mania. During the week of July twenty-sixth three of the leading British steam transport lines cut their dividends. They were the London, Midland and Scottish, the Great Western, and the London and North Eastern Railway. In each instance it was specifically stated that the reduction was a direct outcome of losses sustained during the strike. It meant that about £2,500,000 less has been paid out to the shareholders of these companies. Quite apart from the loss suffered by innocent shareholders, many of whom are in the small-investor class, it meant a considerable shrinkage in circulated money and therefore a decline in purchasing power.

A Throttle on Britain's Tongue

Nor must it be forgotten that the incessant labor dislocation in Britain operates against her credit abroad. With the huge drain of the dole and decline of foreign trade, John Bull's finances need some sharp watching.

In view of all this well-nigh incalculable loss—it will take years to get back to normal again—the following comment by the Daily Mail on the cost of the two strikes is timely:

> All this damage and injury has been produced by a little gang of British extremists, acting under inspiration from Moscow, at a cost to the soviet—as appears from figures given in Paris to the International Miners' Federation—of only £420,000. The public may well ask who really governs this country. Is it the aliens of the soviet, ruling through Mr. Cook, or is it the lawful government, responsible to Parliament? But this cannot last forever. Sooner or later the foreign contributions will dry up and the enormous British doles which, at the taxpayers' and ratepayers' expenses, are prolonging the stoppage and helping the policy of Moscow will have to cease, because the money to pay them will run short.

Turn from the coal situation to the new relation between employer and employe in some other lines and you have a more cheerful spectacle. Here you reach the first clear-cut and constructive consequence of the general strike, and it is full of significance for the economic future of the nation. Though the open-shop idea can never reach the extent in Britain that it has attained in America, its underlying principle of industrial democracy has received a real impetus.

Despite the close corporation that British trade-unionism has maintained in so many essential industries, the open-shop idea is not unknown. But anything like the degree of freedom in hiring and firing, regardless of union affiliation or shop stewardship, such as we have in the United States, is unheard of. The average British employer has had about as much to do or say with the selection of his personnel, from foreman down, as the man in the street. The too frequent result was a dead level of inefficiency fostered by a tyranny of control that made for lightning walkouts.

With an enlightening example I can show how this autocracy has been effectively smashed in an important activity and a new freedom come to a once sorely oppressed business. I refer to the wholesale distributors of newspapers. Clearly to comprehend what happened, let me first show how vital this work is

Generally speaking, the Britisher is a greater newspaper consumer—I use the trade phrase—than the American. Magazines have never reached the same stage of circulation, even in proportion to population, as in the United States. One sufficient reason is that they are not so good. The other is that geography enters largely into the matter.

Every great London morning paper can be read on the day of publication in nearly every important center of England, Wales or Scotland. It is far more effective for a

(Continued on Page 229)

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(Continued from Page 226)

newspaper to be read in the original package, so to speak, than through a telegraphed reproduction of its contents, however startling. This is why the Times has wielded an influence not equaled perhaps by any other journal in the world. Because of the geographical factor, results the failure of any American newspaper to become a national organ. Hence the importance of getting the London papers to their destination as quickly as possible.

The distribution of the London press to the retail agents throughout the kingdom is through two large employer organizations—the Federation of Wholesale News Agents and the Associated Wholesale News Agents. The papers published outside London are handled by the Provincial Wholesale News Agents Association. So much for the employer side.

The packers, as they are called that is, the men who pack and send the bundles of papers to the trains and retail agents—are organized in the National Federation of Printing and Paper Workers and Binders. Up to the time of the general strike no British union was more closely riveted. Although the most unskilled body allied with the printing trade, these packers held a key position; first, because they represented an essential end—namely, distribution; second, because of a precedent established by the late Lord Northcliffe. He was sometimes more generous and conciliatory than commercially discreet. Rather than dislocate his vast publication machinery through a strike, he gave the packers excessive pay and privileges. They dictated terms to the bosses and exercised supervising rights over the newspaper and the people who handled it from the moment it left the press.

The moment they rose up to make a demand, however absurd, Fleet Street, as the newspaper domain of London is called, invariably knuckled.

When the general strike was called the newspaper packers quit cold. For a brief period the movement of newspapers almost stood still. But, as you shall presently see, a government newspaper, the British Gazette, was started in the establishment of the Morning Post. Twenty-four hours later nearly every morning paper was getting out an emergency issue, which increased in size and contents as the strike became prolonged. This, too, in face of a commandeering of nearly all the newsprint by the government.

These papers had to be handled. In London most of the publications, whether newspaper or magazine, are distributed by a few great wholesale agents, including W. H. Smith & Son, who have been in business for more than a century.

Two-Way Emancipation

The Smiths made the first breach in the packers' union by enlisting volunteer workers, including the heads of the firm. They got into overalls, loaded and pushed trucks and drove lorries to the railway stations and to their many branches throughout London. The general manager, Mr. C. W. Kimpton, who had charge of the distribution of the British Gazette, used squadrons of aeroplanes and fleets of fast motor cars to get the papers everywhere. The radio, the British Gazette, and subsequently the scratch newspapers, broke the nation-wide news silence which, in such an emergency, is even more menacing than actual disturbance.

The point that I want to emphasize is that just as soon as the strike failed the packers trooped back, expecting to start to work again. They got the surprise of their lives. They were met with the message that they could reëmploy solely as individuals and not as union members. They would get union pay and conditions, but any dictation would not be tolerated again. They were further informed that hereafter the employers would name the entire personnel, including foremen, and only according to merit.

During the general strike all the wholesale news agents had taken on hundreds of volunteer workers. With peace, those who wished to remain were kept. It is significant of the new mood of one section of British unionism that the packers accepted the deal almost without demur. They were only too glad to get back into the pay belt again. In this way arose the open shop in an important activity.

The open shop is in full blast not only among all the London wholesale news distributors but also in the provinces. The three organizations I have mentioned, which control distribution throughout the whole kingdom, are pledged to a common cause. It has proved a success for both sides. The employer has achieved a man-to-man contact and the employe is freed from organization control.

Linked with the emancipation of the news agent is a kindred freedom of the newspaper owners from interference with policy. This registers the second significant result of the general strike. Though the open shop has not been achieved to any degree, save in Scotland, the press, especially at the London end, has liberty of action for the first time since the allied printing trades fastened their hooks into the plants.

Dictating Editorial Policy

Once more a brief prelude is necessary. In the United Kingdom both newspaper owners and employes are organized. In the case of the proprietors there are three organizations the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, embracing the owners of the London dailies, both morning and evening, and the Sunday papers; the Newspaper Society, which is the federation of provincial owners; and the Federated Trade Press and Weekly Press Association, which unites the publishers of what we call the trade press. The Newspaper Proprietors' Association—more often referred to as the N. P. A.—is, of course, the most powerful. It brought about the reforms with which this section is concerned.

On the labor side every line is closely welded. This not only includes the mechanical ends of all departments but also the reporters, who have a National Union of Journalists. A composing room therefore could call out the reportorial staff on strike and get away with it.

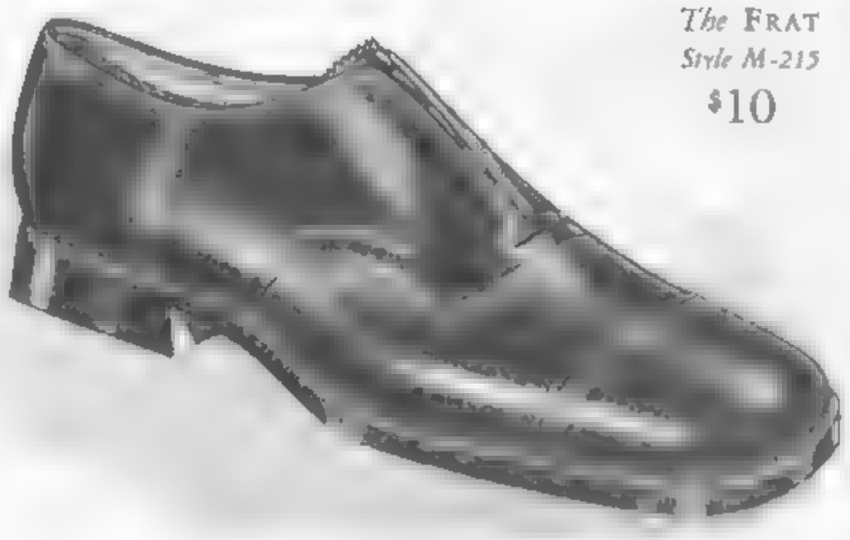
No group of British unions exercised such autocratic powers as those of the printing trades. They absolutely dominated the mechanics of the business and even forced the private secretaries of the owners to join their ranks. On occasion they even dictated as to policy. Such a procedure would never be tolerated in the humblest American country newspaper. Like many other abuses, it was its undoing, as this diverting piece of history will show.

With the end of the coal subsidy of April thirtieth and the refusal of the coal owners to submit to the miners' demands, the general strike was inevitable. A State of National Emergency was signed by the king and the country girded itself for the fray.

On Sunday night, May second, an editorial entitled For King and Country was written in the editorial rooms of the Daily Mail. It stated the situation concisely and, among other things, made the following declaration:

> A general strike is not an industrial dispute. It is a revolutionary movement intended to inflict suffering upon the great mass of innocent persons in the community and thereby to put forcible constraint upon the government. It is a movement which can only succeed by destroying the government and subverting the rights and liberties of the people. This being the case, it cannot be tolerated by any civilized government, and it must be dealt with by every resource at the disposal of the community. A State of Emergency and National Danger has been proclaimed to resist the attack. We call upon all law-abiding men and women to hold themselves at the service of the King and country.

When the manuscript reached the composing room the compositors refused to set



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it up. They sent a delegation to the editor demanding that it be killed, otherwise they would walk out. The editor stood his ground and the whole printing force struck. There was no issue of the Daily Mail the next morning.

I cite this episode for two reasons. One is to show the kind of intimidation that the British publisher was up against; the other is that, as someone has well said, "with the strike at the Daily Mail, the hour of the bloodless revolution struck." The general strike broke at midnight of May third.

For only one day was the London press paralyzed. By Thursday the sixth, emergency editions were on the street. With the defeat of the discredited red revolutionaries came a new deal with the allied printing trades.

The Employers' Big Stick

The agreement between the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and all the printers' unions is historic in many respects. It provides that there shall be no interference with the contents of newspapers owned by members of the association; that there shall be no interference with or victimization of any members of the staffs who worked, or returned to work, during the strike; "there shall be no interference by members of the unions with the management of businesses, or with the right of the management to employ, promote, or discharge members of the staffs"; no chapel—union—meetings shall be held during working hours. Two further stipulations are worthy of note: No longer will it be necessary for private secretaries or managers engaged in production to be members of a union. The strict observance of the new agreement shall be regarded as a matter of honor affecting the individual employer and employe.

This arrangement frees the British press from the hazard of sudden stoppage. Muzzling through intimidation is henceforth impossible.

Some of the provincial newspaper proprietors have gone further than their London colleagues. A 100 per cent open shop is in operation in the establishment of The Scotsman of Edinburgh—which published at full capacity throughout the strike—in the Glasgow Herald and the Dundee Advertiser. The last two papers started their open shops after the strike. These journals are among the most influential in Scotland.

A final evidence of the about-face in the printing trades is the fact that the British Government Stationery Office, which publishes all the government documents, including reports of parliamentary proceedings, is no longer unionized. The nonunion volunteers who went to work there during the strike were all retained when it was called off. The old workers have been taken back only as opportunity offered, and as individuals. Many are still out of jobs.

The third outstanding advance resulting from the general strike has been achieved by the railway companies, whose workers are not only thoroughly organized but have been autocratic as well. In every previous strike they practically dictated terms with resumption of work.

They came back in a different mood last May. The operation of the roads by volunteers during the strike was on a larger scale than ever before, despite a record union defection of more than 80 per cent in personnel. The settlement between the companies and the unions is full mate in freedom of action to the terms negotiated by the newspaper proprietors.

The approach was interesting. When the general strike fizzled out the unions intimated to the men that return to work was to be unconditional. If one man went back all must go. Much to their amazement they were informed by the managers that the word "unconditional" had been eliminated from the employer dictionary. In consequence the terms are without precedent in British labor history.

The first section states that the strikers are "to be taken back as soon as traffic offers and work can be found for them." Loyal men who wanted to stick were retained. This means that at the time I write less than 80 per cent of the strikers are back on the job.

The second paragraph contains the first signed admission of wrong that the railway unions have ever made. It reads: "The trade unions admit that in calling the strike they committed a wrongful act against the companies, and agree that the companies do not, by reinstatement, surrender their legal right to claim damages arising out of the strike from strikers and others responsible."

Even more significant are these two sections of the third paragraph: "The unions undertake (a) not again to instruct their members to strike without previous negotiations with the companies; (b) to give no support of any kind to their members who take unauthorized action."

In one detail of the agreement—that is, the maintenance of their legal right to damages growing out of the strike—the companies have something of a whip hand over the unions. I asked one of the leading railway managers if he or any of his colleagues proposed to take advantage of it. His reply was: "No, not for the present. But the fact that we can do so is exerting, and will continue to exert, a chastening influence on the men."

This matter of liability for damages has become more than a steadying phrase in agreements. During my stay in London in July the Bradford Dyers' Association obtained judgment and damages arising out of the general strike against the Amalgamated Society of Dyers, Bleachers, Finishers and Kindred Trades; the National Union of Textile Workers, and the National Union of General and Municipal Workers. Though the amount of damages was only nominal—it amounted to £120—the principle involved is large.

There was a historic precedent for this action. Because it involves an inevitable reform in trade-union law, I will refer to it briefly. The Trade Union Act of 1871 gave the British unions freedom of action and full legal recognition. Under it they were not liable for criminal prosecution for conspiracy. They also obtained, or so they believed, immunity from damages for breach of contract. This belief was upset by the famous Taff Vale judgment.

Limiting Protection

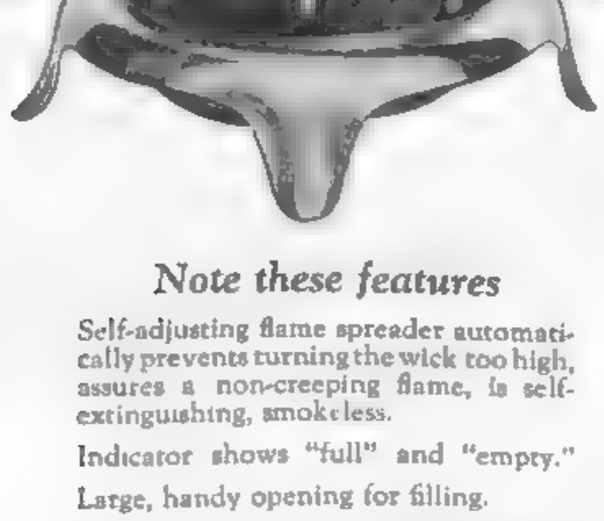
Following a strike on the Taff Vale Railway the company sued the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for conspiracy to break contract and interference with traffic by picketing. After long litigation the House of Lords called upon the union to pay the company £23,000 out of its funds in damages and costs, and it was paid. The Lords held that the union could be sued and assessed.

The decision was a great blow to the general union cause. A nation-wide political campaign for redress began, with the result that the Conservatives, who were in power at the time of the Taff Vale action, were succeeded by a Liberal régime. The new government enacted the Trades Disputes Act of 1906. This act definitely placed the unions outside the law. Coercion through picketing was legalized. Almost coincident was the birth of the British Labor Party as it exists today.

The decision in the dyers' case to which I have alluded shows, however, that the unions are not entirely outside the pale so far as financial liability for strikes is concerned. But they have other large privileges, especially in the matter of intimidation through picketing and the sympathetic strike.

As a direct outcome of the general strike, a movement is under way to curb union power as embodied in the Trades Disputes Act of 1906. The most drastic step was a bill introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Banbury to repeal the act in its entirety.

(Continued on Page 233)



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(Continued from Page 230)

It is not likely that such complete overthrow will come to pass; but in the opinion of competent observers with whom I talked, a campaign to amend the act will be launched. The idea is not to destroy the unions, but to revise their legal position, deprive them of their autocratic prerogatives and bring about respect for the integrity of agreements.

No man in Great Britain is better qualified to speak of these changes than Sir Lynden Macassey, K. B. E., Director of Shipyard Labor and chairman of the National Tribunals of Wages during the World War, and now leader of the parliamentary bar. I therefore asked him to outline the program. He said:

"Nothing short of such a radical alteration in the law as will remove the position of legal immunity and irresponsibility which the trade-unions have so abused will satisfy public feeling. That is not to say that the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 should be repealed, as some unthinking persons have suggested. There are certain privileges conferred by that act to which most reasonable people admit the trade-unions are entitled. That act quite fairly protects trade-unions from actions for civil conspiracy in the event of their members going, or being called out, on strike without breach of contract on just the same grounds as those on which the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act of 1875, under similar circumstances, provides them with protection from prosecutions for criminal conspiracy. So far as the act protects trade-union benefit funds from liability of being taken in execution to satisfy judgment creditors in respect of some claim in no way connected with the benefit part of a trade-union's business, it is also reasonable.

"While preserving that protection, the public expect the government to deprive trade-unions of the illogical legal immunity secured under the act, and make them liable for their wrongful acts in the same way and to the same extent as is any trade or trading corporation which is not a trade-union. At the same time it is hoped the Parliament will confer both upon trade-unions and employers' associations full contractual capacity, but imposing upon them full legal liability for breach of contract. The Prime Minister is constantly and properly urging employers and trade-unions to sit down round a council table and adjust their differences. When they do so it is ridiculous to think that any agreement they make is unenforceable by reason of a provision to that effect in the Trade Union of 1871. As long as that absurd and lete provision remains the law, it is .y inviting employers and trade-u to treat their agreements as scraps of paper if at any time they become distasteful or inconvenient in their effect."

Peaceful Picketing

"It would be wrong, in my view, to attempt to prohibit strikes as a general proposition. The worker should be entitled in all but very special cases to withdraw his labor either as an individual or in ombination with other workers, at the expiration of whatever notice is required by his contract of employment. To prohibit strikes means necessarily the introduction of compulsory arbitration, which has been a complete failure in every country in which it has been attempted—never more conspicuously than in our own during the war, when it failed most abjectly.

"The sympathetic strike should be made illegal. That is not a withdrawal of labor by workers who are fighting for particular rates of wages or conditions of employment. It cannot be claimed as part of e freedom of the workers. It is an attack pon freedom, and an attempt to exerci coercion upon employers who are no parties to the industrial dispute. The Trade Union Congress declared at Hull, in 1924, its right and intention to use a sympathetic strike whenever trade-union ends would be advanced thereby. This challenge must be met.

"Direct-action strikes should also be unconditionally declared illegal. Direct action is the use of economic power wholly outside the area of industrial controversy for the purpose of compelling the community or the government to concede the demands, whether political, industrial or social, of any section of labor or of the Trade Union Congress. It is an alien conception, foreign to the whole basis of British industrial democracy. It represents the greatest danger to democratic freedom in Great Britain since the time of the Stuarts.

"There is one other respect in which the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 must be amended. It confers upon trade-unionists the right of so-called peaceful picketing. No one would suggest that men on strike should be denied the right of free speech, or the right of public meeting so far as exercisable by ordinary citizens. They are entitled to make their grievance against their employers known and to state their grievances, or what they think are their grievances, to any volunteer proposing to undertake the work which they have abandoned. That is not, however, what the trade-unions now do. By means of mass pickets, crowd intimidation and terrorism, domiciliary visits and victimization of the wives and families of men who remain at work, and of volunteers who go into work, they abuse and pervert their rights. As peaceful picketing is practiced at the present moment, it is an absolute violation of the freedom which was, until the Liberal government passed the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, the birthright of every Britisher."

The Red Flag Fading

Whether the Trades Disputes Act is amended along the lines indicated by Sir Lynden or not, the unions themselves are beginning to instigate some degree of reform from within their ranks. For one thing a loud protest has been registered against waste of union funds. The disclosures made in the House of Commons by Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Minister of Labor, of extravagance in the expenditure of union funds have had a healthy effect. He showed that in two unions, the National Union of General Workers and the Transport and General Workers, the benefits paid members were £80,202, while the salaries and allowances of officers and agents totaled £473,429. Not all the profiteering, apparently, is on the employer side.

Typical of the state of mind in some unions was the action taken by the annual conference of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union on July twenty-second last. It was summed up in the following statement made by J. Havelock Wilson, the president, after the adjournment:

"This meeting is of the opinion that many of the affiliations with foreign unions are a waste of good union money, especially so in the case of the International Transport Workers' Federation, which has proved itself in the past to be more of a political association than that of a trade-union. It therefore be an instruction to the executive council to withdraw forthwith from the International Transport Workers' Federation."

The decision to break away from the International Transport Workers' Federation shows that at least one section of British labor is getting wise to its political exploitation by alien bodies masquerading as honest workers, but who, in reality, are the tools of the Bolsheviks. Wherever you turn in British trade-unionism, save among the coal miners, you find a growing independence of red influence. It is part of the world-wide rebuff to the machinations of Moscow.

The coal fields remain the zone of bitterest battle. Since the strike is still on at the time of this writing, prophecy is both difficult and dangerous. Each side has a case. The miners suffer from the usual British high-cost and low-production complex, which puts a deadly tax on overhead. They refuse to work beyond seven hours a day, although Parliament lately amended the

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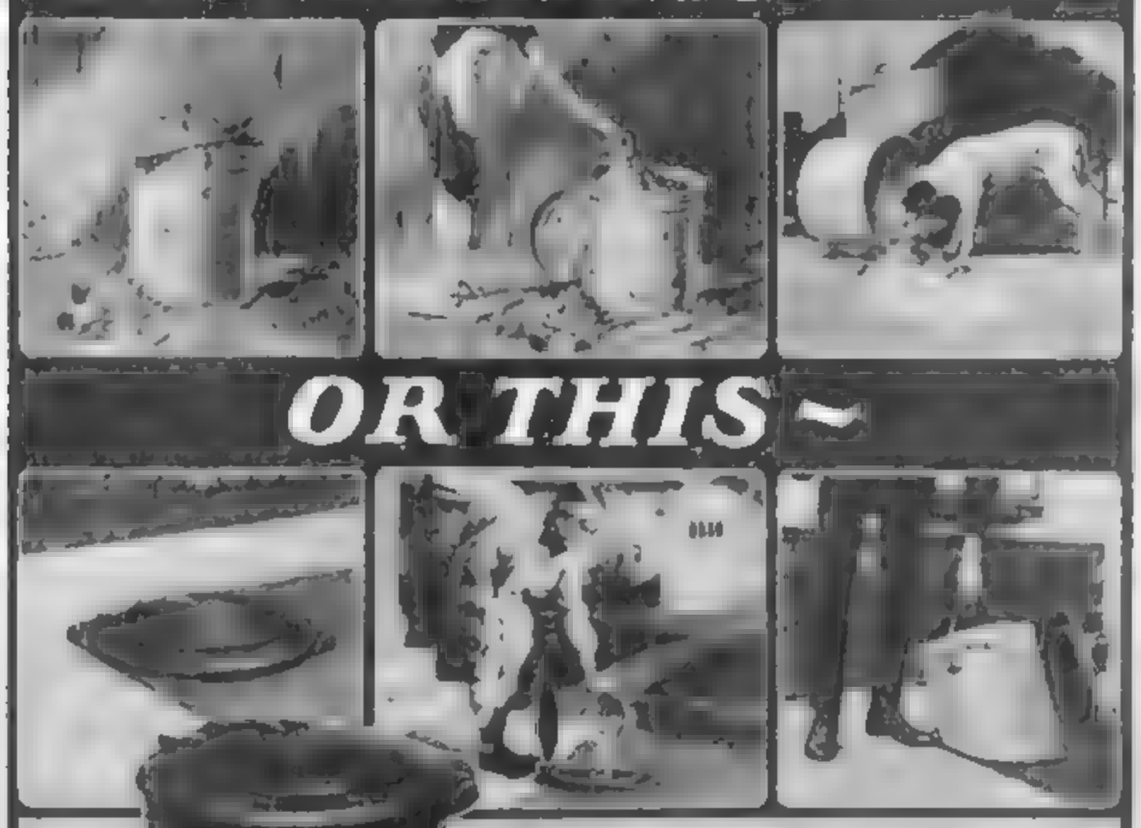

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Seven-Hour Act permitting extra time if necessary. On the other hand the owners resist the pay increase that the miners maintain they must have to live. It seems a hopeless deadlock. Whatever remote hope of conciliation exists is confuted by Cook's maxim:

Not a penny off the pay,
Not a minute on the day.

To achieve anything like stabilization, both wings must make concessions.

Meanwhile the coal industry, as one owner put it to me, is reaching the breaking point.

With oversea markets being absorbed by German and Polish operators, and with a growing substitution of oil for coal as fuel at home, they face disaster. The only alternative therefore is a whole new deal with labor. This involves a complete change of attitude. The miners must rediscover the art of work and the owners must give that work, once it is delivered, the compensation it deserves. Whatever the outcome, it will take the business years to recover from the folly of these trouble-laden years.

Ballot Box Instead of Strike

What is the future of the British worker? Let Ramsay MacDonald analyze the outlook. I talked with him at the House of Commons during a busy parliamentary day.

The immediate setting was the room of the chief of His Majesty's Opposition, as it is known. Outside was the din of momentous action, because the coal strike was under debate. But there was no confusion within that oak-paneled chamber.

Ramsay MacDonald is the type that radiates quiet force. The dignity and distinction with which he has invested the real cause of British labor are reflected in his personality. His face is strong and appealing; his voice, with its fascinating Scotch accent, is deep, rich and eloquent. He speaks with brilliant fluency. The obscure lad who became the first Labor Prime Minister of Great Britain has lived a life of romantic endeavor. To a greater extent perhaps than any of his European contemporaries, save only Mussolini, he has dramatized opportunity. Unlike the Italian dictator, he is neither actor nor showman. You may differ with Ramsay MacDonald's political creed, but you cannot question his honesty of purpose.

I first asked him if he believed the general strike was the last demonstration of its kind. He replied:

"I do not think we shall hear much more of a general strike in our lifetime. The only provocation for a recurrence would be a highly reactionary government which would induce the revolutionary psychology."

"Can British capital and labor ever get together with the same degree of cooperation as exists in America?" was my next question. The answer was

"Yes; but it will take a long time. The American employer takes the short cut to results. Mass production follows. In Britain the labor and capital camps are differently constituted and wider apart. Cohesion is difficult because tradition plays a part.

"I can only repeat to you what I have said and written on various occasions. Industrial peace in Britain must lie along new lines. It is a vastly different problem for this generation than for the past one. The British workman is now educated. He no longer regards himself as a mere tool to be used as part of the economic machine, with no security of income except what arises from fluctuating margins of profit. He must be regarded and brought into the economic system as a rational being with some degree of control in it. He must not be looked upon merely as a plaything or victim.

"One big change is inevitable. The sharp division between management and the workman must be obliterated, as you have wiped it out in America. What is required is not only promotion of favorable and deserving workmen but a body of workers that must be made to feel that they are part of the family of the firm. There must be more 'we' and less 'I' in British business. It is an essential part of industrial psychology. Pledges must be supplemented by human relationship. Herein lies the secret of the highest and most efficient cooperation, and through that agency, the largest production."

"Can the American slogan of High Wages and High Production ever be incorporated into the British industrial effort?" I now asked. Mr. MacDonald responded:

"The economy of high wages is as sound as it ever was, and is more urgent today than it has ever been. By saving on wages you kill the goose that laid the golden egg. We must fix minimum-wage standards and secure for every trade a bottom below which the wages of labor may not fall. The British worker must have a living wage, security and recognition in industry. I believe that eventually he will reach the stage of high wage and high production; but, as I have already intimated, the processes of thought in the country must undergo a change first."

"Along what lines will the future industrial battle in Britain be waged?" was my final interrogation. Mr. MacDonald made this reply:

"I believe the weapon will be political and not economic, which means that the recourse will be more to the ballot box than to the strike. The success of the Labor Party in the by-election since the general strike is emphatic evidence of this tendency."

Such is the picture of British labor in transition. Whither is it bound?

You have seen how various new agreements give the employers a certain freedom of action. Will they become scraps of paper to be broken as emergency or expediency decrees? This is the crux of the whole matter.

In the end, self-interest, born of economic necessity, may dictate a new code of union honor with regard to the pledged word. Since the Armistice, strikes have cost Britain more than £1,000,000,000 and nearly 200,000,000 working days. This kind of persistent assault upon wealth cannot go on indefinitely.

A New Magna Charta

One thing is certain: The general strike broke the solidarity of British labor. Wise employers now see the value of capitalizing the breach along the line Ramsay MacDonald indicated. Coöperation in management and profit—the "we" instead of the "I"—points the real way to permanent peace.

Signs of a dawning consciousness of this fact are not lacking. The government, for example, has decided to send a commission composed of employers and workers to the United States to study industrial relationships. Once the American formula of high wages and high production has begun to be translated into action, the industrial Magna Charta of the country is written.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of European articles by Mr Marcosson. The next will appear in an early issue.

When Louisiana was a French Colony

THE French settlers of Louisiana naturally brought with them the manners, fashions and customs of their sunny motherland. Entertainment and hospitality were lavish and open handed. The wealthier colonists established homes on the scale of the great châteaux of France and of course many of these were constructed of

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ARE you spending most of your postage on your slow-paying customers? A merchant who runs a large retail store overheard one of his best customers say, "All I ever get from those people is a bill."

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Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in your skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and keeps it all day long as flexible and comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

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Glastonbury, Conn.
(Canadian address 1114 [illegible]
Montreal)
Send me free test bottle of Aqua Velva

The Poets' Corner

Autumn Garden

THE garden is less vivid now, the flowers
Are touched with bronze and veiled in amethyst;
And yet, today, the love that has been ours,
Is still as new as springtime's silver mist.
The garden is a place of ghosts that quiver
Along the grayness of the high stone wall,
The very scarlet woodbine seems to shiver,
As if it fears the coming of the fall!

And yet your hand, in mine, is very slender,
And very soft and very warm and light-
And in our hearts we hold the vision, tender,
Of a forgotten, fragrant summer night.
The garden does not mock us with its ending—
Can gardens, blessed by romance, ever pass?—
It holds a thousand pulse beats, swiftly blending,
As shadow shapes glimpsed in a looking-glass.

The garden is less thrilling, now, with wonder;
The garden is less splendid, now, with mirth;
But frail June roses will be sleeping under
The drifting leaves that cloak the tired earth.
And there will be a colorful tomorrow,
When May and April tenderly touch hands;
And through the silence of the autumn's sorrow,
The garden bows its head, and understands.

One day our love, perhaps, will lose the burning
That makes it rise, like fire, against the sky.
Perhaps our tired hearts will know the turning
Of flowers that whisper fragrantly, "Good-by."
And then may we, when autumn lays its fingers
Upon our own, which have so long been blessed,
Still know the perfume of a dream that lingers,
And be content to bow our heads, and rest.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Shake Hands with the NOGAR Man!

He has saved other men millions by the wonderful suit he sells

The NOGAR Man is a good man to know. Give him a welcome when he calls.

He comes to tell you of a suit of clothes that will outwear two or three ordinary suits and cost less than any of them.

In a NOGAR Suit you can do work that would ruin other clothes and always make a good appearance. The wonderful NOGAR Special Cloth is almost tearproof, won't burn easily and repels water. Made in new weaves and attractive new patterns. Nothing like a NOGAR Suit for gunning, fishing or other sports, and NOGAR Topcoats are ideal for motoring.

NOGAR Boys' Suits are just the thing for active American boys.

The NOGAR Man will show you how to save money and get better service out of *all* your clothes, for NOGAR garments save your others.

There is no other clothing just like NOGAR because NOGAR Cloth is produced by a process known to us alone.

Beware of imitations! NOGAR garments have given satisfaction for years and are *guaranteed*. A million men can testify there is nothing like them for year-round use.

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50

Hunting Suits $15.50

Boys' Suits
$9.85 & $10.85

Slightly Higher in Canada

NOGAR Suit in a popular style

AUTHORIZED Nogar REPRESENTATIVE

By this button you can identify the NOGAR Authorized Representative

You may deal with him with the fullest confidence, and he will leave you a copy of your order, stating plainly the conditions of the sale. Back of him is the NOGAR Company, the originator of utility clothing and the leading and largest manufacturer of this type of garment.

Beware of imitators seeking to trade on the NOGAR reputation.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa., with branch offices at

New York Philadelphia Boston Chicago New Haven Houston
Portland, (Ore.) Toronto, Can. Vancouver, B. C.

To Men Who Want More Money

Cut loose from poorly paid routine work and sell something!

NOGAR Clothing for men and boys literally "sells on sight." You have no real competition because there is no other clothing just like it.

No experience is needed to make sales. Every man you meet is a prospect. Men say, "Why, that is just what I've been looking for! How much is it?" When they learn prices are *only $12.50 to $13.50*, the sale is made.

In railroad yards, mills, machine shops and all places where ordinary clothes wear out quickly, men *sell a dozen or more NOGAR Suits at one visit.*

Your income, if you sell NOGAR Clothing, depends solely on your ambition and industry. If you are satisfied with $50 a week, you can get it easily. If you want to make $100 a week, or more, the money's to be had, if you go after it. Plenty of others are getting it.

Hundreds of our representatives sell NOGAR Clothes in their spare hours and easily make $25 or $30 a week *extra money.*

Mail coupon today for further information.

NOGAR Suits are ideal for

Mechanics	*Railroad Men*
Drivers	*Farmers*
Mill Workers	*Motorists*
Engineers	*Gunners*
Chauffeurs	*Fishermen*

—and all men who need extra-duty clothing

Nogar
CLOTHES

Nogar-ments wear like them

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Dept. S-9, Reading, Pa.
Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐. Check which you are interested in.

Name .....

Address .....

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

$21.37 and your old Lighting Fixture

for this decorative Riddle 5-light fitment (No. 2610) regular advertised price $28.50. The 25 per cent saving is due to the Riddle trade-in allowance. One of the newest Riddle productions, embodying the use of heavy bar iron, with colorful cast ornaments. Riddle Fitments represent the highest quality of materials and workmanship. The assurance of dependable construction is equally important with the authenticity of design which the Riddle name guarantees. Riddle values are supervalues at the regular prices—hence the extraordinary opportunity offered by the Riddle trade-in plan, with the extra 25 per cent saving.

Prices do not include shades or Mazda lamps.

Shaded Light -ideal from practical and decorative standpoint

Riddle Fitments are adapted to the new type glass shades which permit full advantage to be taken of the superior efficiency of the new inside frosted Mazda lamps (although they may also be used with the round frosted ball lamps). Shades permit the use of an ample quantity of light to obviate gloom, and also diffuse and soften the rays in a way that prevents glare. Glass shades are especially recommended on account of their superior light-diffusing qualities. Many attractive styles are available. The shades illustrated are shown by courtesy of The Macbeth-Evans Company.

Now is the time to decorate your home with Riddle Lighting Fitments

With the coming of Fall and Winter, you are naturally thinking of making your home more attractive and "liveable." One of the most important questions is the lighting. As the days grow shorter, the lighting hours are longer. A national survey shows that the average home is poorly lighted, and that many of the fixtures used do not answer the modern requirements of good style and adequate illumination. Now is the time to think about your own lighting fixtures. Are they all that they should be? Why not trade them in for new Riddle Decorative Lighting Fitments?

Save 25%
by the Riddle trade-in plan

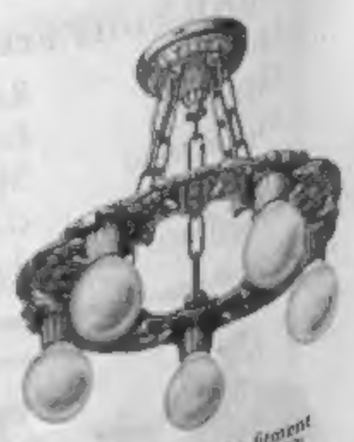
The Riddle trade-in plan makes it possible to secure genuine Riddle Fitments—the standard of home lighting—at even less than the usual low cost. Under this plan you receive a 25 per cent discount on a new Riddle Fitment for every old fixture traded in. Every Riddle Fitment bears a tag with the nationally advertised price—so you know exactly what your saving is. The illustrations on this page give an idea of some of the savings available. There are many other beautiful Riddle Fitments to choose from; wall brackets as well as central pieces, all in the colorful Riddle Decoration which is guaranteed permanent and which adds so much to the appearance of the home. If you are not acquainted with a Riddle Dealer advertising the trade-in allowance, write us for his name and folder illustrating the new Riddle styles.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

This 5-light candle fitment (No. 2609), companion piece to fitment illustrated above, may also be had for $21.37 and your old fixture. Regular price $28.50. The trade-in allowance saves 25 per cent.

A popular 5-light dining-room fitment (No. 2520)—an unusual value at the regular price, $23.50. Trade-in price, $17.62 and your old fixture—a saving of 25 per cent.

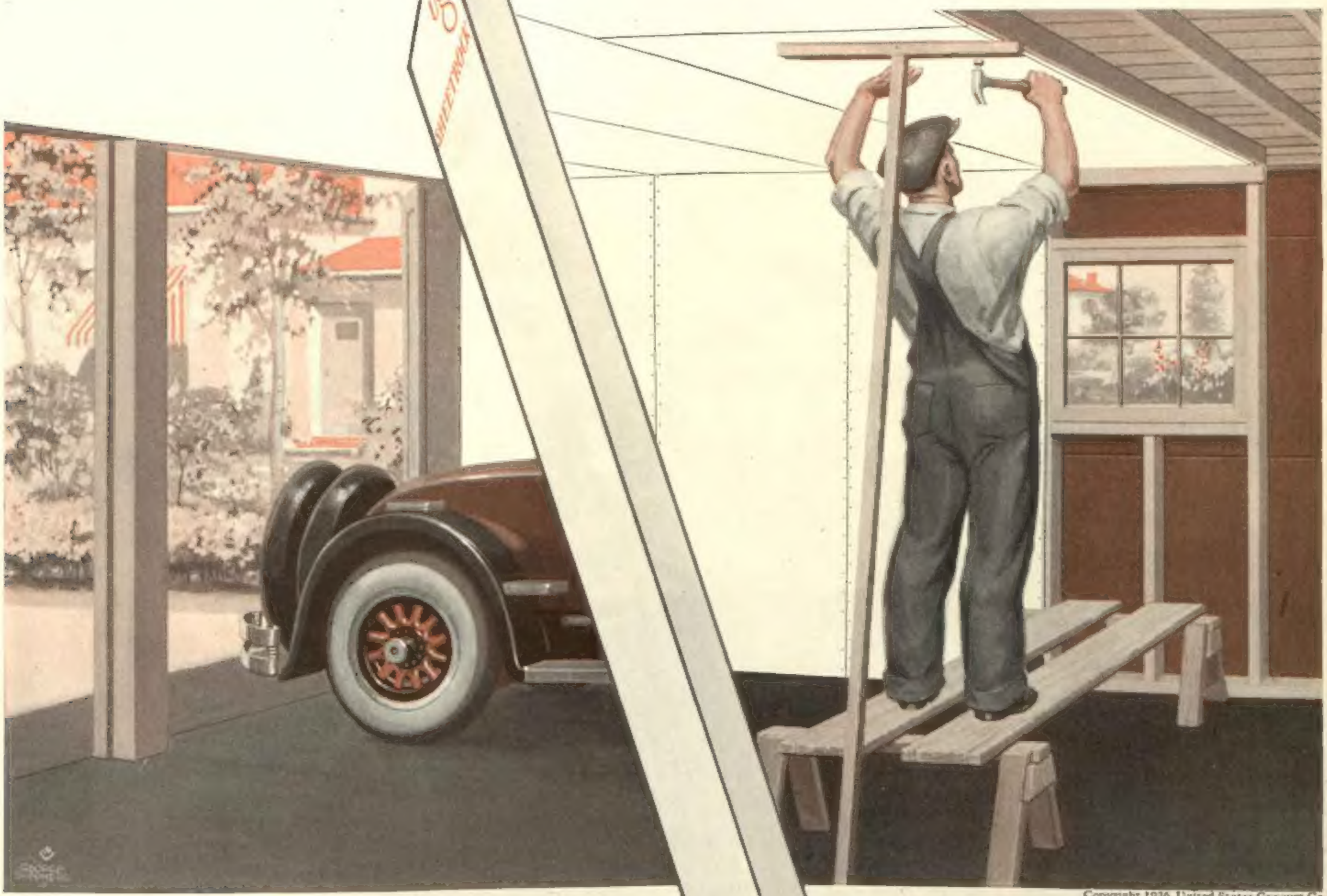
Or for $21.37 and your old fixture you may have this semi-ceiling 5-light fitment (No. 2611), regularly priced $28.50. The saving represents the trade-in allowance.



Semi-ceiling 5-light fitment for living-room (No. 2522), available under the Riddle trade-in allowance plan for $17.62 and your old fixture. Regular price, $23.50.

Riddle
DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS
The Standard of Residential Lighting

Firesafe and at very little cost



When you bought your car, you took good care to get a good one. Why not take a little care, now that winter's in the offing, to see that it is sheltered well?

There is a very easy and inexpensive way to make any garage secure and firesafe. Line its walls and ceilings with Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard.

Sheetrock is pure gypsum cast in broad, high sheets that saw and nail like lumber. It comes all ready to use. Needs only to be nailed to the joists or studding. Will not burn, ignite or transmit fire; will not warp or buckle. Insulates against damp, cold and heat.

Weather-tight, smooth, flat wall and ceiling surfaces are assured by the perfected Sheetrock reinforced joint system. Nail up the Sheetrock—apply the cement and fabric joint reinforcing—and the wall is ready for a paint that can be washed down with a hose. A clean, comfortable garage and workshop in one.

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

If you have an unlined garage, line it with Sheetrock. If you are building a garage, make the walls and ceilings of Sheetrock. In either case, the cost is low.

Your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies has Sheetrock or can get it for you promptly. Insist on the genuine—made only by the United States Gypsum Company—every board branded with the U S G Sheetrock label.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices:
205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

72 designs from National Architectural Prize Contest have been compiled in an attractive book. Send $1.00 and this coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

U S G PRODUCTS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

Name _____

Address _____

Wades right into Housecleaning and brings

Healthful Cleanliness

Housecleaning is done for the sake of health as well as appearance. Old Dutch wades right into the job and assures *healthful cleanliness* as well as a bright, sparkling appearance.

Bathroom, kitchen, stove, refrigerator, painted walls, painted furniture, window-sills, door-steps, metal fixtures, statuary, etc., all respond to the magic touch of Old Dutch.

Laboratory tests prove that surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch are wholesome and hygienically clean, because Old Dutch erases all dirt and dangerous invisible impurities.

There's nothing else like Old Dutch. It is composed of a natural detergent; free from harsh, scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder—the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They work like thousands of tiny erasers, removing all uncleanliness without scratching. It is this efficiency that makes Old Dutch so thorough and economical.

As healthful cleanliness is the safeguard to health, so Old Dutch is your safeguard tc *healthful cleanliness.*

Saves work—goes farther—lasts longer

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